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Literature and Life

BOOK TWO

Special Edition

BY

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12 YEAR *Reading-Literature* PROGRAM

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PREFACE

This volume is the second in a series of four books that present a course in literature for secondary schools, marked by effectiveness, originality, and vitality of organization. The basis of the course is the body of material tested for many years by teachers in every part of the country. These books contain, in complete form and with adequate editorial apparatus, more material than the list of the National Conference on English requires for admission to college. They also comply fully with the requirements of the comprehensive list of that Conference and with the recommendations of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Teachers who desire to supply classes with abundance of contemporary literature will find that these books answer their needs. For the study of literary types, for the study of the history of American and English literature, and for elementary literary criticism, this series also provides adequate equipment.

Nevertheless, the books are not merely anthologies made up of masterpieces chosen from the various published lists, such as those of the *Report on Reorganization of English*. In continuity, emphasis, and progressive plan, the series constitutes an initiation into literature. This means that the problem of the teaching of literature in the high school is here regarded as a unity, like the problem of teaching composition. For the vague effort to arouse interest in good reading, definiteness of purpose and of means is substituted.

Many good courses in literature have been organized by teachers, and their component parts have been published in syllabi or lists of readings. Such guides are useful to the teacher, who through experience and skill may be reasonably clear as to what he wishes to accomplish. But one should remember that to the pupil the course of study, if printed, is just a list of "classics," and that his study through the years seems to be just one masterpiece or book of selections after another; he can have little clear idea of the connection between them, or of the meaning of the course as a whole.

But the course outlined and printed in full in the four volumes of *Literature and Life*, is organized *for the pupil*. The connections between the units to be read are explained for him in the editorial apparatus. The result is a growing consciousness of power and interest impossible when one small separately edited classic follows another, in an endless succession. The masterpieces of literature, old and new, short and long, are here used as chapters or paragraphs or songs in the great Book of Literature, which is the true subject of study.

The present volume is planned for the second year of the high-school course. It features literature as story: Stories in Prose, Stories in Verse, and Stories in Drama. To secure appreciation, the general Introduction to the book is devoted to the subject, "Learning to Read." From the very beginning, therefore, the pupil is taught to see more in his reading than merely the story. The Introduction points

out, through concrete examples, what is involved in creative reading. It shows that learning to read is a never-ending process, intimately related to pleasure and to wisdom. The fundamental reason for the failure of many college freshmen to keep up with their work is that they do not know how to read. They do not know, because they have not been taught. The Introductions to the four books in the series are therefore fundamental to the plan. They constitute a progressive course in the method of creative reading, made concrete in scores of ways as the pupil advances in his study.

In Book Two, as in Book One, abstract and ethical ideas are kept subordinate to the necessity for gaining interest through objective and concrete story material. But this material differs from that of the earlier book in the fact that it represents somewhat more complex ideas of literary art. Thus verse story, represented in Book One by epic, ballad, and the long metrical romances of Scott, here passes into modern narrative poetry, picturesque in style, poetic in diction, and making great demands upon the imaginative power of the reader.

Furthermore, the Introductions in Book One to the types of literature (ballad, epic, etc.) are here carried farther. Metrical romance goes back into medieval times; a little chapter of literary history is once more inserted, corresponding to similar chapters in Book One, to become a part of that comprehensive study continued during the four years' work. Another case in point is the Introduction to *As You Like It*, the Shakespearean play chosen for study in the second year. Here the stress is on comedy, especially on Shakespearean comedy, and on the Elizabethan stage. It should be noted, in passing, that a great advantage of the course in Shakespeare given in these four books is that in each year a different point of approach is chosen. Opportunity is thus given for building up, step by step, a knowledge of Shakespeare and of his art that will become a vital and permanent element in the equipment of the pupil.

Still another illustration of the way in which the study of types of literature is carried on in *Literature and Life*, Book Two, will be found in the case of *Silas Marner*, the chief unit in the prose story group, corresponding to *Treasure Island* in Book One. Here, as elsewhere, the presentation has not been restricted to the bare text, and none of the advantages of the separate "classics" have been sacrificed. Study questions of stimulating character are supplied, along with the Introduction, Notes, and Glossary that are to be expected. But this is not all. *Silas Marner* is here given its definite place in relation to other types of fiction, such as the earlier prose romance of Scott, and the short story. In this way the pupil is *led* to see the difference between realism and romance, to distinguish the novel, the romantic tale, the short story. Opinions of critics are not *dictated* to him, to be memorized temporarily and then forgotten. The method of study here developed has an intimate relation to the reading he will do when he leaves school. It is especially desirable on account of the vogue of realism represented in the enormous popularity of *Main Street* and other books of its type. *Silas Marner* may thus be made a great aid to the pupil's understanding of life through literature by means of the definite scheme of study supplied with it. Here, as throughout the series, the pupil is enabled to

prepare his assignment intelligently. He sees the problems that are to be solved; he is not left to stumble in the dark.

In all this material—verse narrative, prose romance, short story, novel, and drama—the beginnings of the study of character are made. The romantic lovers of St. Agnes' Eve, the political prisoner of Chillon, such varied types of character as Ulysses, Enoch Arden, Sohrab, Tam O' Shanter—their stories all present character as well as incident. In Hawthorne's stories of the wood-carver and of the doctor who dabbles in scientific research, something of psychological analysis is presented under large, symbolic forms, giving way in *Silas Marner* to more subtle analysis, and in the Shakespearean comedy to that marvelous combination of romance and realism that forms a fitting climax to a series of interesting studies. Pupils like discussions of motive and character, and the study topics give abundant suggestions for class debate, project work, and other means for relating their reading to that social activity that is characteristic of the modern classroom. Class discussions will be lively where these books are used.

Here, as throughout the series, the editorial matter shows the relationship of literature to the life and interests of the pupil and to his preparation for his career as a citizen. This element is not overdone. It is not introduced in a "preachy" or didactic manner. The effort is made to avoid dictating what the pupil should think. His intelligence is left free. But he cannot very well escape *thinking*.

Other characteristics of this book will be apparent upon examination of the Table of Contents. As in Book One, proper attention has been given to the presentation of the classics named in the various conference reports as essential. In Books One and Two, for example, eight complete units from the "A" list of the National Conference are given in full; only ten from this list are required for the entire four years. In addition, it should be noted that the books supply very much more than a set of minimum requirements. The four volumes constitute a *Library of the World's Best Literature for Boys and Girls*, a personal book-shelf. They supply a much greater amount of material than can be studied in detail, so that within the one series may be found a library consisting of masterpieces that are to be studied with care and also of masterpieces that are to be read rapidly, with or without class discussion. Thus ample scope is left for the teacher's personal choice of material, and for planning selections suited to special needs. Finally, abundant material for the study of contemporary literature, will be found in each book of the series. The relation of literature to life is organic, not formal. This material is not concentrated into one term. It is not put at irregular intervals to lighten the effect of the classics and by implication to drive boys and girls away from the classics. It is woven into the great Book of Literature itself. It is used to show that the impulse to interpret life in terms of beauty and significance was not something known in the time of Shakespeare and Tennyson and lost today, but that it is an eternal principle of life, operative today as well as in the past. This is the solution of the much discussed problem of the place that contemporary literature should have in the modern school.

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LEARNING TO READ

AN INTRODUCTION

I

The title given to this Introduction may seem at first sight a strange one. You learned to read, in the usual sense of the term, in the primary school years ago, and since then you have read not only many textbooks in school, to say nothing of books of fairytales and travel and history, but also the newspapers, magazines like *St. Nicholas* and *The Youth's Companion*, and perhaps *The Saturday Evening Post* or *The American*. You have heard the names, at least, of other magazines that seem more like literature—*The Atlantic, The Century;* perhaps you have read them now and then. You have looked up references in encyclopedias and have read the Declaration of Independence. "Learning to Read"—of course you know how to read already! Why, then, an introduction on such a subject, when you feel very sure that if you wished to do so you could sit down this very minute and read every word in these six hundred pages?

But are you sure that you really know how to read?

Thousands of people in the United States do not know how to read or write. Such persons are called "illiterate," that is, "not lettered." They don't know their letters. No doubt they seem very ignorant to you; you express some such idea when you speak of someone as being so stupid that he does not even know his abc's. The World War revealed an appalling amount of illiteracy among men of military age. Thousands could not read.

Now reading, in this sense, is a very elementary thing indeed. All that is required, in order to pass a literacy test, is to be able to read aloud some simple printed matter and to tell what it means. In such a test as this, of course you would come off with flying colors.

Again, among those who could pass a literacy test easily enough are many who can indeed pronounce and define words but who do it in queer ways. You have seen them in street cars or on trains, poring over a newspaper, moving their lips as if pronouncing each word, making strange grimaces, reading with mouth and nose and eyes. They are like some people who write painfully, using nose and mouth and even tongue in comical contortions along with the pencil or pen. Such people, readers and writers alike, may know how to read after a fashion, and yet you would not say that they really know how to read.

So it may seem a matter of speed alone. These people can read, but they have to spell out their words. It is a slow process. You go along much better. When you are interested in a story you can get over a page like lightning. You pursue the end of the story as a dog pursues a flying rabbit. No need for you to learn to read. You have always, or nearly always, been able to do it, provided only you were interested enough.

Of course you are willing to admit that there are a good many things that you call "hard reading." The words may be difficult. The subject may not interest you, and that of course makes any reading hard. Your magazine, your favorite novel —these you read easily and with pleasure. Other magazines and books may seem "too deep." Perhaps you may want to read them later on. And of course you expect to use your dictionary, to "add to your vocabulary," and even to read "deep" books some day. But that doesn't seem like learning; it is merely getting more expert in reading, like getting more expert in swimming or tennis or basketball.

Now it is perfectly true that ability to read depends in part upon the size of your

vocabulary, that is, upon the number of words you recognize and understand without going to the dictionary. Knowing many words, and hard words, and being able to handle them rapidly, shows a certain expertness, just as it might seem to be a bigger thing to be able to spell *dinosaur*, and to know what it means, than it is to be able to spell words of one or two syllables.

Yet very simple words are sometimes hardest to spell, as in the case of *to* and *too*, for example, or the word *separate*. It is the same with reading.

A great writer once said that all the university, or final highest school, can do for us is to teach us to read. Think of this sentence carefully. Not the primary school, or the grammar school, or the high school—"all that the university, or final highest school, can do," it says. The university continues to do what the primary school began to do: it tries to teach us to read.

There must be something in this matter of learning to read that is beyond mere recognition of words, size of vocabulary, expertness in pronunciation. Let us see if we can find out what it is.

II

Learning to read is a fascinating game that you can play at will. Like any other game, it involves several factors. You can learn the rules and apply them in a mechanical manner. You may be able to play a good game in this way; a sure, steady game. But in any game that requires skill, there are many finer points, shades of skill that involve extreme delicacy, niceness of execution. The great player is the one who adds to his physical and mental mastery of the fundamental principles of his game a subtlety and skill that are hard to define, but easily felt. To get the most out of reading you must possess very much more than the merely technical ability to define and pronounce words or tell the meaning of sentences and paragraphs.

Reading is a complex and not a simple thing.

You doubtless remember in *Alice in Wonderland* these charming nonsense verses:

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought.—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

In these verses the delight you feel is due to the mere sound, not to the sense. You couldn't find definitions of many of the words even if you tried. Some of the words may have a sort of meaning, like "Jabberwock" for example. It must be a sort of dragon. There's a sort of meaning, now you come to think of it, in the whole thing. It's a quest, like the quest for the Grail or like the journey of the Red Cross Knight in search of the horrible dragon. Yet even here, your delight is not in any fact about a quest or even a fancied similarity; the lines are a delightful burlesque of the fairytale and romance hero material. They *sound* like poetry. And they *are* poetry.

Reading, then, is a good deal more than a technical mastery of definition and pronunciation. The same stanza may be read in different ways, may seem one thing to a little boy and quite another to you. You add something of your own. Half the delight is in this thing that you add. Let us test this by an example that is a bit more dignified and sedate.

It is said that the young Keats, reading Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, shouted with delight when he came upon the phrase "sea-shouldering whales." Why was this? Not merely because he recognized the meaning of the words, surely, or because he knew what whales look like or how big they are. Reading this phrase, then, meant to him something more than we usually mean when we speak of knowing how to read. In part this something more, as in "The Jabberwock," must be the sound of the words. It is a magnificent, mouth-filling phrase. Repeat it aloud, several times, until you realize this fully. But this is not all. The poet gives you, in a single compound word, a better idea of the enormous size of the whale than you could get from reading, in an encyclopedia, all that is said about the animal. They are so enormous, Spenser says, that they shoulder their way through the waves, can take the ocean on their shoulders.

But whales have no shoulders! Here, then, is a statement that literally is not true, and yet is true, and its truth you see imaginatively. There is a clear picture in your mind's eye of these enormous creatures, inhabitants of the deep. When you see this picture, feel the delight that comes from the perception that in a single phrase the poet has expressed an astonishing amount of matter, you understand why Keats should have "shouted with delight." You have learned to read this phrase that is really a little poem.

Other illustrations could be given without number. Perhaps you can think of a story or a poem or some mere sentence that has always affected you in a quite peculiar way. It might not affect others in that way. This effect that it produces on you is a part of your reading of it. Reading is a complex process. Sound, picture, suggestion, your past reading, your own personality—these are some of the elements that enter into what we call reading.

III

Let us now test the conclusions that we have reached by applying them to a single short poem:

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair.'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

To "read" this poem in the ordinary sense is not a difficult matter. You can soon get the little story that it tells about a traveler who once came upon the ruins of a mighty statue in a desert. There are no difficult words. *Antique* is used instead of *ancient; visage* for *face*. Otherwise the language is not even poetic; it is just what you would use in prose. One line may give you a moment's pause, but you soon see that the "hand that mocked" these "passions" was the artist's, and the "heart that fed" them was the tyrant's. If you feel the need of further information, you may try to find who Ozymandias was, but you will get small satisfaction, and will soon come to the conclusion that the poet uses the name simply to indicate some Pharaoh or tyrant of one of the ancient nations, such as Egypt or Babylonia, or Assyria. You can easily find out, if you wish, that the poem was written by Shelley in 1819, and of course, you can look up the life of Shelley and learn the names of his chief poems and the characteristics of his style. You also can make some observations about the poem as a whole: it is a sonnet; it has four-

teen lines; it rimes in a certain way; and it has five iambic feet or measures to a line. Perhaps, if you wish to exhaust the subject, you will notice that the distinction between the "octave," or first eight lines, and the "sestet," or last six lines, is carefully drawn, since in this sonnet the octave introduces the subject, or theme, the point, or application, of which is developed in the sestet.

All in all, you have acquired quite a bit of information. You could make a somewhat elaborate report on the poem, its author, and its form. But you have not yet *read* the poem. If you go over it once more in order to find out just what is its quality or chief characteristic, you will see that while it does not at all seem "poetic" in the witchery of language, melody of verse, or anything rhetorical, yet it does produce a single effect with great vividness. You can visualize it, see it clearly. The scene of desolation that is the setting or framework of the picture; the strength and compactness of the picture—only a few details about the statue; the emphasis on the cold cruelty of the face and on the inscription that remains on the pedestal—all these make up a picture that you could paint if you were an artist. To see the picture is one great requirement in learning to read. "My eyes make pictures when they are shut," said Keats when he was a little boy. It is this picture-making power that is the most precious of all aids to good reading.

Here, then, are two kinds of reading: the gathering of facts about the poem and its author; the re-creation in your own imagination of the picture that the poet saw. But something more than this fact-collecting and picture-making is necessary.

Let us go through the poem once more. If the poet's purpose were merely to put into sonnet form a bit of history he would have been more specific as to the monarch, the nation, and the time. If he wished merely to give a brief but vivid description of a statue or of a scene of ruin, so that his poem should do for us what the painter or sculptor might do, he would not have placed so much emphasis on the inscription. It is not necessary to

the picture, and in a picture it could
be read. The last six lines of the po
must be more significant than we at f
guessed. The first three of these tell
of the inscription. This king was
mighty monarch. His "works" must h
been great buildings, a great city—a
like Babylon—filled with life and glory,
seat of a great king. But the last th
lines tell you what you see as you l
for these splendid works that were to
pass the achievements of all the kings
the earth. There is nothing. Only
colossal wreck of the statue and the l
and level sands that stretch as far as
can reach. No ruins even. Not a t
Only lone and level sands.

We can't find out anything ab
Ozymandias, yet we now feel that
poem is something more than an accurat
written sonnet distinguished for its c
pact and vivid description. Perhaps
we know something more about She
we shall find a clew. So we go once m
to the biography, this time with a m
definite purpose. We find that She
was a hater of tyranny. He wrote
poem about Prometheus, who stole
from the gods to give to men. She
makes him the enemy of tyrants, the
resentative of the spirit of liberty.
wrote another poem about the West W
in which he prayed that the wind mi
bear his words among mankind as it b
the leaves and seeds, so that after
winter ended, the spring might come
stir men to do some deed for freed
So with many other poems, and with
letters and essays. Shelley hated
tyranny that Napoleon seemed to him
represent. He hated the materialism t
based a nation's claim to greatness on
wealth and power. The French Rev
tion exerted a powerful effect on him, a
did on Wordsworth and Byron, his g
contemporaries.

With this in mind, let us turn to
poem for a final reading.

Of the statue only the vast legs rem
upright. The body is gone. The bro
face, half buried, still preserves the w
kled lip, the sneer, that showed how
sculptor mocked his subject. That
could have been done without detec

proves the sculptor's skill and the subject's stupidity, or the dense conceit that blinded the king to the sculptor's art. A certain immortality, then, has been gained by the tyrant; his evil passions are revealed after these many ages when all his works are gone and his very image is a wreck. The pedestal, too, remains. Mocking Time has preserved the inscription, filled with insolent pride, now bitter irony since all the mighty works have given way to desolation.

Selfish ambition, whether of individual or nation; overweening confidence in great buildings, vast wealth, as things of permanence—these things perish. Ozymandias coveted an immortality of fame. The lone and level sands of the desert give the answer. To Napoleon, to the England of the poet's time, to individual or nation in our time, the poem may be applied as a test. Ozymandias is not a figure in history whose name and date you may learn; he is the personification of all the selfish greed, lust for power, and insolent pride in this world.

Such is the reading of the poem. To it one may bring even greater stores from his past reading; the prophecies of the desolation that was to come upon the haughty nations of Assyria and Egypt as depicted in the Old Testament; a knowledge of the French Revolution, of the career of Napoleon, of the War for Greek Independence; a study of the life and works of Shelley and his contemporaries. A great English scholar and historian of the last century devoted years of his life to collecting books and documents on the history of human liberty. His books filled a great room; they numbered thousands of titles. He was a lover of liberty; his love of liberty was made wise and sane by his reading.

You cannot hope to bring to the reading of a poem like "Ozymandias" a background of experience so rich and varied as this, nor is it necessary. You need only to keep in mind the fact that the significance of your reading of this poem, or of any poem or prose work that has serious meaning, depends upon your ability to make use of something more than mere mechanical recognition of words and sentences. Power in reading is a constant growth, a power that is to develop with your experience in literature and life. This applies to your reading of prose exactly as much as to your reading of poetry. There are as many varieties of prose as of verse, some of them drawing on your ability to make mental pictures, some requiring from you the most intense thought, and some adding to your stores of information.

Sound, picture, suggestion, your past reading, your own personality—these are some of the elements that enter into what we call reading.

IV

This last illustration has perhaps seemed somewhat long and difficult. In reality its significance may be summed up very briefly. It shows the mistake in thinking that reading is just a process of receiving information or pleasure from a book, just as one may receive a piece of cake at the hands of a hostess. Giving is essential to receiving. You give your past experience in reading and in life; you give your personality. This done, you receive the message that lies concealed within the poem or the piece of finely wrought prose. If you have nothing to give, you receive nothing in return.

This means that reading is creative. It is active, not passive. The poet sees a vision of beauty, and weaves this vision into words. He creates a thing of beauty. Your task is to re-create this beauty in your own mind and soul.

You can tell someone how to swim or play tennis or make a table. But that someone may commit to memory every word you say and yet be unable to swim or play tennis or to make a table. It is the same with reading. You may tell someone what the story was about. You may even deceive yourself into thinking that if you can give an abstract of the story or rattle off some facts about the author you therefore have read it. A lady was once asked if she had read a certain great novel. "No," she said, "but I have had it told to me." She thought if she knew the plot and the names of the characters that was as good as reading it for

herself. But if she had really read it she would have re-lived it, re-created it. Her reading would have been a form of living.

What this means you can see in part if you think of a story presented by motion pictures. You see a series of pictures; they constitute the story. Now if you really read such poems as "The Eve of St. Agnes" or "Atalanta's Race" (both of them are in Part II of this book), you not merely learn a series of imagined events, as if someone should tell you that such a series of events once took place; you actually see the scenes, the persons, and the experiences they represent, just as if you were sitting in a motion picture theater and looking at a story made concrete and visible by art. You create your story of Atalanta's Race, or the story of the lovers who fled away into the storm. Your story is different from mine. Its richness and strength depend upon what you bring to it.

"Richness and strength." There is the picture-making power; there is also a power of interpreting what lies beyond the picture. You read the story of Caesar and Brutus and Mark Antony, or you see it acted on the stage, or presented in motion pictures. But you remember when your class studied Shakespeare's play how you discussed the characters of these people. Was Caesar really a tyrant? Was Antony a sincere friend of the people? You studied every word they spoke. You were trying to determine what manner of men they were who did these things and who justified, or tried to justify, their actions. In this book you will have a similar opportunity in George Eliot's story about Silas Marner, the poor weaver of Raveloe. You will create in your imagination the scenes of the story. You will also live with the people in the story so that you will seem to know them better than many of the people whom you know in real life. You will decide what manner of men and women they were who did and said these things. Thus this story will become your own, because you have really read it. To it you bring the experience of your reading of *Julius Caesar* and many another book; you bring also your own personal experience, and you bring the picture-making power of your imagination.

V

In a poem that you are to read shortly you will come upon the following passage:

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever.

The poet is not thinking of the world of books and reading, yet the words apply to that world. The experiences of life enter into a man's personality, become a part of himself. Yet no matter how rich and varied that experience, a new world yet untraveled beckons him on. It is so with the form of living that we meet in books. To the new poem, the new drama, we bring all that we have known and lived in the past. We bring this experience alive, breathing. It is not buried under the ashes of dead years. The richer this experience, the more glorious is the arch that bends over us, the untraveled world that the new poem embodies. Thus we shall always be learning to read. Life and the Book are but two forms of the same thing.

PART I

STORIES IN PROSE

We should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our mind filled with the busiest, kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought. The words, if the book be eloquent, should run thenceforward in our ears like the noise of breakers, and the story, if it be a story, repeat itself in a thousand colored pictures to the eye.

—Stevenson.

"Oh, speed you, white-winged ship of mine, oh, speed you to the sea,
Some other day, some other tide, come back again for me;
Come back with all the memories, the joys and e'en the pain,
And take me to the golden hills of boyhood once again."

STORIES IN PROSE

AN INTRODUCTION

A rich and delightful experience awaits you in this first section of your new book. It will take you into the crowded cities of the world and show you humble shop girls and cunning criminals and a blindly groping chief of police. It will lead you to the jolly meeting of English shepherds in a neighbor's cottage or let you overhear the talk of quaint peasants in a tiny Scottish hamlet. It will transport you to the wild mountains of northern India or back through the centuries to a shrewd and masterful king of France. If you are of a quiet disposition, you will enjoy being set down in a rural English village and becoming acquainted with its varied folk. If you wish to rove, you may accompany one of the most fascinating of Scotsmen on a camping trip in Southern France. In short, by reading these stories in prose you can crowd into a few weeks the variegated experience of years.

This one section contains four different kinds of narrative. It opens with short stories from some of the greatest writers in England and America. These are not only interesting in themselves but they enable you to discover some of the secrets of good narrative. Their brevity will permit you to compare one story with another, leading to a better understanding of each author and a fuller enjoyment of his way of telling a story. Then you come under the sway of the mighty magician, Sir Walter Scott. In the long romance, *Quentin Durward*, he recreates France of the fifteenth century. In imagination you take part in one of the momentous struggles of that age, and see, as with your own eyes, one of the most crafty rulers of all times. After walking these realms of romance, you go with George Eliot to rural England in the novel *Silas Marner*. She does not wear the rosy spectacles of romance but gazes on life with the clear eyes of a realist. She had indeed a penetrating vision which looked quite through the deeds of men. Lastly comes a narrative from personal experience, even more real than the realistic *Silas Marner*. Here, too, you will find that the writer used the principles of narration which you have learned in reading the short stories. Thus in this four-part tour through the land of fiction you visit the main provinces of its vast territory.

This territory has been occupied and cultivated for many centuries. The earliest stories that have been preserved were not prose stories, but were written in verse; the marked rhythm made them much easier to memorize and tell. Of this you will learn more in the second part of this book. Nevertheless, the prose story has been known for many generations. Æsop wrote his famous fables (see page 11) six centuries before the Christian era. We are all familiar with the parables of the Bible—little prose stories with an undercurrent of meaning that related them to the spiritual experiences of men and women. The ancient Greeks had, along with their famous epic poems, beautifully written prose romances. In the fourteenth century many brief prose romances were written in Italy and became popular throughout Europe. In England little prose story of distinction was composed until Sir Thomas Malory wrote his long story of King Arthur and his knights, near the end of the fifteenth century. During the age of Shakespeare, the sixteenth century, many prose romances and short stories were written,

some of which were used by the great dramatist as sources of his plays. For the novel and the short story as we understand them, however, we must come much nearer our own time.

The word *novel* first came into use about the time of Shakespeare. It came from French and Italian sources, from a word that meant "news." This word came to be applied to a short story that was true, or was supposed to be true. Thus from the very beginning a distinction grew up, slowly at first and by no means always observed, between an imaginative story, or romance, and a novel. The first, full of supernatural or other wonderful adventures, and dealing with an unreal world, was called a "romance." The second dealt with real people in real situations. The distinction is a useful one. It will become clearer as we go on. *Quentin Durward*, for example, or *Ivanhoe*, or *The Last of the Mohicans*, may be classed as romances. *Silas Marner*, on the other hand, is a novel. Short stories may be either romantic or realistic, dealing with an ideal world, a dream world in which anything may happen, or with the everyday world. Some stories and some novels combine the two characteristics.

Prose fiction in England began to develop very rapidly about the middle of the eighteenth century. Defoe had written *Robinson Crusoe* a little earlier than that, a wonderful example of a romance treated so realistically that it seems true. Addison and Steele, in the first part of the century, had written short realistic sketches of everyday life, not exactly short stories, but showing some of the things the short story and the novel might do. Then came a succession of great novelists, chief of them Samuel Richardson and Henry Fielding, in whose works the long prose story acquired the qualities that we recognize today as necessary. The plot became more definite, and was organized, instead of being a sprawling succession of adventures as in the old romances. Writers learned how to make their characters stand out clearly, like real people. Character was revealed through action and dialogue, just as in the drama, instead of through description. And finally, writers found that story interest may be gained from people and scenes of everyday life quite as easily as through lords and knights of high degree, with their splendid trappings and their journeys on strange quests.

In America in the nineteenth century a new kind of fiction-writing was developed which has spread to all the older nations. Washington Irving, our first great literary figure, wrote a number of short narratives, full of the humor and fancy of his own engaging personality. Following him came Hawthorne and Poe, who invented what is technically called the Short Story. You will learn more about this artistic form in the introduction to the nine stories printed in this section. Its popularity, which proved to be tremendous, has never been greater than at the present day. In the century of Richardson and Fielding no publisher would consider a narrative that did not run to two or three volumes. Today not only are volumes of short stories published, but scores of monthly and weekly magazines contain almost nothing else. Many of our greatest writers are devoting their best energies to this concentrated fiction. As you see from the names in this section, this is true not only of America but of England. Let us begin, then, with this most popular of all the kinds of fiction which the ages have brought to us.

THE SHORT STORY

AN INTRODUCTION

When you go to the "movies," you are yielding to one of the most ancient and widespread interests of mankind. You go for a story. You lean forward in your seat to see whether the motor-cycle men will overtake the speeding roadster, or the cowboy will gallop fast enough to save the heroine from the marauding Indians. Next to the thrill of knocking a home-run or dribbling the ball down the court and throwing a goal, comes the thrill of seeing others do such things or of hearing about them. So our savage ancestors in the primeval forest would gather round the camp fire and listen to the hunter's account of how he trapped the bear or slew the deer. So today men in smoking cars and women at sewing circles listen to anecdotes that bring them relief from their individual troubles. In all ages and places men have liked a good story.

Though the interest in narrative is universal, the fashions in story-telling have varied. The earliest prose stories that have come down to us were oral tales of marvels that kept the listeners open-mouthed. Typical of them is *The Arabian Nights*, which has not lost its power to entertain. Even today young people delight in the seven voyages of Sindbad the Sailor with their valley of diamonds and tenacious Old Man of the Sea. Not only boys but great poets have longed for more stories

> of the wondrous horse of brass
> On which the Tartar King did ride.

Tales of daily life have also come down, such as the Book of Ruth in the Bible, which relates such simple matters as the custom of gleaning in the field of grain and the way in which a shy girl attracts the eye of a prosperous farmer.

Still another kind of early story was the fable—a brief story that is told, not for the pure interest in the incidents, but for the lesson, or moral, that it illustrates. Because it shows the story-telling art in a little space, let us look at a story of this kind, "The Travelers and the Bear" by Æsop.

> Two friends were traveling the same road together when they met a bear. The one, in great fear, without a thought for his companion, climbed into a tree and hid himself. The other, seeing that he had no chance single-handed against the bear, could do nothing but throw himself quickly to the ground and feign to be dead; for he had heard that a bear will never touch a dead body. As he lay thus, the bear came up to his head, muzzling and snuffing at his nose and ears and heart; but the man held his breath, and the beast, supposing him to be dead, walked away. When the bear was quite out of sight, his companion came down out of the tree. "What was it the bear whispered to you?" he asked. "For I observed that he put his mouth close to your ear." "Why," replied the other, "it was no great secret. He only bade me have a care how I kept company with those who, when they get into difficulty, leave their friends in the lurch."

Here we have an exciting series of events; we wish to learn the fate of the man on the ground. We also wish to hear his remarks to the self-centered friend. We feel that his rebuke is merited. And when we come to the end we realize that every detail in the story leads up to the warning against "those who, when they get into difficulty, leave their friends in the lurch." This is, in fact, the whole "point" of the story. As soon as the narrative has made that clear, it stops.

Every good story-teller must observe this requirement: that his narrative have some pith and point. But the kind of point used by the fabulist is not much used today. Most narrators think putting a moral at the end is not artistic. It is too "preachy." If the events are true enough to life, the reader needs no statement of their meaning. Besides, nowadays writers are usually not mainly interested in general prin-

ciples; they are interested in the humor or pity of some situation, in some oddity of character, or in some other concrete aspect of life. The "point" of a story that has a claim to be called literature therefore has come to be some dramatic incident or striking discovery, or victory in a struggle. For example, look at the first selection by O. Henry (page 15). There the need of an onion in a stew, by a fortunate coincidence, brings the fairy prince and Cinderella together; and when they have met, O. Henry closes the record. In general, whenever the writer thinks he has followed the train of events far enough to make his conception clear to the reader, he will close his story. If the reader does not immediately sense the reason for ending the story at that moment, he has not understood the purpose of the author and cannot properly enjoy him.

To increase this understanding three aspects of narration should be borne in mind. The first is *plot*, or the stream of incidents. As we have just seen, these incidents move to a natural termination, which must be clear to the listener or reader. In short stories the need for selecting only such incidents as do lead directly to the conclusion is very great. No digressions, no matter how entertaining they may be in themselves, can be admitted. The fabulist above said nothing of why the friends set out on their journey, nor did he relate any of their conversations until he came to the essential comment that pointed the moral. There is the same dearth of talk in those modern stories where the interest centers in plot. Poe, in "The Purloined Letter," included in this section, keeps our attention riveted on the means of getting back the letter. The persons to whom the events happen are of minor importance to Poe. As rigorously as the fabulist he excludes every incident or remark that does not bear directly on the recovery of the compromising document.

The second element of narration is *character*, for the events must happen to somebody. How important this element may become depends on the writer's purpose. For the fabulist and Poe they were of slight importance. But in one of the most famous of American tales, Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," the character of Rip looms large in the reader's eye. Still, it is to be noted that he is a simple soul and that he does not change or develop in the course of twenty years. Only long stories have room for complex or changing characters. In the short story not only must the characters be clearly described but their actions must result very openly from their motives and desires. Many a famous character has been introduced to the world in the brief compass of short stories.

To make the characters stand out more clearly they are frequently contrasted with each other. The easy-going Rip is the exact opposite of his termagant wife. In "The Third Ingredient" by O. Henry, Hetty and Cecilia are as different as white and black. Hetty is practical-minded and self-reliant. When she loses her job she buys the beef for a stew and calmly looks forward to a different position. Cecilia is artistic and easily discouraged. When the rich old man refuses to pay fifty dollars for a miniature, she thinks life is no longer worth living and tries to drown herself. Other points of unlikeness are sketched in by the author, so that each character casts a light upon the other, and the reader sees them more clearly for what they are. The more you pay attention to such contrasts the better you will understand the characters and the keener will be the pleasure you get out of the story.

The third aspect of narration, called *setting*, has to do with the time and place of the events. The fabulist made little use of this element. A road through the woods at an undefined period of the past was sufficient for his purpose. Irving, on the other hand, thought specific presentation of the sleepy village at the foot of the Catskills essential to his story of Rip Van Winkle. Sleepy though it was, changes did take place, and during the period of the story they took place somewhat faster than usual. Unless Irving described the village pretty fully, he could not make his point, that life moves relentlessly on. In another famous story of his, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," he became even more interested in the picture of simple American life. Toward the end of the nineteenth century writers dwelt at great length on setting. They brought in vivid details about local

customs and points of view, peculiar types of character, and even dialect. This "local color" set them aside as "regional" writers. Their stories dealt with New England village life, or with characters in the mining towns of the West, or with the quaint Creole customs of New Orleans, or with the local features of other picturesque sections of our country. That particular fashion has passed, but all realistic writers sketch in enough of the peculiarities of the time and place to make the account convincing. O. Henry, in the story immediately following this introduction, swiftly sketches the harsh, needy life of his characters as a background for the story he is going to tell.

Attention to these three elements—plot, character, and setting—will increase your understanding of almost any kind of fiction. But there is one problem in connection with plot that merits special consideration. Stories are read because they hold one's interest. If the reader is not kept looking forward to later developments, he will of course lay the book aside. Writers have therefore always thought a good deal about how to keep the reader in suspense. When mere interest in the succession of incidents or the wonders of a strange land ceased to hold, they discovered devices for heightening the eagerness of the reader. These devices are of two kinds. One is to arouse a sense of a mystery to be penetrated. The other is to introduce a conflict that must be fought out to a conclusion.

Mystery stories are an outgrowth of our love for the marvelous and our desire to clear up anything that puzzles us. It was an American writer that showed the world a more fascinating way to write short stories based on a mystery. Edgar Allan Poe began the detective story. He might take a murder committed under baffling circumstances, where even the police could find no clew to the perpetrator. He would then keep the reader keenly alert while some detective with uncanny powers of reasoning gradually unraveled the mystery. He was so successful in arousing interest at the start and in arranging the steps of disclosure in a natural and convincing manner, that he has been imitated by hundreds of later writers. Long volumes, plays that fill an evening on the stage, and films that sometimes run through a series of episodes in successive weeks "at your favorite theater," all follow the technique of Poe's mystery stories.

More interesting than a puzzle is a fight. Every human being wants many things, and wants some of them so much that he is willing to spend all his wits and strength to get them. Sometimes the fight is against circumstances, such as poverty or storms or wild beasts. But the kind of conflict we watch with the keenest interest is that of one human being with another. It is consequently the type of struggle that fiction oftenest takes for its subject. Short fiction, too, heightens the reader's suspense by introducing this natural opposition of human interests. Poe used it as a strong element in "The Purloined Letter" by telling of a long-standing enmity between the amateur detective and the minister; the detective in the end gloats over the completeness of his victory. Thus were mystery and conflict merged to heighten the normal interest in events.

Much of what has been said applies as directly to the drama and the novel as it does to the short story. For example, any kind of fiction must have events that lead to some clearly understood conclusion; the events involve characters, and must occur at some time and place; mystery and conflict frequently join to heighten suspense.

What, then, is the distinctive quality of the short story as a type of literature? It must, of course, be brief. But brevity is a characteristic of other forms of fiction, too, as the fable or the tale (which will be discussed a little later). *The chief requirement of the short story is that it leave in the reader's mind a single, definite, unified impression.* An excellent illustration is "The Pit and the Pendulum" (page 55), which is focussed on the creation of an atmosphere of terror. The reader carries away in his memory not so much a succession of events as the vision of an old man suffering intolerable torture. The happenings, the description of the prisoner's surroundings and sensations, in fact every word chosen by the writer tend to produce

this effect. There is no time for the leisurely recital of marvels as in a voyage of Sindbad, or for digressions from the direct line of events, as in a long romance like Scott's *Quentin Durward*. From the first sentence to the last every word helps to build up a situation which lingers in the mind like a spell. The arrangement of incidents, the proportion of description and narration, the mingling of character and action, all draw to a striking climax. Hawthorne and Poe produced stories of this kind in the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century for the first time in the history of literature. Poe, with his analytical mind, explained the principles on which they were composed. Ever since then writers in every land have experimented with the technique of Hawthorne and Poe.

Thus we see that the short story as a type of literature is chiefly concerned with creating a single, compelling impression. In this respect it differs from another form of short fiction, the *tale*, in which the interest is centered on a series of incidents. The tale may introduce certain elements that we also find in the short story—interesting characters, "local color," conflict. But it is dominated by interest in "what happens," not, as in the short story, by the impression created in the reader's mind.

You are now going to read some of the best short stories and tales ever written. Your enjoyment of them will be increased by bearing in mind the aspects of the short story here explained. Only narratives of great skill are included in this section, and in each specimen the normal interest in a train of events is heightened by some mystery or conflict or single impression. The relative prominence of setting, character, and plot in each story will repay study. But for the fullest enjoyment of this kind of fiction you should watch particularly to see whether the author builds up a dominant impression which gives unity to the whole story. When you have finished these selections, you should be able to extract more pleasure than ever from the short stories in other books and in the better magazines. In other words, this section opens a gate into a field of delights which you have glimpsed before but which you have never completely possessed.

THE THIRD INGREDIENT*

O. HENRY

The (so-called) Vallambrosa Apartment House is not an apartment house. It is composed of two old-fashioned, brownstone-front residences welded into one. The parlor floor of one side is gay with the wraps and headgear of a modiste; the other is lugubrious with the sophistical promises and grisly display of a painless dentist. You may have a room there for two dollars a week or you may have one for twenty dollars. Among the Vallambrosa's roomers are stenographers, musicians, brokers, shop-girls, space-rate writers, art students, wire-tappers, and other people who lean far over the banister-rail when the door-bell rings.

This treatise shall have to do with but two of the Vallambrosians—though meaning no disrespect to the others.

At six o'clock one afternoon Hetty Pepper came back to her third-floor rear $3.50 room in the Vallambrosa with her nose and chin more sharply pointed than usual. To be discharged from the department store where you have been working four years, and with only fifteen cents in your purse, does have a tendency to make your features appear more finely chiseled.

And now for Hetty's thumb-nail biography, while she climbs the two flights of stairs.

She walked into the Biggest Store one morning four years before with seventy-five other girls, applying for a job behind the waist department counter. The phalanx of wage-earners formed a bewildering scene of beauty, carrying a total mass of blond hair sufficient to have justified the horseback gallops of a hundred Lady Godivas.

The capable, cool-eyed, impersonal, young, bald-headed man whose task it was to engage six of the contestants, was aware of a feeling of suffocation as if he were drowning in a sea of frangipanni, while white clouds, hand-embroidered, floated about him. And then a sail hove in sight. Hetty Pepper, homely of countenance, with small, contemptuous, green eyes and chocolate-colored hair, dressed in a suit of plain burlap and a common-sense hat, stood before him with every one of her twenty-nine years of life unmistakably in sight.

"You're on!" shouted the bald-headed young man, and was saved. And that is how Hetty came to be employed in the Biggest Store. The story of her rise to an eight-dollar-a-week salary is the combined stories of Hercules, Joan of Arc, Una, Job, and Little-Red-Riding-Hood. You shall not learn from me the salary that was paid her as a beginner. There is a sentiment growing about such things, and I want no millionaire store-proprietors climbing the fire-escape of my tenement-house to throw dynamite bombs into my skylight boudoir.

*From *Options* by O. Henry. Copyrighted 1909 by Doubleday, Page and Company, and reprinted by special permission of Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., publishers.

14. **space-rate writer**, a writer paid according to the space his article fills in print. 15. **wire-tapper**, swindler, i.e., one who pretends to intercept, by tapping the wires, advance telegraphic news or betting.

44. **Lady Godiva**, an English noblewoman of the eleventh century, famed for her long, beautiful hair. 50. **frangipanni**, a strong perfume. 67. **Joan of Arc** (1412-1431), a French martyr. (For her story, see any encyclopedia.) **Una**, "a lovely ladie," the personification of Truth, in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. She suffered imprisonment in behalf of her ideals. **Job**, the patient hero of the book of *Job*.

The story of Hetty's discharge from the Biggest Store is so nearly a repetition of her engagement as to be monotonous.

In each department of the store there is an omniscient, omnipresent, and omnivorous person carrying always a mileage book and a red necktie, and referred to as a "buyer." The destinies of the girls in his department who live on (see Bureau of Victual Statistics) so much per week are in his hands.

This particular buyer was a capable, cool-eyed, impersonal, young, bald-headed man. As he walked along the aisles of his department, he seemed to be sailing on a sea of frangipanni, while white clouds, machine-embroidered, floated around him. Too many sweets bring surfeit. He looked upon Hetty Pepper's homely countenance, emerald eyes, and chocolate-colored hair as a welcome oasis of green in a desert of cloying beauty. In a quiet angle of a counter he pinched her arm kindly, three inches above the elbow. She slapped him three feet away with one good blow of her muscular and not especially lily-white right. So, now you know why Hetty Pepper came to leave the Biggest Store at thirty minutes' notice, with one dime and a nickel in her purse.

This morning's quotations list the price of rib beef at six cents per (butcher's) pound. But on the day that Hetty was "released" by the B. S. the price was seven and one-half cents. That fact is what makes this story possible. Otherwise, the extra four cents would have—

But the plot of nearly all the good stories in the world is concerned with shorts who were unable to cover; so you can find no fault with this one.

45. **shorts . . . . cover,** men who, holding stock which is only partly paid for, have not money enough to buy the stock outright when its price rises.

Hetty mounted with her rib beef to her $3.50 third-floor back. One hot, savory beef-stew for supper, a night's good sleep, and she would be fit in the morning to apply again for the tasks of Hercules, Joan of Arc, Una, Job, and Little-Red-Riding-Hood.

In her room she got the granite-ware stew-pan out of the 2 x 4-foot china—er—I mean earthenware closet, and began to dig down in a rats'-nest of paper bags for the potatoes and onions. She came out with her nose and chin just a little sharper pointed.

There was neither a potato nor an onion. Now, what kind of a beef-stew can you make out of simply beef? You can make oyster-soup without oysters, turtle-soup without turtles, coffee-cake without coffee, but you can't make beef-stew without potatoes and onions.

But rib beef alone, in an emergency, can make an ordinary pine door look like a wrought-iron gambling-house portal to the wolf. With salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of flour (first well stirred in a little cold water) 'twill serve—'tis not so deep as a lobster à la Newburg nor so wide as a church festival doughnut; but 'twill serve.

Hetty took her stew-pan to the rear of the third-floor hall. According to the advertisements of the Vallambrosa there was running water to be found there. Between you and me and the water-meter, it only ambled or walked through the faucets; but technicalities have no place here. There was also a sink where housekeeping roomers often met to dump their coffee grounds and glare at one another's kimonos.

At this sink Hetty found a girl with heavy, gold-brown, artistic hair and plaintive eyes, washing two large "Irish" potatoes. Hetty knew the

Vallambrosa as well as anyone not owning "double hextra-magnifying eyes" could compass its mysteries. The kimonos were her encyclopedia, her *Who's what?*, her clearing-house of news, of goers and comers. From a rose-pink kimono edged with Nile green she had learned that the girl with the potatoes was a miniature-painter living in a kind of attic—or "studio," as they prefer to call it—on the top floor. Hetty was not certain in her mind what a miniature was; but it certainly wasn't a house; because house-painters, although they wear splashy overalls and poke ladders in your face on the street, are known to indulge in a riotous profusion of food at home.

The potato girl was quite slim and small, and handled her potatoes as an old bachelor uncle handles a baby who is cutting teeth. She had a dull, shoemaker's knife in her right hand, and she had begun to peel one of the potatoes with it.

Hetty addressed her in the punctiliously formal tone of one who intends to be cheerfully familiar with you in the second round.

"Beg pardon," she said, "for butting into what's not my business, but if you peel them potatoes you lose out. They're new Bermudas. You want to scrape 'em. Lemme show you."

She took a potato and the knife, and began to demonstrate.

"Oh, thank you," breathed the artist. "I didn't know. And I *did* hate to see the thick peeling go; it seemed such a waste. But I thought they always had to be peeled. When you've got only potatoes to eat, the peelings count, you know."

"Say, kid," said Hetty, staying her knife, "you ain't up against it, too, are you?"

2. **double, etc.,** from Sam Weller's amusing speech in Chapter XXXIV of Dickens's *Pickwick Papers.*

The miniature artist smiled starvedly.

"I suppose I am. Art—or, at least, the way I interpret it—doesn't seem to be much in demand. I have only these potatoes for my dinner. But they aren't so bad boiled and hot, with a little butter and salt."

"Child," said Hetty, letting a brief smile soften her rigid features, "Fate has sent me and you together. I've had it handed to me in the neck, too; but I've got a chunk of meat in my room as big as a lap-dog. And I've done everything to get potatoes except pray for 'em. Let's me and you bunch our commissary departments and make a stew of 'em. We'll cook it in my room. If we only had an onion to go in it! Say, kid, you haven't got a couple of pennies that've slipped down into the lining of your last winter's sealskin, have you? I could step down to the corner and get one at old Giuseppe's stand. A stew without an onion is worse'n a matinée without candy."

"You may call me Cecilia," said the artist. "No; I spent my last penny three days ago."

"Then we'll have to cut the onion out instead of slicing it in," said Hetty. "I'd ask the janitress for one, but I don't want 'em hep just yet to the fact that I'm pounding the asphalt for another job. But I wish we did have an onion."

In the shop-girl's room the two began to prepare their supper. Cecilia's part was to sit on the couch helplessly and beg to be allowed to do something, in the voice of a cooing ringdove. Hetty prepared the rib beef, putting it in cold salted water in the stew-pan and setting it on the one-burner gas-stove.

"I wish we had an onion," said Hetty, as she scraped the two potatoes.

On the wall opposite the couch was

pinned a flaming, gorgeous advertising picture of one of the new ferryboats of the P. U. F. F. Railroad that had been built to cut down the time between Los Angeles and New York City one-eighth of a minute.

Hetty, turning her head during her continuous monologue, saw tears running from her guest's eyes as she gazed on the idealized presentment of the speeding, foam-girdled transport.

"Why, say, Cecilia, kid," said Hetty, poising her knife, "is it as bad art as that? I ain't a critic; but I thought it kind of brightened up the room. Of course, a manicure-painter could tell it was a bum picture in a minute. I'll take it down if you say so. I wish to the holy Saint Potluck we had an onion."

But the miniature miniature-painter had tumbled down, sobbing, with her nose indenting the hard-woven drapery of the couch. Something was here deeper than the artistic temperament offended at crude lithography.

Hetty knew. She had accepted her rôle long ago. How scant the words with which we try to describe a single quality of a human being! When we reach the abstract we are lost. The nearer to Nature that the babbling of our lips comes, the better do we understand. Figuratively (let us say), some people are Bosoms, some are Hands, some are Heads, some are Muscles, some are Feet, some are Backs for burdens.

Hetty was a Shoulder. Hers was a sharp, sinewy shoulder; but all her life people had laid their heads upon it, metaphorically or actually, and had left there all or half their troubles. Looking at Life anatomically, which is as good a way as any, she was predestined to be a Shoulder. There were few truer collar-bones anywhere than hers.

Hetty was only thirty-three, and she had not yet outlived the little pang that visited her whenever the head of youth and beauty leaned upon her for consolation. But one glance in her mirror always served as an instantaneous pain-killer. So she gave one pale look into the crinkly old looking-glass on the wall above the gas-stove, turned down the flame a little lower from the bubbling beef and potatoes, went over to the couch, and lifted Cecilia's head to its confessional.

"Go on and tell me, honey," she said. "I know now that it ain't art that's worrying you. You met him on a ferryboat, didn't you? Go on, Cecilia, kid, and tell your—your Aunt Hetty about it."

But youth and melancholy must first spend the surplus of sighs and tears that waft and float the bark of romance to its harbor in the delectable isles. Presently, through the stringy tendons that formed the bars of the confessional, the penitent—or was it the glorified communicant of the sacred flame?—told her story without art or illumination.

"It was only three days ago. I was coming back on the ferry from Jersey City. Old Mr. Schrum, an art dealer, told me of a rich man in Newark who wanted a miniature of his daughter painted. I went to see him and showed him some of my work. When I told him the price would be fifty dollars he laughed at me like a hyena. He said an enlarged crayon twenty times the size would cost him only eight dollars.

"I had just enough money to buy my ferry ticket back to New York. I felt as if I didn't want to live another day. I must have looked as I felt, for I saw *him* on the row of seats

72. **delectable isles**, Islands of the Blessed, believed by the ancients to lie in the Atlantic Ocean, and to be inhabited by the souls of those who had led good lives.

opposite me, looking at me as if he understood. He was nice-looking, but oh, above everything else, he looked kind. When one is tired or unhappy or hopeless, kindness counts more than anything else.

"When I got so miserable that I couldn't fight against it any longer, I got up and walked slowly out the rear door of the ferryboat cabin. No one was there, and I slipped quickly over the rail and dropped into the water. Oh, friend Hetty, it was cold, cold!

"For just one moment I wished I was back in the old Vallambrosa, starving and hoping. And then I got numb, and didn't care. And then I felt that somebody else was in the water close by me, holding me up. *He* had followed me, and jumped in to save me.

"Somebody threw a thing like a big, white doughnut at us, and he made me put my arms through the hole. Then the ferryboat backed, and they pulled us on board. Oh, Hetty, I was so ashamed of my wickedness in trying to drown myself; and, besides, my hair had all tumbled down and was sopping wet, and I was such a sight.

"And then some men in blue clothes came around; and *he* gave them his card, and I heard him tell them he had seen me drop my purse on the edge of the boat outside the rail, and in leaning over to get it I had fallen overboard. And then I remembered having read in the papers that people who try to kill themselves are locked up in cells with people who try to kill other people, and I was afraid.

"But some ladies on the boat took me downstairs to the furnace-room and got me nearly dry and did up my hair. When the boat landed, *he* came and put me in a cab. He was all dripping himself, but laughed as if he thought it was all a joke. He begged me, but I wouldn't tell him my name nor where I lived, I was so ashamed."

"You were a fool, child," said Hetty, kindly. "Wait till I turn the light up a bit. I wish to Heaven we had an onion."

"Then he raised his hat," went on Cecilia, "and said, 'Very well. But I'll find you, anyhow. I'm going to claim my rights of salvage.' Then he gave money to the cab-driver and told him to take me where I wanted to go, and walked away. What is 'salvage,' Hetty?"

"The edge of a piece of goods that ain't hemmed," said the shop-girl. "You must have looked pretty well frazzled out to the little hero boy."

"It's been three days," moaned the miniature-painter, "and he hasn't found me yet."

"Extend the time," said Hetty. "This is a big town. Think of how many girls he might have to see soaked in water with their hair down before he would recognize you. The stew's getting on fine—but oh, for an onion! I'd even use a piece of garlic if I had it."

The beef and potatoes bubbled merrily, exhaling a mouth-watering savor that yet lacked something, leaving a hunger on the palate, a haunting, wistful desire for some lost and needful ingredient.

"I came near drowning in that awful river," said Cecilia, shuddering.

"It ought to have more water in it," said Hetty; "the stew, I mean. I'll go get some at the sink."

"It smells good," said the artist.

"That nasty old North River?" objected Hetty. "It smells to me like soap factories and wet setter-dogs—

61. **rights of salvage**, reward for having saved something from the sea. 93. **North River**, the estuary of the Hudson River, between New York and New Jersey.

oh, you mean the stew. Well, I wish we had an onion for it. Did he look like he had money?"

"First, he looked kind," said Cecilia. "I'm sure he was rich; but that matters so little. When he drew out his bill-folder to pay the cabman you couldn't help seeing hundreds and thousands of dollars in it. And I looked over the cab doors and saw him leave the ferry station in a motor-car; and the chauffeur gave him his bearskin to put on, for he was sopping wet. And it was only three days ago."

"What a fool!" said Hetty, shortly.

"Oh, the chauffeur wasn't wet," breathed Cecilia. "And he drove the car away very nicely."

"I mean *you*," said Hetty. "For not giving him your address."

"I never give my address to chauffeurs," said Cecilia, haughtily.

"I wish we had one," said Hetty, disconsolately.

"What for?"

"For the stew, of course—oh, I mean an onion."

Hetty took a pitcher and started to the sink at the end of the hall.

A young man came down the stairs from above just as she was opposite the lower step. He was decently dressed, but pale and haggard. His eyes were dull with the stress of some burden of physical or mental woe. In his hand he bore an onion—a pink, smooth, solid, shining onion as large around as a ninety-eight-cent alarm-clock.

Hetty stopped. So did the young man. There was something Joan of Arc-ish, Herculean, and Una-ish in the look and pose of the shop-lady—she had cast off the rôles of Job and Little-Red-Riding-Hood. The young man stopped at the foot of the stairs and coughed distractedly. He felt marooned, held up, attacked, assailed, levied upon, sacked, assessed, panhandled, browbeaten, though he knew not why. It was the look in Hetty's eyes that did it. In them he saw the Jolly Roger fly to the masthead and an able seaman with a dirk between his teeth scurry up the ratlines and nail it there. But as yet he did not know that the cargo he carried was the thing that had caused him to be so nearly blown out of the water without even a parley.

"*Beg* your pardon," said Hetty, as sweetly as her dilute, acetic acid tones permitted, "but did you find that onion on the stairs? There was a hole in the paper bag; and I've just come out to look for it."

The young man coughed for half a minute. The interval may have given him the courage to defend his own property. Also, he clutched his pungent prize greedily, and, with a show of spirit, faced his grim waylayer.

"No," he said huskily, "I didn't find it on the stairs. It was given to me by Jack Bevens, on the top floor. If you don't believe it, ask him. I'll wait until you do."

"I know about Bevens," said Hetty, sourly. "He writes books and things up there for the paper-and-rags man. We can hear the postman guy him all over the house when he brings them thick envelopes back. Say—do you live in the Vallambrosa?"

"I do not," said the young man. "I come to see Bevens sometimes. He's my friend. I live two blocks west."

"What are you going to do with the onion?—*begging* your pardon," said Hetty.

"I'm going to eat it."

"Raw?"

"Yes; as soon as I get home."

50. **panhandled**, accosted and held unwillingly. 54. **Jolly Roger**, the black banner of the pirates. 56. **ratlines**, rope ladder.

"Haven't you got anything else to
t with it?"

The young man considered briefly.

"No," he confessed; "there's not
nother scrap of anything in my dig-
ngs to eat. I think old Jack is
retty hard up for grub in his shack,
o. He hated to give up the onion,
t I worried him into parting with it."

"Man," said Hetty, fixing him with
er world-sapient eyes, and laying a
ony but impressive finger on his
eeve, "you've known trouble, too,
aven't you?"

"Lots," said the onion owner,
mptly. "But this onion is my
n property, honestly come by. If
u will excuse me, I must be going."

"Listen," said Hetty, paling a little
ith anxiety. "Raw onion is a mighty
r diet. And so is a beef-stew with-
t one. Now, if you're Jack Bevens's
iend, I guess you're nearly right.
ere's a little lady—a friend of mine
—in my room there at the end of the
ll. Both of us are out of luck;
d we had just potatoes and meat
tween us. They're stewing now.
t it ain't got any soul. There's
mething lacking to it. There's cer-
in things in life that are naturally
tended to fit and belong together.
ne is pink cheese-cloth and green
oses, and one is ham and eggs, and
ne is Irish and trouble. And the
her one is beef and potatoes *with*
nions. And still another one is
eople who are up against it and
ther people in the same fix."

The young man went into a pro-
racted paroxysm of coughing. With
ne hand he hugged his onion to his
osom.

"No doubt; no doubt," said he, at
ength. "But, as I said, I must be
oing, because——"

Hetty clutched his sleeve firmly.

"Don't be a Dago, Little Brother.
Don't eat raw onions. Chip it in
toward the dinner and line yourself
inside with the best stew you ever
licked a spoon over. Must two ladies
knock a young gentleman down and
drag him inside for the honor of dining
with 'em? No harm shall befall you,
Little Brother. Loosen up and fall
into line."

The young man's pale face relaxed
into a grin.

"Believe I'll go you," he said,
brightening. "If my onion is good
as a credential, I'll accept the invita-
tion gladly."

"It's good as that, but better as
seasoning," said Hetty. "You come
and stand outside the door till I ask
my lady friend if she has any objec-
tions. And don't run away with that
letter of recommendation before I
come out."

Hetty went into her room and
closed the door. The young man
waited outside.

"Cecilia, kid," said the shop-girl,
oiling the sharp saw of her voice as
well as she could, "there's an onion
outside. With a young man attached.
I've asked him in to dinner. You
ain't going to kick, are you?"

"Oh, dear!" said Cecilia, sitting up
and patting her artistic hair. She
cast a mournful glance at the ferryboat
poster on the wall.

"Nit," said Hetty. "It ain't him.
You're up against real life now. I
believe you said your hero friend had
money and automobiles. This is a
poor skeezicks that's got nothing to
eat but an onion. But he's easy-
spoken and not a freshy. I imagine
he's been a gentleman, he's so low
down now. And we need the onion.
Shall I bring him in? I'll guarantee
his behavior."

"Hetty, dear," sighed Cecilia, "I'm
so hungry. What difference does it
make whether he's a prince or a

11. **world-sapient**, understanding everything.

burglar? I don't care. Bring him in if he's got anything to eat with him."

Hetty went back into the hall. The onion man was gone. Her heart missed a beat, and a gray look settled over her face except on her nose and cheek-bones. And then the tides of life flowed in again, for she saw him leaning out of the front window at the other end of the hall. She hurried there. He was shouting to someone below. The noise of the street overpowered the sound of her footsteps. She looked down over his shoulder, saw whom he was speaking to, and heard his words. He pulled himself in from the window-sill and saw her standing over him.

Hetty's eyes bored into him like two steel gimlets.

"Don't lie to me," she said, calmly. "What were you going to do with that onion?"

The young man suppressed a cough and faced her resolutely. His manner was that of one who had been bearded sufficiently.

"I was going to eat it," said he, with emphatic slowness; "just as I told you before."

"And you have nothing else to eat at home?"

"Not a thing."

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I am not working at anything just now."

"Then why," said Hetty, with her voice set on its sharpest edge, "do you lean out of windows and give orders to chauffeurs in green automobiles in the street below?"

The young man flushed, and his dull eyes began to sparkle.

"Because, madam," said he, in *accelerando* tones, "I pay the chauffeur's wages and I own the automobile—and also this onion—this onion, madam." He flourished the onion within an inch of Hetty's nose. The shop-lady did not retreat a hair's-breadth.

"Then why do you eat onions," she said, with biting contempt, "and nothing else?"

"I never said I did," retorted the young man, heatedly. "I said I had nothing else to eat where I live. I am not a delicatessen storekeeper."

"Then why," pursued Hetty, inflexibly, "were you going to eat a raw onion?"

"My mother," said the young man, "always made me eat one for a cold. Pardon my referring to a physical infirmity; but you may have noticed that I have a very, very severe cold. I was going to eat the onion and go to bed. I wonder why I am standing here and apologizing to you for it."

"How did you catch this cold?" went on Hetty, suspiciously.

The young man seemed to have arrived at some extreme height of feeling. There were two modes of descent open to him—a burst of rage or a surrender to the ridiculous. He chose wisely; and the empty hall echoed his hoarse laughter.

"You're a dandy," said he. "And I don't blame you for being careful. I don't mind telling you. I got wet. I was on a North River ferry a few days ago when a girl jumped overboard. Of course, I——"

Hetty extended her hand, interrupting his story.

"Give me the onion," she said.

The young man set his jaw a trifle harder.

"Give me the onion," she repeated.

He grinned, and laid it in her hand.

Then Hetty's infrequent, grim, melancholy smile showed itself. She took the young man's arm and pointed with her other hand to the door of her room.

"Little Brother," she said, "go in there. The little fool you fished out

44. **accelerando**, growing constantly faster and louder.

of the river is there waiting for you. Go on in. I'll give you three minutes before I come. Potatoes is in there waiting. Go on in, Onions."

After he had tapped at the door and entered, Hetty began to peel and wash the onion at the sink. She gave a gray look at the gray roofs outside, and the smile on her face vanished by little jerks and twitches. "But it's us," she said, grimly, to herself, "it's *us* that furnishes the beef."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The idea that interesting events and characters are found only in far-away lands is dispelled in the stories written by William Sidney Porter (1867–1910), who used the pen-name O. Henry. A varied experience with all kinds of fortunes, persons, places, ranging from small towns of the South, across ranches and forests of Central America, back to the crowded streets of New York, made him believe that romance—the themes from which great stories are extracted—lies exactly where the writer happens to be. In one story, "The Best Seller," in the volume entitled *Options*, he definitely propounds this theory of the fascination of the present and the ordinary. Read this story as an excellent illustration of this principle of getting material for short stories.

When O. Henry wrote he did not keep his eyes on books or other authors; he kept his eyes on people. Interesting persons are about us continually. In New York there are so many that O. Henry called one of his books *The Four Million*. He talked to chance acquaintances on park benches, to riders in the cars, to loungers in the streets. He absorbed the lives of individuals which he then recombined and retold for his appreciative readers. As his characters talk, they make you feel their reality. The effect, or total impression, of his stories (see page 13) is also very real. Exactly as in life, pathos lies close to humor, sadness to joy. But perhaps his chief skill as a writer lies in his use of the "point," or climax (see pages 11-12). As in real life the conclusion of an incident, the solution of a problem, arrives suddenly, so in his stories, the conclusions are often surprises, unexpected yet perfectly logical.

Questions and Topics

1. How does the word *treatise* suggest humor in this story? Why is the scene of the story interesting? Why did O. Henry choose such a place? Why does he speak of Hetty's biography as "thumb-nail"? Cite several other unusual uses of words. Why had Hetty been employed? Was the reason a good one? Why did the author not tell of her wages? Do you like Hetty? Why? Show how repetition is skillfully used. Why are you not told what the "other four cents" would have done? Does this arouse interest?

2. What is meant by *Who's what?* What comparison between real artisans and artists did Hetty make in her own mind? Did Hetty know much? Explain your answer. How can you justify the author's use of slang and racy speech? Why is the picture of a ferryboat hung in Hetty's room? Does its effect mystify you for a while? Did the author intend this? Is the attempted suicide well told? Is there any dialogue which seems merely clever rather than actual? Where?

3. What word did Hetty think *salvage* was? Show how the author makes the conversation of the two girls humorous. What does he mean by saying that Hetty had cast off the rôles of Job and Little-Red-Riding-Hood?

4. Why was the young man carrying an onion? Did you feel at first that this coincidence was beyond belief? What was Hetty's opinion of the author upstairs? Why was the young man so affected by Hetty's declaration of what various things belong together? Which detail surprised you most? Did you feel a temporary disappointment? Tell how the facts are disclosed to Hetty. Why does so little come out at a time? What did Hetty's last remark mean? Can a man with a cold in his head be a romantic hero?

5. Where did you begin to see the end of the story? What gave you the clew? Did you like the ending? Would you prefer to have the author tell of the meeting in Hetty's room? Which is the more artistic ending? Why? Who is really the most important character in the story? Whom do you like most? How does the author make you feel this?

6. Why does this story end where it does? What means is employed to maintain suspense—mystery or conflict? What effect, or total impression, does the story leave with you?

Library Reading. Other O. Henry stories from *Options* or *The Four Million*.

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE*

A. Conan Doyle

I had called upon my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in the autumn of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid-faced, elderly gentleman, with fiery red hair. With an apology for my intrusion, I was about to withdraw, when Holmes pulled me abruptly into the room, and closed the door behind me. "You could not possibly have come at a better time, my dear Watson," he said, cordially.

"I was afraid that you were engaged."

"So I am. Very much so."

"Then I can wait in the next room."

"Not at all. This gentleman, Mr. Wilson, has been my partner and helper in many of my most successful cases, and I have no doubt that he will be of the utmost use to me in yours also."

The stout gentleman half rose from his chair and gave a bob of greeting, with a quick, little, questioning glance from his small, fat-encircled eyes.

"Try the settee," said Holmes, relapsing into his armchair, and putting his finger-tips together, as was his custom when in judicial moods. "I know, my dear Watson, that you share my love of all that is bizarre and outside the conventions and humdrum routine of everyday life. You have shown your relish for it by the enthusiasm which has prompted you to chronicle, and, if you will excuse my saying so, somewhat to embellish so many of my own little adventures."

"Your cases have indeed been of the greatest interest to me," I observed.

"You will remember that I remarked the other day, just before we went into the very simple problem presented by Miss Mary Sutherland, that for strange effects and extraordinary combinations we must go to life itself which is always far more daring than any effort of the imagination."

"A proposition which I took the liberty of doubting."

"You did, doctor, but none the less you must come round to my view, for otherwise I shall keep on piling fact upon fact on you, until your reason breaks down under them and acknowledges me to be right. Now, Mr. Jabez Wilson here has been good enough to call upon me this morning, and to begin a narrative which promises to be one of the most singular which I have listened to for some time. You have heard me remark that the strangest and most unique things are very often connected, not with the larger but with the smaller crimes, and occasionally, indeed, where there is room for doubt whether any positive crime has been committed. As far as I have heard, it is impossible for me to say whether the present case is an instance of crime or not, but the course of events is certainly among the most singular that I have ever listened to. Perhaps, Mr. Wilson, you would have the great kindness to recommence your narrative. I ask you, not merely because my friend, Dr. Watson, has not heard the opening part, but also because the peculiar nature of the story makes me anxious to have every possible detail from your lips. As a rule, when I have heard some slight indication of the course of events,

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am able to guide myself by the thousands of other similar cases which occur to my memory. In the present instance I am forced to admit that the facts are, to the best of my belief, unique."

The portly client puffed out his chest with an appearance of some little pride, and pulled a dirty and wrinkled newspaper from the inside pocket of his greatcoat. As he glanced down the advertisement column, with his head thrust forward, and the paper flattened out upon his knee, I took a good look at the man, and endeavored, after the fashion of my companion, to read the indications which might be presented by his dress or appearance.

I did not gain very much, however, by my inspection. Our visitor bore every mark of being an average, commonplace British tradesman, obese, pompous, and slow. He wore rather baggy gray shepherd's check trousers, a not over-clean black frock-coat, unbuttoned in the front, and a drab waistcoat with a heavy, brassy Albert chain, and a square pierced bit of metal dangling down as an ornament. A frayed top-hat and a faded brown overcoat with a wrinkled velvet collar lay upon a chair beside him. Altogether, look as I would, there was nothing remarkable about the man save his blazing red head, and the expression of extreme chagrin and discontent upon his features.

Sherlock Holmes's quick eye took in my occupation, and he shook his head with a smile as he noticed my questioning glances. "Beyond the obvious facts that he has at some time done manual labor, that he takes snuff, that he is a Freemason, that he has been in China, and that he has done a considerable amount of writing lately, I can deduce nothing else."

Mr. Jabez Wilson started up in his chair, with his forefinger upon the paper, but with his eyes upon my companion. "How, in the name of good fortune, did you know all that, Mr. Holmes?" he asked. "How did you know, for example, that I did manual labor? It's as true as gospel, for I began as a ship's carpenter."

"Your hands, my dear sir. Your right hand is quite a size larger than your left. You have worked with it, and the muscles are more developed."

"Well, the snuff, then, and the Freemasonry?"

"I won't insult your intelligence by telling you how I read that, especially as, rather against the strict rules of your order, you use an ark-and-compass breastpin."

"Ah, of course, I forgot that. But the writing?"

"What else can be indicated by that right cuff so very shiny for five inches, and the left one with the smooth patch near the elbow where you rest it upon the desk?"

"Well, but China?"

"The fish that you have tattooed immediately above your wrist could only have been done in China. I have made a small study of tattoo marks, and have even contributed to the literature of the subject. That trick of staining the fishes' scales of a delicate pink is quite peculiar to China. When, in addition, I see a Chinese coin hanging from your watch-chain, the matter becomes even more simple."

Mr. Jabez Wilson laughed heavily. "Well, I never!" said he. "I thought at first that you had done something clever, but I see that there was nothing in it, after all."

"I begin to think, Watson," said Holmes, "that I make a mistake in explaining. *'Omne ignotum pro mag-*

27. **Albert chain,** watch chain named after Albert, Prince Consort of Queen Victoria (1819-1901).

94. **Omne ignotum pro magnifico,** whatever is not understood seems greater than it really is.

nifico,' you know, and my poor little reputation, such as it is, will suffer shipwreck if I am so candid. Can you not find the advertisement, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes, I have got it now," he answered, with his thick, red finger planted halfway down the column. "Here it is. This is what began it all. You just read it for yourself, sir."

I took the paper from him, and read as follows:

To the Red-headed League:

On account of the bequest of the late Ezekiah Hopkins, of Lebanon, Pa., U. S. A., there is now another vacancy open which entitles a member of the League to a salary of four pounds a week for purely nominal services. All red-headed men who are sound in body and mind, and above the age of twenty-one years, are eligible. Apply in person on Monday, at eleven o'clock, to Duncan Ross, at the offices of the League, 7 Pope's Court, Fleet Street.

"What on earth does this mean?" I ejaculated, after I had twice read over the extraordinary announcement.

Holmes chuckled, and wriggled in his chair, as was his habit when in high spirits. "It is a little off the beaten track, isn't it?" said he. "And now, Mr. Wilson, off you go at scratch, and tell us all about yourself, your household, and the effect which this advertisement had upon your fortunes. You will first make a note, doctor, of the paper and the date."

"It is *The Morning Chronicle*, of April 27, 1890. Just two months ago."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Wilson?"

"Well, it is just as I have been telling you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Jabez Wilson, mopping his forehead; "I have a small pawnbroker's business at Coburg Square, near the City. It's not a very large affair, and of late years it has not done more than just give me a living. I used to be able to keep two assistants, but now I only keep one; and I would have a job to pay him, but that he is willing to come for half wages, so as to learn the business."

"What is the name of this obliging youth?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"His name is Vincent Spaulding, and he's not such a youth, either. It's hard to say his age. I should not wish a smarter assistant, Mr. Holmes; and I know very well that he could better himself, and earn twice what I am able to give him. But, after all, if he is satisfied, why should I put ideas in his head?"

"Why, indeed? You seem most fortunate in having an employee who comes under the full market price. It is not a common experience among employers in this age. I don't know that your assistant is not as remarkable as your advertisement."

"Oh, he has his faults, too," said Mr. Wilson. "Never was such a fellow for photography. Snapping away with a camera when he ought to be improving his mind, and then diving down into the cellar like a rabbit into its hole to develop his pictures. That is his main fault; but, on the whole, he's a good worker. There's no vice in him."

"He is still with you, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. He and a girl of fourteen, who does a bit of simple cooking, and keeps the place clean—that's all I have in the house, for I am a widower, and never had any family. We live very quietly, sir, the three of us; and we keep a roof over our heads, and pay our debts, if we do nothing more.

"The first thing that put us out was that advertisement. Spaulding, he came down into the office just this day eight weeks, with this very paper in his hand, and he says:

" 'I wish to the Lord, Mr. Wilson, that I was a red-headed man.'

33. **at scratch**, from the beginning. 46. **City**, a small area of London, constituting the heart of the metropolis.

" 'Why that?' I asks.

" 'Why,' says he, 'here's another vacancy on the League of the Red-headed Men. It's worth quite a little fortune to any man who gets it, and I understand that there are more vacancies than there are men, so that the trustees are at their wits' end what to do with the money. If my hair would only change color, here's a nice little crib all ready for me to step into.'

" 'Why, what is it, then?' I asked. You see, Mr. Holmes, I am a very stay-at-home man, and as my business came to me instead of my having to go to it, I was often weeks on end without putting my foot over the door-mat. In that way I didn't know much of what was going on outside, and I was always glad of a bit of news.

" 'Have you never heard of the League of the Red-headed Men?' he asked, with his eyes open.

" 'Never.'

" 'Why, I wonder at that, for you are eligible yourself for one of the vacancies.'

" 'And what are they worth?' I asked.

" 'Oh, merely a couple of hundred a year, but the work is slight, and it need not interfere very much with one's other occupations.'

"Well, you can easily think that that made me prick up my ears, for the business has not been over-good for some years, and an extra couple of hundred would have been very handy.

" 'Tell me all about it,' said I.

" 'Well,' said he, showing me the advertisement, 'you can see for yourself that the League has a vacancy, and there is the address where you should apply for particulars. As far as I can make out, the League was founded by an American millionaire, Ezekiah Hopkins, who was very peculiar in his ways. He was himself red-headed, and he had a great sympathy for all red-headed men; so, when he died, it was found that he had left his enormous fortune in the hands of trustees, with instructions to apply the interest to the providing of easy berths to men whose hair is of that color. From all I hear it is splendid pay, and very little to do.'

" 'But,' said I, 'there would be millions of red-headed men who would apply.'

" 'Not so many as you might think,' he answered. 'You see it is really confined to Londoners, and to grown men. This American had started from London when he was young, and he wanted to do the old town a good turn. Then, again, I have heard it is no use your applying if your hair is light red, or dark red, or anything but real bright, blazing, fiery red. Now, if you cared to apply, Mr. Wilson, you would just walk in; but perhaps it would hardly be worth your while to put yourself out of the way for the sake of a few hundred pounds.'

"Now, it is a fact, gentlemen, as you may see for yourselves, that my hair is of a very full and rich tint, so that it seemed to me that, if there was to be any competition in the matter, I stood as good a chance as any man that I had ever met. Vincent Spaulding seemed to know so much about it that I thought he might prove useful, so I just ordered him to put up the shutters for the day, and to come right away with me. He was very willing to have a holiday, so we shut the business up, and started off for the address that was given us in the advertisement.

"I never hope to see such a sight as that again, Mr. Holmes. From north, south, east, and west every man who had a shade of red in his hair had tramped into the City to answer the advertisement. Fleet Street was choked with red-headed folk, and

11. **crib**, easy position.

Pope's Court looked like a coster's orange barrow. I should not have thought there were so many in the whole country as were brought together by that single advertisement. Every shade of color they were—straw, lemon, orange, brick, Irish-setter, liver, clay; but, as Spaulding said, there were not many who had the real vivid flame-colored tint. When I saw how many were waiting, I would have given it up in despair; but Spaulding would not hear of it. How he did it I could not imagine, but he pushed and pulled and butted until he got me through the crowd, and right up to the steps which led to the office. There was a double stream upon the stair, some going up in hope, and some coming back dejected; but we wedged in as well as we could, and soon found ourselves in the office."

"Your experience has been a most entertaining one," remarked Holmes, as his client paused and refreshed his memory with a huge pinch of snuff. "Pray continue your very interesting statement."

"There was nothing in the office but a couple of wooden chairs and a deal table, behind which sat a small man, with a head that was even redder than mine. He said a few words to each candidate as he came up, and then he always managed to find some fault in them which would disqualify them. Getting a vacancy did not seem to be such a very easy matter, after all. However, when our turn came, the little man was much more favorable to me than to any of the others, and he closed the door as we entered, so that he might have a private word with us.

" 'This is Mr. Jabez Wilson,' said my assistant, 'and he is willing to fill a vacancy in the League.'

1. coster, one who sells fruits in a hand-cart. 31. deal, pine.

" 'And he is admirably suited for it,' the other answered. 'He has every requirement. I cannot recall when I have seen anything so fine.' He took a step backward, cocked his head on one side, and gazed at my hair until I felt quite bashful. Then suddenly he plunged forward, wrung my hand, and congratulated me warmly on my success.

" 'It would be injustice to hesitate,' said he. 'You will, however, I am sure, excuse me for taking an obvious precaution.' With that he seized my hair in both his hands, and tugged until I yelled with the pain. 'There is water in your eyes,' said he, as he released me. 'I perceive that all is as it should be. But we have to be careful, for we have twice been deceived by wigs and once by paint. I could tell you tales of cobbler's wax which would disgust you with human nature.' He stepped over to the window, and shouted through it at the top of his voice that the vacancy was filled. A groan of disappointment came up from below, and the folk all trooped away in different directions, until there was not a red head to be seen except my own and that of the manager.

" 'My name,' said he, 'is Mr. Duncan Ross, and I am myself one of the pensioners upon the fund left by our noble benefactor. Are you a married man, Mr. Wilson? Have you a family?'

"I answered that I had not.

"His face fell immediately.

" 'Dear me!' he said, gravely, 'that is very serious indeed! I am sorry to hear you say that. The fund was, of course, for the propagation and spread of the red-heads as well as for their maintenance. It is exceedingly unfortunate that you should be a bachelor.'

"My face lengthened at this, Mr

Holmes, for I thought that I was not to have the vacancy after all; but, after thinking it over for a few minutes, he said that it would be all right.

" 'In the case of another,' said he, 'the objection might be fatal, but we must stretch a point in favor of a man with such a head of hair as yours. When shall you be able to enter upon your new duties?'

" 'Well, it is a little awkward, for I have a business already,' said I.

" 'Oh, never mind about that, Mr. Wilson!' said Vincent Spaulding. 'I shall be able to look after that for you.'

" 'What would be the hours?' I asked.

" 'Ten to two.'

"Now a pawnbroker's business is mostly done of an evening, Mr. Holmes, especially Thursday and Friday evenings, which is just before pay-day, so it would suit me very well to earn a little in the mornings. Besides, I knew that my assistant was a good man, and that he would see to anything that turned up.

" 'That would suit me very well,' said I. 'And the pay?'

" 'Is four pounds a week.'

" 'And the work?'

" 'Is purely nominal.'

" 'What do you call purely nominal?'

" 'Well, you have to be in the office, or at least in the building, the whole time. If you leave, you forfeit your whole position forever. The will is very clear upon that point. You don't comply with the conditions if you budge from the office during that time.'

" 'It's only four hours a day, and I should not think of leaving,' said I.

" 'No excuse will avail,' said Mr. Duncan Ross. 'Neither sickness nor business nor anything else. There you must stay, or you lose your billet.'

" 'And the work?'

" 'Is to copy out the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. There is the first volume of it in that press. You must find your own ink, pens, and blotting-paper, but we provide this table and chair. Will you be ready tomorrow?'

" 'Certainly,' I answered.

" 'Then, good-by, Mr. Jabez Wilson, and let me congratulate you once more on the important position which you have been fortunate enough to gain.' He bowed me out of the room, and I went home with my assistant, hardly knowing what to say or do, I was so pleased at my own good fortune.

"Well, I thought over the matter all day, and by evening I was in low spirits again; for I had quite persuaded myself that the whole affair must be some great hoax or fraud, though what its object might be I could not imagine. It seemed altogether past belief that anyone could make such a will. or that they would pay such a sum for doing anything so simple as copying out the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Vincent Spaulding did what he could to cheer me up, but by bedtime I had reasoned myself out of the whole thing. However, in the morning I determined to have a look at it anyhow, so I bought a penny bottle of ink, and with a quill pen and seven sheets of foolscap paper, I started off for Pope's Court.

"Well, to my surprise and delight, everything was as right as possible. The table was set out ready for me, and Mr. Duncan Ross was there to see that I got fairly to work. He started me off upon the letter A, and then he left me; but he would drop in from time to time to see that all was right with me. At two o'clock he bade me good-day, complimented

53. **press**, case. 84. **quill pen**, a pen-point made from the stalk of a feather.

me upon the amount that I had written, and locked the door of the office after me.

"This went on day after day, Mr. Holmes, and on Saturday the manager came in and planked down four golden sovereigns for my week's work. It was the same next week, and the same the week after. Every morning I was there at ten, and every afternoon I left at two. By degrees Mr. Duncan Ross took to coming in only once of a morning, and then, after a time, he did not come in at all. Still, of course, I never dared to leave the room for an instant, for I was not sure when he might come, and the billet was such a good one, and suited me so well, that I would not risk the loss of it.

"Eight weeks passed away like this, and I had written about Abbots and Archery and Armor and Architecture and Attica, and hoped with diligence that I might get on to the B's before very long. It cost me something in foolscap, and I had pretty nearly filled a shelf with my writings. And then suddenly the whole business came to an end."

"To an end?"

"Yes, sir. And no later than this morning. I went to my work as usual at ten o'clock, but the door was shut and locked, with a little square of cardboard hammered on to the middle of the panel with a tack. Here it is, and you can read for yourself."

He held up a piece of white cardboard about the size of a sheet of note-paper. It read in this fashion:

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE IS DISSOLVED

October 9, 1890.

Sherlock Holmes and I surveyed this curt announcement and the rueful face behind it, until the comical side of the affair so completely overtopped every other consideration that we both burst out into a roar of laughter.

"I cannot see that there is anything very funny," cried our client, flushing up to the roots of his flaming head. "If you can do nothing better than laugh at me, I can go elsewhere."

"No, no," cried Holmes, shoving him back into the chair from which he had half risen. "I really wouldn't miss your case for the world. It is most refreshingly unusual. But there is, if you will excuse my saying so, something just a little funny about it. Pray, what steps did you take when you found the card upon the door?"

"I was staggered, sir. I did not know what to do. Then I called at the offices round, but none of them seemed to know anything about it. Finally, I went to the landlord, who is an accountant living on the ground-floor, and I asked him if he could tell me what had become of the Red-headed League. He said that he had never heard of any such body. Then I asked him who Mr. Duncan Ross was. He answered that the name was new to him.

" 'Well,' said I, 'the gentleman at No. 4.'

" 'What, the red-headed man?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Oh,' said he, 'his name was William Morris. He was a solicitor, and was using my room as a temporary convenience until his new premises were ready. He moved out yesterday.'

" 'Where could I find him?'

" 'Oh, at his new offices. He did tell me the address. Yes, 17 King Edward Street, near St. Paul's.'

"I started off, Mr. Holmes, but when I got to that address it was a

92. **St. Paul's**, one of London's two famous cathedrals.

manufactory of artificial kneecaps, and no one in it had ever heard of either Mr. William Morris or Mr. Duncan Ross."

"And what did you do then?" asked Holmes.

"I went home to Saxe-Coburg Square, and I took the advice of my assistant. But he could not help me in any way. He could only say that if I waited I should hear by post. But that was not quite good enough, Mr. Holmes. I did not wish to lose such a place without a struggle so, as I have heard that you were good enough to give advice to poor folk who were in need of it, I came right away to you."

"And you did very wisely," said Holmes. "Your case is an exceedingly remarkable one and I shall be happy to look into it. From what you have told me I think that it is possible that graver issues hang from it than might at first sight appear."

"Grave enough!" said Mr. Jabez Wilson. "Why I have lost four pounds a week."

"As far as you are personally concerned," remarked Holmes, "I do not see that you have any grievance against this remarkable league. On the contrary, you are, as I understand, richer by some thirty pounds, to say nothing of the minute knowledge which you have gained on every subject that comes under the letter A. You have lost nothing by them."

"No, sir. But I want to find out about them, and who they are, and what their object was in playing this prank—if it was a prank—upon me. It was a pretty expensive joke for them, for it cost them two-and-thirty pounds."

"We shall endeavor to clear up these points for you. And, first, one or two questions, Mr. Wilson. This assistant of yours who first called your attention to the advertisement— how long had he been with you?"

"About a month then."

"How did he come?"

"In answer to an advertisement."

"Was he the only applicant?"

"No, I had a dozen."

"Why did you pick him?"

"Because he was handy, and would come cheap."

"At half wages, in fact?"

"Yes."

"What is he like, this Vincent Spaulding?"

"Small, stout-built, very quick in his ways, no hair on his face, though he's not short of thirty. Has a white splash of acid upon his forehead."

Holmes sat up in his chair in considerable excitement. "I thought as much," said he. "Have you ever observed that his ears are pierced for earrings?"

"Yes, sir. He told me that a gypsy had done it for him when he was a lad."

"Hum!" said Holmes, sinking back in deep thought. "He is still with you?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I have only just left him."

"And has your business been attended to in your absence?"

"Nothing to complain of, sir. There's never very much to do of a morning."

"That will do, Mr. Wilson. I shall be happy to give you an opinion upon the subject in the course of a day or two. Today is Saturday, and I hope that by Monday we may come to a conclusion."

"Well, Watson," said Holmes, when our visitor had left us, "what do you make of it all?"

"I make nothing of it," I answered, frankly. "It is a most mysterious business."

"As a rule," said Holmes, "the more

bizarre a thing is, the less mysterious it proves to be. It is your commonplace, featureless crimes which are really puzzling, just as a commonplace face is the most difficult to identify. But I must be prompt over this matter."

"What are you going to do, then?" I asked.

"To smoke," he answered. "It is quite a three-pipe problem, and I beg that you won't speak to me for fifty minutes." He curled himself up in his chair, with his thin knees drawn up to his hawk-like nose, and there he sat with his eyes closed and his black clay pipe thrusting out like the bill of some strange bird. I had come to the conclusion that he had dropped asleep, and indeed was nodding myself, when he suddenly sprang out of his chair with the gesture of a man who has made up his mind, and put his pipe down upon the mantelpiece.

"Sarasate plays at the St. James's Hall this afternoon," he remarked. "What do you think, Watson? Could your patients spare you for a few hours?"

"I have nothing to do today. My practice is never very absorbing."

"Then put on your hat and come. I am going through the City first, and we can have some lunch on the way. I observe that there is a good deal of German music on the program, which is rather more to my taste than Italian or French. It is introspective, and I want to introspect. Come along!"

We traveled by the Underground as far as Aldersgate; and a short walk took us to Saxe-Coburg Square, the scene of the singular story which we had listened to in the morning. It was a poky, little, shabby-genteel place, where four lines of dingy, two-storied brick houses looked out into a small railed-in inclosure, where a lawn of weedy grass and a few clumps of faded laurel-bushes made a hard fight against a smoke-laden and uncongenial atmosphere. Three gilt balls and a brown board with JABEZ WILSON in white letters, upon a corner house, announced the place where our red-headed client carried on his business. Sherlock Holmes stopped in front of it with his head on one side, and looked it all over, with his eyes shining brightly between puckered lids. Then he walked slowly up the street, and then down again to the corner, still looking keenly at the houses. Finally he returned to the pawnbroker's, and, having thumped vigorously upon the pavement with his stick two or three times, he went up to the door and knocked. It was instantly opened by a bright-looking, clean-shaven young fellow, who asked him to step in.

"Thank you," said Holmes, "I only wished to ask you how you would go from here to the Strand."

"Third right, fourth left," answered the assistant, promptly, closing the door. "Smart fellow, that," observed Holmes, as we walked away. "He is, in my judgment, the fourth smartest man in London, and for daring, I am not sure that he has not a claim to be third. I have known something of him before."

"Evidently," said I, "Mr. Wilson's assistant counts for a good deal in this mystery of the Red-headed League, I am sure that you inquired your way merely in order that you might see him."

"Not him."

"What then?"

"The knees of his trousers."

"And what did you see?"

25. **Sarasate**, Pablo, Spanish violinist (1844-1908). 40. **Underground**, the Underground Railway. 41. **Aldersgate**, the name of a section of London.

74. **the Strand**, a famous London street.

"What I expected to see."

"Why did you beat the pavement?"

"My dear doctor, this is a time for observation, not for talk. We are spies in an enemy's country. We know something of Saxe-Coburg Square. Let us now explore the parts which lie behind it."

The road in which we found ourselves as we turned round the corner from the retired Saxe-Coburg Square presented as great a contrast to it as the front of a picture does to the back. It was one of the main arteries which convey the traffic of the City to the north and west. The roadway was blocked with the immense stream of commerce flowing in a double tide inward and outward, while the footpaths were black with the hurrying swarm of pedestrians. It was difficult to realize, as we looked at the line of fine shops and stately business premises, that they really abutted on the other side upon the faded and stagnant square which we had just quitted.

"Let me see," said Holmes, standing at the corner, and glancing along the line, "I should like just to remember the order of the houses here. It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London. There is Mortimer's, the tobacconist, the little newspaper shop, the Coburg branch of the City and Suburban Bank, the Vegetarian Restaurant, and McFarlane's carriage-building depot. That carries us right on to the other block. And now, doctor, we've done our work, so it's time we had some play. A sandwich and a cup of coffee, and then off to violin-land, where all is sweetness and delicacy and harmony, and there are no red-headed clients to vex us with their conundrums."

My friend was an enthusiastic musician, being himself not only a very capable performer, but a composer of no ordinary merit. All the afternoon he sat in the stalls wrapped in the most perfect happiness, gently waving his long, thin fingers in time to the music, while his gently smiling face and his languid, dreamy eyes were as unlike those of Holmes, the sleuth-hound, Holmes, the relentless, keen-witted, ready-handed criminal agent, as it was possible to conceive. In his singular character the dual nature alternately asserted itself, and his extreme exactness and astuteness represented, as I have often thought, the reaction against the poetic and contemplative mood which occasionally predominated in him. The swing of his nature took him from extreme languor to devouring energy; and, as I knew well, he was never so truly formidable as when, for days on end, he had been lounging in his armchair amid his improvisations and his black-letter editions. Then it was that the lust of the chase would suddenly come upon him, and that his brilliant reasoning power would rise to the level of intuition, until those who were unacquainted with his methods would look askance at him as on a man whose knowledge was not that of other mortals. When I saw him that afternoon so enwrapped in the music at St. James's Hall I felt that an evil time might be coming upon those whom he had set himself to hunt down.

"You want to go home, no doubt, doctor," he remarked, as we emerged.

"Yes, it would be as well."

"And I have some business to do which will take some hours. This business at Coburg Square is serious."

"Why serious?"

"A considerable crime is in contemplation. I have every reason to believe that we shall be in time to stop it. But today being Saturday rather

51. **stalls**, seats on the main floor nearest the orchestra.

complicates matters. I shall want your help tonight."

"At what time?"

"Ten will be early enough."

"I shall be at Baker Street at ten."

"Very well. And, I say, doctor, there may be some little danger, so kindly put your army revolver in your pocket." He waved his hand, turned on his heel, and disappeared in an instant among the crowd.

I trust that I am not more dense than my neighbors, but I was always oppressed with a sense of my own stupidity in my dealings with Sherlock Holmes. Here I had heard what he had heard, I had seen what he had seen, and yet from his words it was evident that he saw clearly not only what had happened, but what was about to happen, while to me the whole business was still confused and grotesque. As I drove home to my house in Kensington I thought over it all from the extraordinary story of the red-headed copier of the *Encyclopedia* down to the visit to Saxe-Coburg Square, and the ominous words with which he had parted from me. What was this nocturnal expedition, and why should I go armed? Where were we going, and what were we to do? I had the hint from Holmes that this smooth-faced pawnbroker's assistant was a formidable man—a man who might play a deep game. I tried to puzzle it out, but gave it up in despair, and set the matter aside until night should bring an explanation.

It was a quarter past nine when I started from home and made my way across the Park, and so through Oxford Street to Baker Street. Two hansoms were standing at the door, and, as I entered the passage, I heard the sound of voices from above. On entering his room I found Holmes in animated conversation with two men, one of whom I recognized as Peter Jones, the official police agent, while the other was a long, thin, sad-faced man, with a very shiny hat and oppressively respectable frock-coat.

"Ha! our party is complete," said Holmes, buttoning up his pea-jacket, and taking his heavy hunting crop from the rack. "Watson, I think you know Mr. Jones, of Scotland Yard? Let me introduce you to Mr. Merryweather, who is to be our companion in tonight's adventure."

"We're hunting in couples again, doctor, you see," said Jones, in his consequential way. "Our friend here is a wonderful man for starting a chase. All he wants is an old dog to help him do the running down."

"I hope a wild goose may not prove to be the end of our chase," observed Mr. Merryweather, gloomily.

"You may place considerable confidence in Mr. Holmes, sir," said the police agent, loftily. "He has his own little methods, which are, if he won't mind my saying so, just a little too theoretical and fantastic, but he has the makings of a detective in him. It is not too much to say that once or twice, as in that business of the Sholto murder and the Agra treasure, he has been more nearly correct than the official force."

"Oh, if you say so, Mr. Jones, it is all right," said the stranger, with deference. "Still, I confess that I miss my rubber. It is the first Saturday night for seven-and-twenty years that I have not had my rubber."

"I think you will find," said Sherlock Holmes, "that you will play for a higher stake tonight than you have

24. **Kensington**, the name of a section of London. 43. **Park**, the famous Hyde Park.

56. **pea-jacket**, a loose, woolen, double-breasted coat. 59. **Scotland Yard**, the detective department of the London police force; the name comes from the street on which it is located. 81. **Sholto murder**, etc. The author is referring to one of his books, *The Sign of the Four*. 87. **rubber**, card game.

ever done yet, and that the play will be more exciting. For you, Mr. Merryweather, the stake will be some thirty thousand pounds; and for you, Jones, it will be the man upon whom you wish to lay your hands."

"John Clay, the murderer, thief, smasher, and forger. He's a young man, Mr. Merryweather, but he is at the head of his profession, and I would rather have my bracelets on him than on any criminal in London. He's a remarkable man, is young John Clay. His grandfather was a royal duke, and he himself has been to Eton and Oxford. His brain is as cunning as his fingers, and though we meet signs of him at every turn, we never know where to find the man himself. He'll crack a crib in Scotland one week, and be raising money to build an orphanage in Cornwall the next. I've been on his track for years, and have never set eyes on him yet."

"I hope that I may have the pleasure of introducing you tonight. I've had one or two little turns also with Mr. John Clay, and I agree with you that he is at the head of his profession. It is past ten, however, and quite time that we started. If you two will take the first hansom, Watson and I will follow in the second."

Sherlock Holmes was not very communicative during the long drive, and lay back in the cab humming the tunes which he had heard in the afternoon. We rattled through an endless labyrinth of gas-lit streets until we emerged into Farringdon Street.

"We are close there now," my friend remarked. "This fellow Merryweather is a bank director, and personally interested in the matter. I thought it as well to have Jones with us also. He is not a bad fellow, though an absolute imbecile in his profession. He has one positive virtue. He is as brave as a bulldog, and as tenacious as a lobster if he gets his claws upon anyone. Here we are, and they are waiting for us."

We had reached the same crowded thoroughfare in which we had found ourselves in the morning. Our cabs were dismissed, and, following the guidance of Mr. Merryweather, we passed down a narrow passage and through a side door, which he opened for us. Within, there was a small corridor, which ended in a very massive iron gate. This also was opened, and led down a flight of winding stone steps, which terminated at another formidable gate. Mr. Merryweather stopped to light a lantern, and then conducted us down a dark, earth-smelling passage, and so, after opening a third door, into a huge vault, or cellar, which was piled all round with crates and massive boxes.

"You are not very vulnerable from above," Holmes remarked, as he held up the lantern and gazed about him.

"Nor from below," said Mr. Merryweather, striking his stick upon the flags which lined the floor. "Why, dear me, it sounds quite hollow!" he remarked, looking up in surprise.

"I must really ask you to be a little more quiet," said Holmes, severely. "You have already imperiled the whole success of our expedition. Might I beg that you would have the goodness to sit down upon one of those boxes, and not to interfere?"

The solemn Mr. Merryweather perched himself upon a crate, with a very injured expression upon his face, while Holmes fell upon his knees upon the floor, and, with the lantern and a magnifying lens, began to examine minutely the cracks between the stones. A few seconds sufficed to

8. **smasher**, one who circulates counterfeit coin. 15. **Eton**, a famous English boarding school for boys. 16. **Oxford**, one of England's greatest universities. 20. **crack a crib**, break into a building. 22. **Cornwall**, a county in southwest England.

satisfy him, for he sprang to his feet again, and put his glass in his pocket.

"We have at least an hour before us," he remarked; "for they can hardly take any steps until the good pawnbroker is safely in bed. Then they will not lose a minute, for the sooner they do their work the longer time they will have for their escape. We are at present, doctor—as no doubt you have divined—in the cellar of the City branch of one of the principal London banks. Mr. Merryweather is the chairman of directors, and he will explain to you that there are reasons why the more daring criminals of London should take a considerable interest in this cellar at present."

"It is our French gold," whispered the director. "We have had several warnings that an attempt might be made upon it."

"Your French gold?"

"Yes. We had occasion some months ago to strengthen our resources and borrowed, for that purpose, thirty thousand napoleons from the Bank of France. It has become known that we have never had occasion to unpack the money, and that it is still lying in our cellar. The crate upon which I sit contains two thousand napoleons packed between layers of lead foil. Our reserve of bullion is much larger at present than is usually kept in a single branch office, and the directors have had misgivings upon the subject."

"Which were very well justified," observed Holmes. "And now it is time that we arranged our little plans. I expect that within an hour matters will come to a head. In the meantime, Mr. Merryweather, we must put the screen over that dark lantern."

"And sit in the dark?"

"I am afraid so. I had brought a pack of cards in my pocket, and I thought that, as we were a *partie carrée*, you might have your rubber after all. But I see that the enemy's preparations have gone so far that we cannot risk the presence of a light. And, first of all, we must choose our positions. These are daring men, and though we shall take them at a disadvantage, they may do us some harm unless we are careful. I shall stand behind this crate, and do you conceal yourself behind those. Then when I flash a light upon them, close in swiftly. If they fire, Watson, have no compunction about shooting them down."

I placed my revolver, cocked, upon the top of the wooden case behind which I crouched. Holmes shot the slide across the front of his lantern, and left us in pitch darkness—such an absolute darkness as I have never before experienced. The smell of hot metal remained to assure us that the light was still there, ready to flash out at a moment's notice. To me, with my nerves worked up to a pitch of expectancy, there was something depressing and subduing in the sudden gloom, and in the cold, dank air of the vault.

"They have but one retreat," whispered Holmes. "That is back through the house into Saxe-Coburg Square. I hope that you have done what I asked you, Jones?"

"I have an inspector and two officers waiting at the front door."

"Then we have stopped all the holes. And now we must be silent and wait."

What a time it seemed! From comparing notes afterwards it was but an hour and a quarter, yet it appeared to me that the night must have almost gone, and the dawn be breaking above us. My limbs were weary and stiff, for I feared to change my position;

50. **partie carrée**, group of four.

yet my nerves were worked up to the highest pitch of tension, and my hearing was so acute that I could not only hear the gentle breathing of my companions, but I could distinguish the deeper, heavier in-breath of the bulky Jones from the thin, sighing note of the bank director. From my position I could look over the case in the direction of the floor. Suddenly my eyes caught the glint of a light.

At first it was but a lurid spark upon the stone pavement. Then it lengthened out until it became a yellow line, and then, without any warning or sound, a gash seemed to open and a hand appeared; a white, almost womanly hand, which felt about in the center of the little area of light. For a minute or more the hand, with its writhing fingers, protruded out of the floor. Then it was withdrawn as suddenly as it appeared, and all was dark again save the single lurid spark which marked a chink between the stones.

Its disappearance, however, was but momentary. With a rending, tearing sound, one of the broad, white stones turned over upon its side, and left a square, gaping hole, through which streamed the light of a lantern. Over the edge there peeped a clean-cut, boyish face, which looked keenly about it, and then, with a hand on either side of the aperture, drew itself shoulder-high and waist-high, until one knee rested upon the edge. In another instant he stood at the side of the hole, and was hauling after him a companion, lithe and small like himself, with a pale face and a shock of very red hair.

"It's all clear," he whispered. "Have you the chisel and the bags? Great Scott! Jump, Archie, jump, and I'll swing for it!"

Sherlock Holmes had sprung out and seized the intruder by the collar. The other dived down the hole, and I heard the sound of rending cloth as Jones clutched at his skirts. The light flashed upon the barrel of a revolver, but Holmes's hunting crop came down on the man's wrist, and the pistol clinked upon the stone floor.

"It's no use, John Clay," said Holmes blandly. "You have no chance at all."

"So I see," the other answered, with the utmost coolness. "I fancy that my pal is all right, though I see you have got his coat-tails."

"There are three men waiting for him at the door," said Holmes.

"Oh, indeed! You seem to have done the thing very completely. I must compliment you."

"And I you," Holmes answered. "Your red-headed idea was very new and effective."

"You'll see your pal again presently," said Jones. "He's quicker at climbing down holes than I am. Just hold out while I fix the derbies."

"I beg that you will not touch me with your filthy hands," remarked our prisoner, as the handcuffs clattered upon his wrists. "You may not be aware that I have royal blood in my veins. Have the goodness, also, when you address me always to say 'sir' and 'please.' "

"All right," said Jones, with a stare and a snigger. "Well, would you please, sir, march upstairs, where we can get a cab to carry your highness to the police-station?"

"That is better," said John Clay, serenely. He made a sweeping bow to the three of us, and walked quietly off in the custody of the detective.

"Really, Mr. Holmes," said Mr. Merryweather, as we followed them from the cellar, "I do not know how the bank can thank you or repay you.

75. **derbies**, handcuffs.

There is no doubt that you have detected and defeated in the most complete manner one of the most determined attempts at bank robbery that have ever come within my experience."

"I have had one or two little scores of my own to settle with Mr. John Clay," said Holmes. "I have been at some small expense over this matter, which I shall expect the bank to refund, but beyond that I am amply repaid by having had an experience which is in many ways unique, and by hearing the very remarkable narrative of the Red-headed League."

"You see, Watson," he explained, in the early hours of the morning, as we sat over a glass of whisky-and-soda in Baker Street, "it was perfectly obvious from the first that the only possible object of this rather fantastic business of the advertisement of the League, and the copying of the *Encyclopedia*, must be to get this not over-bright pawnbroker out of the way for a number of hours every day. It was a curious way of managing it, but, really, it would be difficult to suggest a better. The method was no doubt suggested to Clay's ingenious mind by the color of his accomplice's hair. The four pounds a week was a lure which must draw him, and what was it to them, who were playing for thousands? They put in the advertisement, one rogue has the temporary office, the other rogue incites the man to apply for it, and together they manage to secure his absence every morning in the week. From the time that I heard of the assistant having come for half wages, it was obvious to me that he had some strong motive for securing the situation."

"But how could you guess what the motive was?"

"Had there been women in the house, I should have suspected a mere vulgar intrigue. That, however, was out of the question. The man's business was a small one, and there was nothing in his house which could account for such elaborate preparations, and such an expenditure as they were at. It must, then, be something out of the house. What could it be? I thought of the assistant's fondness for photography, and his trick of vanishing into the cellar. The cellar! There was the end of this tangled clue. Then I made inquiries as to this mysterious assistant, and found that I had to deal with one of the coolest and most daring criminals in London. He was doing something in the cellar—something which took many hours a day for months on end. What could it be, once more? I could think of nothing save that he was running a tunnel to some other building.

"So far I had got when we went to visit the scene of action. I surprised you by beating upon the pavement with my stick. I was ascertaining whether the cellar stretched out in front or behind. It was not in front. Then I rang the bell, and, as I hoped, the assistant answered it. We have had some skirmishes, but we had never set eyes upon each other before. I hardly looked at his face. His knees were what I wished to see. You must yourself have remarked how worn, wrinkled, and stained they were. They spoke of those hours of burrowing. The only remaining point was what they were burrowing for. I walked round the corner, saw the City and Suburban Bank abutted on our friend's premises, and felt that I had solved my problem. When you drove home after the concert I called upon Scotland Yard, and upon the chairman of the bank directors, with the result that you have seen."

"And how could you tell that they would make their attempt tonight?"

"Well, when they closed their League offices that was a sign that they cared no longer about Mr. Jabez Wilson's presence—in other words, that they had completed their tunnel. But it was essential that they should use it soon, as it might be discovered, or the bullion might be removed. Saturday would suit them better than any other day, as it would give them two days for their escape. For all these reasons I expected them to come tonight."

"You reasoned it out beautifully," I exclaimed, in unfeigned admiration. "It is so long a chain, and yet every link rings true."

"It saved me from ennui," he answered, yawning. "Alas! I already feel it closing in upon me. My life is spent in one long effort to escape from the commonplaces of existence. These little problems help me to do so."

"And you are a benefactor of the race," said I.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, perhaps, after all, it is of some little use," he remarked. "'*L'homme c'est rien—l'œuvre c'est tout*,' as Gustave Flaubert wrote to Georges Sand."

29. **L'homme**, etc., "man is nothing—his work is all." 30. **Gustave Flaubert**, French novelist (1821-1880). 31. **Georges Sand**, pen-name of Madame Dudevant, a French novelist (1804-1876).

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

Sir A. Conan Doyle has developed the mystery-detective story to a high degree of finish in England. His renown is based not so much upon the ingenuity of his plots as upon two other reasons. He revived the device of linking a long series of stories together by having some characters appear in all of them. He created a distinct character in Sherlock Holmes, who today is better and more widely known than the author of his exploits. Realizing that most book detectives are nothing more than clockwork thinking machines, Mr. Doyle added traits, weaknesses, peculiarities, habits, to Sherlock Holmes, so that he seems like a human being. He smokes a great deal, he frequently becomes irritable, he loves music, he delights in turning some of his simplest movements into mysteries to puzzle his friends.

Questions and Topics

1. Who—according to the pretense of Doyle—has written all the books about Sherlock Holmes? Is such a device good? Why? Does Holmes believe that "truth is stranger than fiction"? Why does the author indicate this early in the story? How does he at once arouse your curiosity about the case Mr. Wilson has presented to him? How does the author make the reasoning of Holmes astonish you? Then how does he make it seem perfectly natural? Tell the relation of photography to the plot. Do you believe that any bequests as strange as the one here described have ever been provided by wealthy persons? Sum up all the items that make you eager to read on.

2. Describe the dual sides of the detective's nature. Is this a possible combination? What was Jones, the police agent, like? Why is the contrast between him and Holmes made so marked? Where does Holmes find the first hint of the passageway? What other action of his draws attention to this core of the plot? How does the plot seem to desert the pawnbroker?

3. Which is more interesting—the prevention of the crime, or the method of its detection? What other stories do you know in which there is interesting material after the conclusion of the plot? Is the arrangement of the details in the latter part of the story from effect to cause? Explain fully in your answer, using the story to illustrate. What do you think of the explanation given by Holmes? Is it accurate? Why is the doctor so necessary in these stories? Why is he made to take part in the adventure? Put yourself in his place; tell what you would ask as soon as you could after you had left the bank.

4. Do you think that the author planned this story from beginning to end, or perhaps in the reverse order? Explain your opinion. What are the essentials of a good detective story? What kind of struggle must there always be in a detective story? Do you know of any baffling mysteries in real life solved by keen observation and clever reasoning?

5. Is this a story of plot or character? What is the point or climax? In what way is the setting useful? How does the setting here and in "The Third Ingredient" differ? How does Doyle's purpose differ from O. Henry's?

Theme Topic. Write an account of the Red-Headed League which might have appeared in one of the London newspapers the following Monday.

Library Reading. "The Red-Headed League" is from *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.* If you care to follow Sherlock Holmes through all his adventures you will find them related in this and the following books: *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes, The Hound of the Baskervilles, The Return of Sherlock Holmes, The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes.*

THE PURLOINED LETTER

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Nil sapientiæ odiosius acumine nimio.*
SENECA

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book closet, *au troisième*, No. 33 Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Rogêt. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G——'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forbore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled toward him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh, no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is *very* simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

*Nothing is so odious to wisdom as too great shrewdness. Seneca was a Roman philosopher (B.C. 4-A.D. 65).

7. **au troisième**, literally, "third" floor, but actually fourth, as the French begin their count above the ground floor. 8. **Faubourg St. Germain**, an aristocratic quarter of Paris. 19-21. **Rue Morgue . . . Marie Rogêt.** The reference is to two of Poe's own stories, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt."

"Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?"

"A little *too* self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused; "oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

"And what, after all, *is* the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold were it known that I confided it to anyone."

"Proceed," said I.

"Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then; I have received personal information from a very high quarter that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber's possession; that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

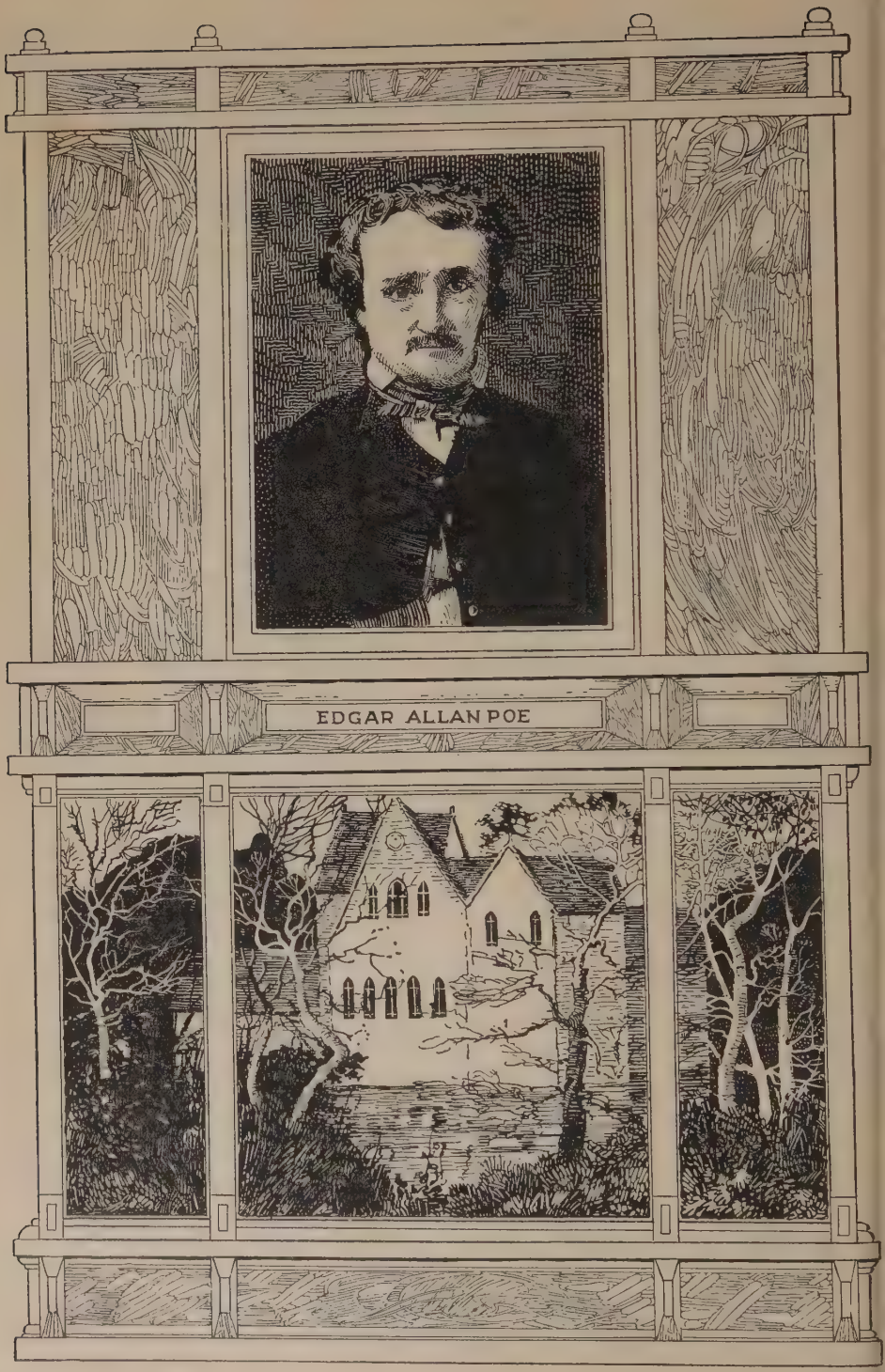
"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well; the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendency over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

"But this ascendency," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare——"

"The thief," said G——, "is the Minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming, as well as those becoming, a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage, from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the

79. letter, formerly letters were written upon one side of a sheet of paper, which was then folded and sealed. The address was written upon the outside, no envelope being used.


EDGAR ALLAN POE

address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length in taking leave he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but of course dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage, who stood at her elbow. The Minister decamped, leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendency complete—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the Prefect; "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced every day of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined."

"You flatter me," replied the Prefect; "but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the Minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G——; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the Minister's *hôtel;* and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the Minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— *hôtel.* My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the Minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar con-

53. **hôtel**, the French word for "private residence." 60. **au fait**, competent, expert. 71. **Neapolitans**, natives of Naples.

dition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the Minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings as a matter of course."

"Not *altogether* a fool," said G——, "but then he's a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True," said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, "although I have been guilty of certain doggerel myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is so plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine, long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bedposts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed in a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the *hôtel*, and indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple.

Any disorder in the gluing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets?"

"That, of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-*cover*, with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G——. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the *hôtel*."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh, yes." And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external, appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said, "Well, but G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the Minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the reëxamination, however, as Dupin suggested—but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward—I don't like to say how much precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to anyone who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really—think, G——, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might—do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How?—in what way?"

"Why (puff, puff), you might (puff, puff) employ counsel in the matter, eh (puff, puff, puff)? Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

" 'We will suppose,' said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take?'

" 'Take!' said Abernethy, 'why, take *advice*, to be sure.' "

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "I am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to anyone who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check-book, "you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a check for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocketbook; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the *Hôtel* D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made

29. **Abernethy**, John (1764-1831), a celebrated and eccentric English surgeon.

73. **escritoire**, writing-desk.

a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labors extended."

"So far as his labors extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

I merely laughed—but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case, and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd' attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand, asks, 'Are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies, 'Odd,' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, 'The simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd'; he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first he would have reasoned thus: 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and in the second he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess even'; he guesses even, and wins. Now, this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky'—what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and, upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: 'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked is anyone, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucauld, to La Bruyère, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella."

20. **Procrustean**, from Procrustus, a legendary Grecian robber, who tortured his prisoners by stretching or lopping them to fit a certain bed.

89-91. **Rochefoucauld**, François La (1613-1680), **La Bruyère**, Jean de (1645-1696), French writers on morals. **Machiavelli**, Niccolo (1469-1527), an Italian statesman, noted for his diplomatic cunning. **Campanella**, Tommaso (1568-1639), an Italian philosopher.

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent's, depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured."

"For its practical value it depends upon this," replied Dupin, "and the Prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of *the mass;* but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of *practice*, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D——, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration *of the application* of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the Prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair leg—but, at least, in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair leg? And do you not see, also, that such *recherché* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects? For, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner—is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed; and thus its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the policial eyes, when the reward is of magnitude—the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the Prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect—its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the Minister is a fool because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the Prefect *feels:* and he is merely guilty of a *non distributio medii* in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

"But is this really the poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know; and both have attained reputation in letters. The Minister, I be-

57. **recherché**, carefully thought up; hidden. 71. **policial**, of the police. 90. **non distributio medii**, fallacy in reasoning known as the undistributed middle term.

lieve, has written learnedly on the Differential Calculus. He is a mathematician and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet *and* mathematician he would reason well; as mere mathematician he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the Prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions, which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has long been regarded as *the* reason *par excellence*."

"'*Il y a à parier*,'" replied Dupin, quoting from Chamfort, "'*que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise, car elle a convenu au plus grand nombre*.' The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as truth. With an art worthy a better cause, for example, they have insinuated the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French are the originators of this particular deception; but if a term is of any importance—if words derive any value from applicability—then *analysis* conveys 'algebra,' about as much as, in Latin, *ambitus* implies 'ambition,' *religio*, 'religion,' or *homines honesti*, 'a set of honorable men.'"

"You have a quarrel on hand, I see," said I, "with some of the algebraists of Paris; but proceed."

"I dispute the availability, and thus the value of that reason which is cultivated in any special form other than the abstractly logical. I dispute, in particular, the reason educed by mathematical study. The mathematics are the science of form and quantity; mathematical reasoning is merely logic applied to observation upon form and quantity. The great error lies in supposing that even the truths of what is called *pure* algebra are abstract or general truths. And this error is so egregious that I am confounded at the universality with which it has been received. Mathematical axioms are *not* axioms of general truth. What is true of *relation*—of form and quantity—is often grossly false in regard to morals, for example. In this latter science it is very usually *un*true that the aggregated parts are equal to the whole. In chemistry, also, the axiom fails. In the consideration of motive it fails; for two motives, each of a given value, have not, necessarily, a value when united equal to the sum of their values apart. There are numerous other mathematical truths which are only truths within the limits of *relation*. But the mathematician argues, from his *finite truths*, through habit, as if they were of an absolutely general applicability—as the world indeed imagines them to be. Bryant, in his very learned *Mythology*, mentions an analogous source of error, when he says that 'although the pagan fables are not believed, yet we forget ourselves continually, and make inferences from them as existing realities.' With the algebraists, however, who are pagans themselves, the 'pagan fables' *are* believed and the inferences are made, not so much through lapse of memory as through an unaccountable addling of the brains. In short, I never yet encountered the mere mathematician who could be trusted out of equal roots, or one who did not clandestinely

16. **par excellence**, above all. 18. **Il y a à parier**, etc., "it is safe to wager that every common notion, every accepted convention, is a piece of stupidity, since it has found favor with the majority." 19. **Chamfort** (1741-1794), a French writer.

76. **Bryant**, Jacob (1715-1804), an English scholar.

hold it as a point of his faith that x^2+px was absolutely and unconditionally equal to q. Say to one of these gentlemen, by way of experiment, if you please, that you believe occasions may occur where x^2+px is *not* altogether equal to q, and having made him understand what you mean, get out of his reach as speedily as convenient, for, beyond doubt, he will endeavor to knock you down.

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, while I merely laughed at his last observations, "that if the Minister had been no more than a mathematician, the Prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this check. I knew him, however, as both mathematician and poet, and my measures were adapted to his capacity with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as courtier, too, and as a bold *intrigant*. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate —and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as ruses, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of policial action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the Minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. *He* could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his *hôtel* would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident."

"Yes," said I, "I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions."

"The material world," continued Dupin, "abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus some color of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma, that metaphor, or simile, may be made to strengthen an argument, as well as to embellish a description. The principle of the *vis inertiæ*, for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former, that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent momentum is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is, in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again: have you ever noticed which of the street

24. **intrigant**, intriguer.

80. **vis inertiæ**, force of inertia; here, mental sluggishness.

signs over the shop doors are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word—the name of town, river, state, or empire—any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-largely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the Minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the Ministerial *hôtel*. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung, dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the Minister himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the upper divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here, the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there, it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here, the address, to the Minister, was diminutive and feminine; there, the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true*, methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document—these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived—these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the Minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the *hôtel*, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a facsimile, so far as regards externals—which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D—— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a facsimile? Would it not have been better, at the very first, to have seized it openly and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His *hôtel*, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interest. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the Ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the Minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni;* but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *mōnstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius.

"I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

"How? Did you put anything particular in it?"

"Why—it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D——, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clew. He is well acquainted with my manuscript, and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words:

——Un dessein si funeste,
S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyeste.

They are to be found in Crébillon's *Atrée*."

23. **facilis descensus Averni**, a famous old saying, "Easy is the descent into Avernus (Hades)." 24. **Catalani**, Angelica (1779-1849), a celebrated Italian singer. 29. **mōnstrum horrendum**, dreadful monster, from Vergil's *Aeneid*, Book III, line 658.

54. **Un dessein**, etc., "so baleful a design, if not worthy of Atreus, is worthy of Thyestes." (The story of the two blood-thirsty brothers, Atreus and Thyestes, may be found in a mythology.) 56. **Crébillon**, Prosper J. de (1674-1762), a French tragic poet. 57. **Atrée**, a tragedy dealing with a murderer who is himself slain.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. Poe had a peculiarly keen, analytic mind. At one time he announced in a paper that he could solve within a short time any puzzle submitted to him. And he did. This interest of his mind in intricate problems led him to the construction of his stories of mystery. Probably you have already read some of them. A person can hardly grow up without knowing one, at least. As Poe could solve a problem he could invent one for solution in a story. If you were asked suddenly where is the best place to hide a letter you would very likely reason exactly as the Prefect of the Paris police reasons. If you consider and weigh chances of discovery you will probably come to the same conclusion as did the Minister and Monsieur Dupin. Poe understood the feelings of the reader well enough to realize that he would not be satisfied until the mystery was explained. Poe knew that the end of the adventure would not be a sufficient conclusion for his readers. They would not be content to be told merely that the letter was recovered and restored; they would desire to know all the steps of reasoning by which its hiding-place was ferreted out.

2. Poe's skill in choice and use of words is distinctive and striking. You should notice his words and phrases with the view of adding to your own vocabulary and improving your style. It is asking too much of you to do this the first time you read these pages. You should read "The Purloined Letter" twice—the first time for the story, the second time for the definite purpose of analyzing the style and vocabulary. If you use a notebook your memory may be made more retentive. If you can fix the words and phrases in your consciousness without writing them in a book, strengthen your memory in that manner. The most vivid strokes by Poe are the result of his use of the first person. We feel that the man who has done something can tell about it most convincingly. He should know what happened, because he was there. Poe uses this device so frequently that it is one of his distinctive traits, as is well illustrated in "The Purloined Letter." There are two main threads to be related. Poe has each of the two main actors narrate his own part to the third man; they tell of what they did or heard, and the reader almost believes he has himself listened to their recitals.

Questions and Topics

1. What information is conveyed by the very first paragraph? Does it interest you? Why did Poe choose this season of the year? Does A. Conan Doyle or any other modern author use dashes for names? Do you like this device? Explain any advantage it may have. How does Poe cleverly and delicately suggest that the two other men consider the Prefect a man of no account? Where does Poe very plainly state the simple explanation of the entire story? In general, how does he keep you in suspense up to the very end?

2. Pick out instances of irony used with good effect. Show that Poe considered every detail very carefully. Is there any portion that you can criticize as being not accurate and logical? How do you reconcile lines 41-44, page 40, with line 81, page 45? Which speech of Dupin astonished you most? Why? What was its effect upon the Prefect? What is the purpose of the Prefect's second search? What do you think of the reasoning in the "odd and even" game? What do you believe concerning the claim that mathematics develops the reasoning faculty? Do you agree with Dupin? Such discussions as this have resulted in some changes in school curricula during the past few years. Can you cite any such changes?

3. Which part of the story did you enjoy more—the search for the letter and its amazing appearance, or the explanation of the method used by Dupin? (Let the pupils vote.)

4. Do you know of any other story by Poe in which the plot is finished in the middle of the tale, yet in which the interest is sustained by the explanation of what came before the conclusion of the adventure? Compare the two stories, showing in how many respects they are quite similar. In "The Purloined Letter" how does Poe secure variety by introducing humor? Is the intention better than the result?

5. By his frequent use of the first person what effect does Poe secure? This identification of himself with the character of his tales has resulted in what rather widespread, yet exaggerated, impression of Poe's own nature and character? Is this a tribute to the reality of his art, or a discredit?

6. Show all the similarities between this story and "The Red-Headed League." What are the chief differences? In which is the suspense better maintained? How does mystery enter each story? Conflict? Which author is the more original? Which tells his story more plausibly and realistically?

7. Make a list of new and interesting words or expressions you have learned from Poe. Would you use as many foreign terms? Define style in writing. Have you a style? What would you say is your most marked characteristic in speaking or writing? What should you correct? What do you honestly think you might develop? How does your style depend upon your thinking?

8. When is the better time to think about a school composition: when you sit at a desk with paper before you to write it, or long before then? How can you "write a composition" as you walk home from school?

9. Did Poe plan before he sat down to write his story? What makes you believe so? Can you point to anything late in the story that you know was in his mind while he was composing the early part? Prove that your choice is supported by the story itself. Can an author plan "backwards"? Explain and illustrate, using any material from school or outside reading.

Theme Topics. 1. Arrange a class discussion in explanation and illustration of the following: (*a*) Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains; in art, nothing merely happens. (*b*) Mathematics is not necessary to a well-trained mind. 2. Choose a proposition similar to the preceding and conduct a class discussion or debate on it. 3. Work out a detailed solution for a newspaper mystery, telling it from the viewpoint of the detective.

Library Reading. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt," Poe; "The Diamond Lens," O'Brien (in *Poems and Stories*).

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Impia tortorum longas hic turba furores
Sanguinis innocui, non satiata, aluit.
Sospite nunc patria, fracto nunc funeris antro,
Mors ubi dira fuit vita salusque patent.*
Quatrain composed for the gates of a market to be erected upon the site of the Jacobin Club House at Paris.

I was sick—sick unto death with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leaving me. The sentence—the dread sentence of death—was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ears. After that, the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of *revolution*, perhaps from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill-wheel. This only for a brief period; for presently I heard no more. Yet, for a while, I saw; but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white, whiter than the sheet upon which I trace these words, and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness—of immovable resolution, of stern contempt of human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly locution. I saw them fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded. I saw, too, for a few moments of delirious horror, the soft and nearly imperceptible waving of the sable draperies which enwrapped the walls of the apartment. And then my vision fell upon the seven tall candles upon the table. At first they wore the aspect of charity, and seemed white slender angels who would save me; but then, all at once, there came a most deadly nausea over my spirit, and I felt every fiber in my frame thrill as if I had touched the wire of a galvanic battery, while the angel forms became meaningless specters, with heads of flame, and I saw that from them there would be no help. And then there stole into my fancy, like a rich musical note, the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave. The thought came gently and stealthily, and it seemed long before it attained full appreciation; but just as my spirit came at length properly to feel and entertain it, the figures of the judges vanished, as if magically, from before me; the tall candles sank into nothingness; their flames went out utterly; the blackness of darkness supervened; all sensations appeared swallowed up in a mad rushing descent as of the soul into Hades. Then silence, and stillness, and night were the universe.

I had swooned; but still will not say that all of consciousness was lost. What of it there remained I will not attempt to define, or even to describe; yet all was not lost. In the deepest slumber—no! In delirium—no! In a swoon—no! In death—no! even in the grave all is not lost. Else there is no immortality for man. Arousing from the most profound of slumbers, we

*Impia . . . patent. The Latin may be translated thus: "Here the impious clamor of the torturers, insatiate, fed long its rage for innocent blood. Now happy is the land, destroyed the pit of horror; and where grim death stalked, life and health are found." The Jacobin Club was a society of French revolutionists in power during the Reign of Terror (March, 1793, to July, 1794).

break the gossamer web of *some* dream. Yet in a second afterward (so frail may that web have been) we remember not that we have dreamed. In the return to life from the swoon there are two stages: first, that of the sense of mental or spiritual; secondly, that of the sense of physical, existence. It seems probable that if, upon reaching the second stage, we could recall the impressions of the first, we should find these impressions eloquent in memories of the gulf beyond. And that gulf is—what? How at least shall we distinguish its shadows from those of the tomb? But if the impressions of what I have termed the first stage are not at will recalled, yet, after a long interval, do they not come unbidden, while we marvel whence they come? He who has never swooned is not he who finds strange palaces and wildly familiar faces in coals that glow; is not he who beholds floating in mid-air the sad visions that the many may not view; is not he who ponders over the perfume of some novel flower; is not he whose brain grows bewildered with the meaning of some musical cadence which has never before arrested his attention.

Amid frequent and thoughtful endeavors to remember, amid earnest struggles to regather some token of the state of seeming nothingness into which my soul had lapsed, there have been moments when I have dreamed of success; there have been brief, very brief, periods when I have conjured up remembrances which the lucid reason of a later epoch assures me could have had reference only to that condition of seeming unconsciousness. These shadows of memory tell, indistinctly, of tall figures that lifted and bore me in silence down—down—still down—till a hideous dizziness oppressed me at the mere idea of the interminableness of the descent. They tell also of a vague horror at my heart, on account of that heart's unnatural stillness. Then comes a sense of sudden motionlessness throughout all things; as if those who bore me (a ghastly train!) had outrun in their descent the limits of the limitless, and paused from the wearisomeness of their toil. After this I call to mind flatness and dampness; and then all is *madness*—the madness of a memory which busies itself among forbidden things.

Very suddenly there came back to my soul motion and sound—the tumultuous motion of the heart, and, in my ears, the sound of its beating. Then a pause in which all is blank. Then again sound, and motion, and touch—a tingling sensation pervading my frame. Then the mere consciousness of existence, without thought—a condition which lasted long. Then, very suddenly, *thought* and shuddering terror, and earnest endeavor to comprehend my true state. Then a strong desire to lapse into insensibility. Then a rushing revival of soul and a successful effort to move. And now a full memory of the trial, of the judges, of the sable draperies, of the sentence, of the sickness, of the swoon. Then entire forgetfulness of all that followed; of all that a later day and much earnestness of endeavor have enabled me vaguely to recall.

So far, I had not opened my eyes. I felt that I lay upon my back, unbound. I reached out my hand, and it fell heavily upon something damp and hard. There I suffered it to remain for many minutes, while I strove to imagine where and *what* I could be. I longed yet dared not to employ my vision. I dreaded the first glance at objects around me. It was not that I feared to look upon things horrible, but at that I grew aghast lest there should be *nothing* to see. At length, with a wild desperation at heart, I

quickly unclosed my eyes. My worst thoughts, then, were confirmed. The blackness of eternal night encompassed me. I struggled for breath. The intensity of the darkness seemed to oppress and stifle me. The atmosphere was intolerably close. I still lay quietly, and made effort to exercise my reason. I brought to mind the inquisitorial proceedings, and attempted from that point to deduce my real condition. The sentence had passed; and it appeared to me that a very long interval of time had since elapsed. Yet not for a moment did I suppose myself actually dead. Such a supposition, notwithstanding what we read in fiction, is altogether inconsistent with real existence; but where and in what state was I? The condemned to death, I knew, perished usually at the *auto-da-fé*, and one of these had been held on the very night of the day of my trial. Had I been remanded to my dungeon to await the next sacrifice, which would not take place for many months? This I at once saw could not be. Victims had been in immediate demand. Moreover, my dungeon, as well as all the condemned cells at Toledo, had stone floors, and light was not altogether excluded.

A fearful idea now suddenly drove the blood in torrents upon my heart, and for a brief period I once more relapsed into insensibility. Upon recovering, I at once started to my feet, trembling convulsively in every fiber. I thrust my arms wildly above and around me in all directions. I felt nothing; yet dreaded to move a step, lest I should be impeded by the walls of a *tomb*. Perspiration burst from every pore, and stood in cold, big beads upon my forehead. The agony of suspense grew at length intolerable, and I cautiously moved forward, with my arms extended, and my eyes straining from their sockets, in the hope of catching some faint ray of light. I proceeded for many paces; but still all was blackness and vacancy. I breathed more freely. It seemed evident that mine was not, at least, the most hideous of fates.

And, now, as I still continued to step cautiously onward, there came thronging upon my recollection a thousand vague rumors of the horrors of Toledo. Of the dungeons there had been strange things narrated—fables I had always deemed them—but yet strange, and too ghastly to repeat, save in a whisper. Was I left to perish of starvation in this subterranean world of darkness; or what fate, perhaps even more fearful, awaited me? That the result would be death, and a death of more than customary bitterness, I knew too well the character of my judges to doubt. The mode and the hour were all that occupied or distracted me.

My outstretched hands at length encountered some solid obstruction. It was a wall, seemingly of stone masonry—very smooth, slimy, and cold. I followed it up; stepping with all the careful distrust with which certain antique narratives had inspired me. This process, however, afforded me no means of ascertaining the dimensions of my dungeon, as I might make its circuit, and return to the point whence I set out, without being aware of the fact, so perfectly uniform seemed the wall. I therefore sought the knife which had been in my pocket when led into the inquisitorial chamber; but it was gone; my clothes had been exchanged for a wrapper of coarse serge. I had thought of forcing the blade in some minute crevice of the masonry, so as to identify my point of departure. The difficulty, nevertheless, was but trivial; although, in the disorder of my fancy, it seemed at first insuperable. I tore a part of the hem from the robe and placed the fragment at full length, and at right angles to the wall. In

groping my way around the prison I could not fail to encounter this rag upon completing the circuit. So, at least, I thought; but I had not counted upon the extent of the dungeon, or upon my own weakness. The ground was moist and slippery. I staggered onward for some time, when I stumbled and fell. My excessive fatigue induced me to remain prostrate; and sleep soon overtook me as I lay.

Upon awaking, and stretching forth an arm, I found beside me a loaf and a pitcher with water. I was too much exhausted to reflect upon this circumstance, but ate and drank with avidity. Shortly afterward, I resumed my tour around the prison, and with much toil came at last upon the fragment of the serge. Up to the period when I fell, I had counted fifty-two paces, and, upon resuming my walk, I had counted forty-eight more—when I arrived at the rag. There were in all, then, a hundred paces; and, admitting two paces to the yard, I presumed the dungeon to be fifty yards in circuit. I had met, however, with many angles in the wall, and thus I could form no guess at the shape of the vault; for vault I could not help supposing it to be.

I had little object—certainly no hope—in these researches; but a vague curiosity prompted me to continue them. Quitting the wall, I resolved to cross the area of the enclosure. At first, I proceeded with extreme caution, for the floor, although seemingly of solid material, was treacherous with slime. At length, however, I took courage, and did not hesitate to step firmly—endeavoring to cross in as direct a line as possible. I had advanced some ten or twelve paces in this manner, when the remnant of the torn hem of my robe became entangled between my legs. I stepped on it and fell violently on my face.

In the confusion attending my fall, I did not immediately apprehend a somewhat startling circumstance, which yet, in a few seconds afterward, and while I still lay prostrate, arrested my attention. It was this: my chin rested upon the floor of the prison, but my lips and the upper portion of my head, although seemingly at a less elevation than the chin, touched nothing. At the same time, my forehead seemed bathed in a clammy vapor, and the peculiar smell of decayed fungus arose to my nostrils. I put forward my arm, and shuddered to find that I had fallen at the very brink of a circular pit, whose extent, of course, I had no means of ascertaining at the moment. Groping about the masonry just below the margin, I succeeded in dislodging a small fragment, and let it fall into the abyss. For many seconds I hearkened to its reverberations as it dashed against the sides of the chasm in its descent; at length there was a sullen plunge into water, succeeded by loud echoes. At the same moment there came a sound resembling the quick opening and as rapid closing of a door overhead, while a faint gleam of light flashed suddenly through the gloom, and as suddenly faded away.

I saw clearly the doom which had been prepared for me, and congratulated myself upon the timely accident by which I had escaped. Another step before my fall, and the world had seen me no more. And the death just avoided was of that very character which I regarded as fabulous and frivolous in the tales respecting the Inquisition. To the victims of its tyranny there was the choice of death with its direst physical agonies, or death with its most hideous moral horrors. I had been reserved for the latter. By long suffering my nerves had been unstrung, until I trembled

at the sound of my own voice, and had become in every respect a fitting subject for the species of torture which awaited me.

Shaking in every limb, I groped my way back to the wall—resolving there to perish rather than risk the terrors of the wells, of which my imagination now pictured many in various positions about the dungeon. In other conditions of mind, I might have had courage to end my misery at once, by a plunge into one of these abysses; but now I was the veriest of cowards. Neither could I forget what I had read of these pits—that the sudden extinction of life formed no part of their most horrible plan.

Agitation of spirit kept me awake for many long hours; but at length I again slumbered. Upon arousing, I found by my side, as before, a loaf and a pitcher of water. A burning thirst consumed me, and I emptied the vessel at a draft. It must have been drugged—for scarcely had I drunk before I became irresistibly drowsy. A deep sleep fell upon me—a sleep like that of death. How long it lasted, of course I know not; but, when once again I unclosed my eyes, the objects around me were visible. By a wild, sulphurous luster, the origin of which I could not at first determine, I was enabled to see the extent and aspect of the prison. In its size I had been greatly mistaken. The whole circuit of its walls did not exceed twenty-five yards. For some minutes this fact occasioned me a world of vain trouble; vain indeed—for what could be of less importance, under the terrible circumstances which environed me, than the mere dimensions of my dungeon? But my soul took a wild interest in trifles, and I busied myself in endeavors to account for the error I had committed in my measurement. The truth at length flashed upon me. In my first attempt at exploration I had counted fifty-two paces, up to the period when I fell; I must then have been within a pace or two of the fragment of serge; in fact, I had nearly performed the circuit of the vault. I then slept—and, upon awaking, I must have returned upon my steps, thus supposing the circuit nearly double what it actually was. My confusion of mind prevented me from observing that I began my tour with the wall to the left, and ended it with the wall to the right.

I had been deceived, too, in respect to the shape of the enclosure. In feeling my way, I had found many angles, and thus deduced an idea of great irregularity; so potent is the effect of total darkness upon one arousing from lethargy or sleep! The angles were simply those of a few slight depressions, or niches, at odd intervals. The general shape of the prison was square. What I had taken for masonry, seemed now to be iron, or some other metal, in huge plates, whose sutures or joints occasioned the depression. The entire surface of this metallic enclosure was rudely daubed in all the hideous and repulsive devices to which the charnel superstition of the monks has given rise. The figures of fiends in aspects of menace, with skeleton forms, and other more really fearful images, overspread and disfigured the walls. I observed that the outlines of these monstrosities were sufficiently distinct, but that the colors seemed faded and blurred, as if from the effects of a damp atmosphere. I now noticed the floor, too, which was of stone. In the center yawned the circular pit from whose jaws I had escaped; but it was the only one in the dungeon.

All this I saw distinctly and by much effort, for my personal condition had been greatly changed during slumber. I now lay upon my back, and at full length, on a species of low framework

of wood. To this I was securely bound by a long strap resembling a surcingle. It passed in many convolutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent that I could, by dint of much exertion, supply myself with food from an earthen dish which lay by my side on the floor. I saw, to my horror, that the pitcher had been removed. I say, to my horror—for I was consumed with intolerable thirst. This thirst it appeared to be the design of my persecutors to stimulate, for the food in the dish was meat pungently seasoned.

Looking upward, I surveyed the ceiling of my prison. It was some thirty or forty feet overhead, and constructed much as the side walls. In one of its panels a very singular figure riveted my whole attention. It was the painted figure of Time as he is commonly represented, save that, in lieu of a scythe, he held what, at a casual glance, I supposed to be the pictured image of a huge pendulum, such as we see on antique clocks. There was something, however, in the appearance of this machine which caused me to regard it more attentively. While I gazed directly upward at it (for its position was immediately over my own), I fancied that I saw it in motion. In an instant afterward the fancy was confirmed. Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it for some minutes, somewhat in fear, but more in wonder. Wearied at length with observing its dull movement, I turned my eyes upon the other objects in the cell.

A slight noise attracted my notice, and, looking to the floor, I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from the well, which lay just within view to my right. Even then, while I gazed, they came up in troops, hurriedly, with ravenous eyes, allured by the scent of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away.

It might have been half an hour, perhaps even an hour (for I could take but imperfect note of time) before I again cast my eyes upward. What I then saw, confounded and amazed me. The sweep of the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence, its velocity was also much greater. But what mainly disturbed me, was the idea that it had perceptibly *descended*. I now observed—with what horror it is needless to say—that its nether extremity was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn; the horns upward, and the under edge evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also, it seemed massy and heavy, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structure above. It was appended to a weighty rod of brass, and the whole *hissed* as it swung through the air.

I could no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture. My cognizance of the pit had become known to the inquisitorial agents—*the pit*, whose horrors had been destined for so bold a recusant as myself—*the pit*, typical of hell, and regarded by rumor as the Ultima Thule of all their punishments. The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of accidents, and I knew that surprise, or entrapment into torment, formed an important portion of all the grotesquerie of these dungeon deaths. Having failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss; and thus (there being no alternative), a different and a milder destruction awaited me. Milder! I half smiled in my agony as I thought of such application of such a term.

What boots it to tell of the long,

82. **Ultima Thule**, the very extreme.

long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing oscillations of the steel! Inch by inch—line by line—with a descent only appreciable at intervals that seemed ages—down and still down it came! Days passed—it might have been that many days passed—ere it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odor of the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils. I prayed—I wearied heaven with my prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically mad, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep of the fearful cimeter. And then I fell suddenly calm, and lay smiling at the glittering death, as a child at some rare bauble.

There was another interval of utter insensibility; it was brief; for, upon again lapsing into life, there had been no perceptible descent in the pendulum. But it might have been long; for I knew there were demons who took note of my swoon, and who could have arrested the vibration at pleasure. Upon my recovery, too, I felt very—oh, inexpressibly—sick and weak, as if through long inanition. Even amid the agonies of that period the human nature craved food. With painful effort, I outstretched my left arm as far as my bonds permitted, and took possession of the small remnant which had been spared me by the rats. As I put a portion of it within my lips, there rushed to my mind a half-formed thought of joy—of hope. Yet what business had *I* with hope? It was, as I say, a half-formed thought: man has many such, which are never completed. I felt that it was of joy—of hope; but I felt also that it had perished in its formation. In vain I struggled to perfect—to regain it. Long suffering had nearly annihilated all my ordinary powers of mind. I was an imbecile—an idiot.

The vibration of the pendulum was at right angles to my length. I saw that the crescent was designed to cross the region of the heart. It would fray the serge of my robe—it would return and repeat its operations—again—and again. Notwithstanding its terrifically wide sweep (some thirty feet or more), and the hissing vigor of its descent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of my robe would be all that, for several minutes, it would accomplish. And at this thought I paused. I dared not go farther than this reflection. I dwelt upon it with a pertinacity of attention—as if in so dwelling, I could arrest *here* the descent of the steel. I forced myself to ponder upon the sound of the crescent as it should pass across the garment—upon the peculiar thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth produces on the nerves. I pondered upon all this frivolity until my teeth were on edge.

Down—steadily down it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right—to the left—far and wide—with the shriek of a damned spirit! to my heart, with the stealthy pace of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled, as the one or the other idea grew predominant.

Down—certainly, relentlessly down! It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently—furiously—to free my left arm. This was free only from the elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter from the platter beside me to my mouth, with great effort, but no farther. Could I have broken the fastenings above the elbow, I would have seized and attempted to arrest the pendulum. I might as well have attempted to arrest an avalanche!

Down—still unceasingly—still inevitably down! I gasped and struggled

at each vibration. I shrank convulsively at its every sweep. My eyes followed its outward or upward whirls with the eagerness of the most unmeaning despair; they closed themselves spasmodically at the descent, although death would have been a relief, oh, how unspeakable! Still I quivered in every nerve to think how slight a sinking of the machinery would precipitate that keen, glistening axe upon my bosom. It was *hope* that prompted the nerve to quiver—the frame to shrink. It was *hope*—the hope that triumphs on the rack—that whispers to the death condemned even in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

I saw that some ten or twelve vibrations would bring the steel in actual contact with my robe; and with this observation there suddenly came over my spirit all the keen, collected calmness of despair. For the first time during many hours—or perhaps days—I *thought*. It now occurred to me, that the bandage, or surcingle, which enveloped me, was unique. I was tied by no separate cord. The first stroke of the razor-like crescent athwart any portion of the band would so detach it that it might be unwound from my person by means of my left hand. But how fearful, in that case, the proximity of the steel! The result of the slightest struggle, how deadly! Was it likely, moreover, that the minions of the torturer had not foreseen and provided for this possibility? Was it probable that the bandage crossed my bosom in the track of the pendulum? Dreading to find my faint, and, as it seemed, my last hope frustrated, I so far elevated my head as to obtain a distinct view of my breast. The surcingle enveloped my limbs and body close in all directions—*save in the path of the destroying crescent.*

Scarcely had I dropped my head back into its original position, when there flashed upon my mind what I cannot better describe than as the unformed half of that idea of deliverance to which I have previously alluded, and of which a moiety only floated indeterminately through my brain when I raised food to my burning lips. The whole thought was now present—feeble, scarcely sane, scarcely definite—but still entire. I proceeded at once, with the nervous energy of despair, to attempt its execution.

For many hours the immediate vicinity of the low framework upon which I lay had been literally swarming with rats. They were wild, bold, ravenous—their red eyes glaring upon me as if they waited but for motionlessness on my part to make me their prey. "To what food," I thought, "have they been accustomed in the well?"

They had devoured, in spite of all my efforts to prevent them, all but a small remnant of the contents of the dish. I had fallen into an habitual see-saw, or wave of the hand about the platter; and, at length, the unconscious uniformity of the movement deprived it of effect. In their voracity the vermin frequently fastened their sharp fangs in my fingers. With the particles of the oily and spicy viand which now remained I thoroughly rubbed the bandage wherever I could reach it; then, raising my hand from the floor, I lay breathlessly still.

At first, the ravenous animals were startled and terrified at the change—at the cessation of movement. They shrank alarmedly back; many sought the well. But this was only for a moment. I had not counted in vain upon their voracity. Observing that I remained without motion, one or two of the boldest leaped upon the framework, and smelt at the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they hurried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood—they overran it, and leaped in hun-

dreds upon my person. The measured movement of the pendulum disturbed them not at all. Avoiding its strokes, they busied themselves with the anointed bandage. They pressed—they swarmed upon me in ever-accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat; their cold lips sought my own; I was half stifled by their thronging pressure; disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled my bosom, and chilled, with a heavy clamminess, my heart. Yet one minute, and I felt that the struggle would be over. Plainly I perceived the loosening of the bandage. I knew that in more than one place it must be already severed. With a more than human resolution I lay *still*.

Nor had I erred in my calculations—nor had I endured in vain. I at length felt that I was *free*. The surcingle hung in ribbons from my body. But the stroke of the pendulum already pressed upon my bosom. It had divided the serge of the robe. It had cut through the linen beneath. Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve. But the moment of escape had arrived. At a wave of my hand my deliverers hurried tumultuously away. With a steady movement—cautious, sidelong, shrinking and slow—I slid from the embrace of the bandage and beyond the reach of the cimeter. For the moment, at least, *I was free*.

Free!—and in the grasp of the Inquisition! I had scarcely stepped from my wooden bed of horror upon the stone floor of the prison, when the motion of the hellish machine ceased, and I beheld it drawn up, by some invisible force, through the ceiling. This was a lesson which I took desperately to heart. My every motion was undoubtedly watched. Free!—I had but escaped death in one form of agony to be delivered unto worse than death in some other. With that thought I rolled my eyes nervously around on the barriers of iron that hemmed me in. Something unusual—some change which, at first, I could not appreciate distinctly—it was obvious, had taken place in the apartment. For many minutes of a dreamy and trembling abstraction I busied myself in vain, unconnected conjecture. During this period, I became aware, for the first time, of the origin of the sulphurous light which illumined the cell. It proceeded from a fissure, about half an inch in width, extending entirely around the prison at the base of the walls, which thus appeared and were completely separated from the floor. I endeavored, but of course in vain, to look through the aperture.

As I arose from the attempt, the mystery of the alteration in the chamber broke at once upon my understanding. I have observed that, although the outlines of the figures upon the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colors seemed blurred and indefinite. These colors now assumed, and were momentarily assuming, a startling and most intense brilliancy, that gave to the spectral and fiendish portraitures an aspect that might have thrilled even firmer nerves than my own. Demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity, glared upon me in a thousand directions, where none had been visible before, and gleamed with the lurid luster of a fire that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal.

Unreal!—Even while I breathed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapor of heated iron! A suffocating odor pervaded the prison. A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted! I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormentors—oh, most unrelenting! oh,

most demoniac of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the center of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced—it wrestled its way into my soul—it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. Oh, for a voice to speak!—oh, horror!—oh, any horror but this! With a shriek, I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands—weeping bitterly.

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as with a fit of the ague. There had been a second change in the cell—and now the change was obviously in the *form*. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavored to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my twofold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute—two, consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped—not here—I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. "Death," I said, "any death but that of the pit!" Fool! might I not have known that *into the pit* it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its center, and, of course, its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back—but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink—I averted my eyes—

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell, fainting, into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This famous story is a superb specimen of the type of short fiction which is carefully contrived to produce a single impression (see page 13). The theory of this type was stated by Poe in a review of Hawthorne's stories, published in a magazine in 1842:

"A skillful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived with infinite care a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events, as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tends not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the

tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one preëstablished design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction."

The "preconceived effect" in this case is terror, the well-nigh unendurable terror felt by a broken old man of intelligence and imagination. In accord with Poe's definition, the note of terror is introduced immediately—as the old man hears the sentence of the court. It works up gradually by waves to the nameless horror which he sees or imagines down the well in the center of the pit, but which Poe describes only by the effect on the shattered nerves of the prisoner. A more perfect specimen of unity of tone it would be difficult to conceive.

2. The setting which Poe chose for his narrative was singularly appropriate. The Spanish Inquisition was notorious for the severity with which it punished heresy. Its numberless victims were tried in secret but sentenced at an *auto-da-fé*, or public declaration of the judgment passed on the accused. The penalties prescribed in the sentence were also public, and they usually consisted of burning. Poe here imagines the sentence to have been carried out in secret with diabolical ingenuity. The Inquisition was at its height in the sixteenth century, but Poe places his story in his own day. The General Lasalle (1775-1809) whom he mentions in the last paragraph was one of Napoleon's most brilliant cavalry leaders. He entered Toledo in 1808. The Inquisition was not abolished in Spain until 1834. It is well to remember Poe's accuracy in this matter, as it makes more plausible the details of the tortures, which would not be so convincing if placed back in the sixteenth century.

Questions and Topics

1. What is the state of mind of the prisoner in the first paragraph? Select some of the more vivid phrases for each stage of his consciousness in this paragraph. What mystery does this opening leave unsolved?

2. How does the second paragraph reveal the speculative and imaginative character of the prisoner? How does this quality appear in his belief that he has been sealed up in a tomb? How is his physical weakness shown in Poe's account of this scene?

3. How does his imagination help him to conjure up fresh terrors? How does his physical weakness save him from destruction? In what respect is his new discovery more terrible than being sealed in a tomb?

4. Are his terrors lessened when the light enables him to estimate the size of the pit? Quote the sentences that describe the most terrible aspects of the new dangers. What are his successive feelings about the pendulum? Is the main purpose of the pendulum to kill him? What was the *thought* that he at last captured?

5. In what way is his last torture the most excruciating of all? How is the emotion of terror suggested at the beginning? By what steps does it rise to a climax? Why is the conclusion so sudden and brief?

HOW GAVIN BIRSE PUT IT TO MAG LOWNIE

James M. Barrie

In a wet day the rain gathered in blobs on the road that passed our garden. Then it crawled into the cart-tracks, until the road was streaked with water. Lastly, the water gathered in heavy yellow pools. If the on-ding still continued, clods of earth toppled from the garden dike into the ditch.

On such a day, when even the dulseman had gone into shelter, and the women scudded by with their wrappers over their heads, came Gavin Birse to our door. Gavin, who was the Glen Quharity post, was still young but had never been quite the same man since some amateurs in the Glen ironed his back for rheumatism. I thought he had called to have a crack with me. He sent his compliments up to the attic, however, by Leeby, and would I come and be a witness?

Gavin came up and explained. He had taken off his scarf and thrust it

7. **on-ding**, rain. 10. **dulseman**, a seller of dulse, a kind of coarse seaweed which people like to chew.

15. **post**, postman. 19. **crack**, chat.

into his pocket, lest the rain should take the color out of it.

His boots cheeped, and his shoulders had risen to his ears. He stood steaming before my fire.

"If it's no' ower muckle to ask ye," he said, "I would like ye for a witness."

"A witness! But for what do you need a witness, Gavin?"

"I want ye," he said, "to come wi' me to Mag's, and be a witness."

Gavin and Mag Birse had been engaged for a year or more. Mag was the daughter of Janet Ogilvy, who was best remembered as the body that took the hill (that is, wandered about it) for twelve hours on the day Mr. Dishart, the Auld Licht minister, accepted a call to another church.

"You don't mean to tell me, Gavin," I asked, "that your marriage is to take place today?"

By the twist of his mouth I saw that he was only deferring a smile.

"Far frae that," he said.

"Ah, then, you have quarreled, and I am to speak up for you?"

"Na, na," he said, "I dinna want ye to do that above all things. It would be a favor if ye could gie me a bad character."

This beat me, and, I dare say, my face showed it.

"I'm no' juist what ye would call anxious to marry Mag noo," said Gavin, without a tremor.

I told him to go on.

"There's a lassie oot at Craigiebuckle," he explained, "workin' on the farm—Jeanie Luke by name. Ye may hae seen her?"

"What of her?" I asked severely.

"Weel," said Gavin, still unabashed, "I'm thinkin' noo 'at I would rather hae her."

Then he stated his case more fully.

"Aye, I thocht I liked Mag oncommon till I saw Jeanie, an' I like her fine yet; but I prefer the other ane. That state o' matters canna gang on forever, so I came into Thrums the day to settle't one wy or another."

"And how," I asked, "do you propose going about it? It is a somewhat delicate business."

"Ou, I see nae great difficulty in't. I'll speir at Mag, blunt oot, if she'll let me aff. Yes, I'll put it to her plain."

"You're sure Jeanie would take you?"

"Aye; oh, there's nae fear o' that."

"But if Mag keeps you to your bargain?"

"Weel, in that case there's nae harm done."

"You are in a great hurry, Gavin?"

"Ye may say that; but I want to be married. The wifie I lodge wi' canna last lang, an' I would like to settle doon in some place."

"So you are on your way to Mag's now?"

"Aye, we'll get her in atween twal' and ane."

"Oh, yes; but why do you want me to go with you?"

"I want ye for a witness. If she winna let me aff, weel an' guid; an' if she will, it's better to hae a witness in case she should go back on her word."

Gavin made his proposal briskly, and as coolly as if he were only asking me to go fishing; but I did not accompany him to Mag's. He left the house to look for another witness, and about an hour afterwards Jess saw him pass with Tammas Haggart.

6. **ower muckle**, too much. 19. **Auld Licht**, the name of an old and conservative branch of the Church of Scotland.

53. **Thrums**, fictitious name of Barrie's birthplace, Kirriemuir, which he makes the setting for most of his books. 59. **speir at**, ask. 76. **atween twal' and ane**, between twelve and one.

Tammas cried in during the evening to tell us how the mission prospered.

"Mind ye," said Tammas, a drop of water hanging to the point of his nose, "I disclaim all responsibility in the business. I ken Mag weel for a thrifty, respectable woman, as her mither was afore her, an' so I said to Gavin when he came to speir me."

"Aye, mony a pirn has 'Lisbeth filled to me," said Hendry, settling down to a reminiscence.

"No to be ower hard on Gavin," continued Tammas, forestalling Hendry, "he took what I said in guid part; but aye when I stopped speakin' to draw breath, he says, 'The question is, will ye come wi' me?' He was michty made up in 's mind."

"Weel, ye went wi' him," suggested Jess, who wanted to bring Tammas to the point.

"Aye," said the stone-breaker, "but no in sic a hurry as that."

He worked his mouth round and round to clear the course, as it were, for a sarcasm.

"Fowk often say," he continued, "'at 'am quick beyond the ordinar' in seein' the humorous side o' things."

Here Tammas paused, and looked at us.

"So ye are, Tammas," said Hendry. "Losh, ye mind hoo ye saw the humorous side o' me wearin' a pair o' boots 'at wisna marrows! No, the ane had a toe-piece on, an' the other hadna."

"Ye juist wore them sometimes when ye was delvin'," broke in Jess; "ye have as guid a pair o' boots as ony in Thrums."

"Aye, but I had worn them," said Hendry, "at odd times for mair than a year, an' I had never seen the humorous side o' them. Weel, as fac as death (here he addressed me), Tammas had juist seen them twa or three times when he saw the humorous side o' them. Syne I saw their humorous side, too, but no till Tammas pointed it oot."

"That was naething," said Tammas, "naething ava to some things I've done."

"But what aboot Mag?" said Leeby.

"We wasna that length, was we?" said Tammas. "Na, we was speakin' aboot the humorous side. Aye, wait a wee, I didna mention the humorous side for naething."

He paused to reflect.

"Oh, yes," he said at last, brightening up, "I was sayin' to ye hoo quick I was to see the humorous side o' onything. Aye, then, what made me say that was 'at in a clink I saw the humorous side o' Gavin's position."

"Man, man," said Hendry, admiringly, "an' what is't?"

"Oh, it's this: there's something humorous in speirin' a woman to let ye aff so as ye can be married to another woman."

"I daursay there is," said Hendry, doubtfully.

"Did she let him aff?" asked Jess, taking the words out of Leeby's mouth.

"I'm comin' to that," said Tammas. "Gavin proposes to me after I had ha'en my laugh—"

"Yes," cried Hendry, banging the table with his fist, "it has a humorous side. Ye're richt again, Tammas."

"I wish ye wadna blatter the table," said Jess, and then Tammas proceeded:

"Gavin wanted me to tak paper an' ink an' a pen wi' me, to write the proceedin's doon, but I said, 'Na, na,

1. **cried in**, dropped in. 6. **ken**, know. 10. **mony a pirn**, many a bobbin. 11. **filled**, wound (with thread or yarn for spinning). 24. **sic**, such. 36. **wisna marrows**, weren't mates. 40. **delvin'**, digging.

46. **fac**, true. 50. **Syne**, afterwards. 54. **ava**, at all. 67. **clink**, flash. 87. **blatter**, beat.

I'll tak paper, but nae ink nor nae pen, for there'll be ink an' a pen there.' That was what I said."

"An' did she let him aff?" asked Leeby.

"Weel," said Tammas, "aff we goes to Mag's hoose, an' sure enough Mag was in. She was alane, too; so Gavin, no to waste time, juist sat doon for politeness' sake, an' sune rises up again; an' says he, 'Marget Lownie, I hae a solemn question to speir at ye, namely this—Will you, Marget Lownie, let me, Gavin Birse, aff?' "

"Mag would start at that?"

"Sal, she was braw an' cool. I thocht she maun hae got wind o' his intentions aforehand, for she juist replies, quiet-like, 'Hoo do ye want aff, Gavin?'

" 'Because,' says he, like a book, 'my affections has undergone a change.'

" 'Ye mean Jean Luke?' says Mag.

" 'That is wha I mean,' says Gavin, very straightforrard."

"But she didna let him aff, did she?"

"Na, she wasna the kind. Says she, 'I wonder to hear ye, Gavin, but 'am no goin' to agree to naething o' that sort.'

" 'Think it ower,' says Gavin.

" 'Na, my mind's made up,' said she.

" 'Ye would sune get anither man,' he says earnestly.

" 'Hoo do I ken that?' she speirs, rale sensibly, I thocht, for men's no sae easy to get.

" 'Am sure o' 't,' Gavin says, wi' michty conviction in his voice, 'for ye're bonny to look at, an' weel-kent for bein' a guid body.'

" 'Aye,' says Mag, 'I'm glad ye like me, Gavin, for ye have to tak me.' "

"That put a clincher on him," interrupted Hendry.

"He was loath to gie in," replied Tammas, "so he says, 'Ye think 'am a fine character, Marget Lownie, but ye're very far mista'en. I wouldna wonder but what I was lossin' my place some o' thae days, an' syne whaur would ye be?—Marget Lownie,' he goes on, ' 'am nat'rally lazy an' fond o' the drink. As sure as ye stand there, 'am a reg'lar deevil!' "

"That was strong language," said Hendry, "but he would be wantin' to fleg her?"

"Juist so; but he didna manage't, for Mag says: 'We a' hae oor faults, Gavin, an' deevil or no deevil, ye're the man for me!'

"Gavin thocht a bit," continued Tammas, "an' syne he tries her on a new tack. 'Marget Lownie,' he says, 'ye're father's an auld man noo, an' he has naebody but yersel' to look after him. I'm thinkin' it would be kind o' cruel o' me to tak' ye awa frae him?' "

"Mag wouldna be ta'en in wi' that; she wasna born on a Sawbath," said Jess, using one of her favorite sayings.

"She wasna," answered Tammas. "Says she, 'Hae nae fear on that score, Gavin; my father's fine willin' to spare me!' "

"An' that ended it?"

"Aye, that ended it."

"Did ye tak' it doon in writin'?" asked Hendry.

"There was nae need," said Tammas, handing round his snuff-mull. "No, I never touched paper. When I saw the thing was settled I left them to their coortin'. They're to tak' a look at Snecky Hobart's auld hoose the nicht. It's to let."

16. **braw**, fine. 17. **maun**, must. 43. **weel-kent**, well-known.

61. **fleg**, frighten. 75. **wasna born on a Sawbath**, is not simple-minded. 87. **snuff-mull**, snuffbox. 92. **the nicht**, tonight.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. In the stories read thus far, the chief interest has been in incident or plot rather than in character. But in the present one the author has a keen relish for character, and makes the incidents flow directly from the kind of persons represented. The story is a chapter from *A Window in Thrums*. The book belongs to the "regional" type, that is, it has a series of short stories which are laid in the same locality but in which various characters reappear. The author, Sir James M. Barrie (1860–), was born in Scotland, but now lives in England. He has produced a large amount of material of first rank, dealing in a whimsical, quaint, delicately humorous manner with characters of his own race. Beginning as a writer of stories of Scotch localities, he broadened into a novelist, then into a dramatist. At the present time he is best known as a playwright. Even in so slight a story as the one here printed, we see in miniature many of those qualities which mark his plays. There is characterization which evolves living human beings different from all others we know. There is unexpectedness in situation: a suitor's asking his fiancée to release him that he may marry another girl. There is dialogue which sounds like mere reproduction of actual speech, but which, in reality, is the result of the adroit manipulation and style of the author himself. There is a marked and steady rise in interest from start to finish, continued quite up to the last line.

2. The speech of the characters is Scotch. This dialect looks further from English than it sounds; it appears to the eye more difficult than it really is. Do not be disturbed by it. Merely pronounce all the speeches aloud as you believe a Scotchman would, and you will be delighted at your capacity for understanding the phrases. The context of the phrase will in nearly every case help make clear any quite different word.

Questions and Topics

1. Does the story begin well? Why is such a day a good one for the plot? Do you like the abruptness of the important details, such as wanting a witness, desiring someone to "gie me a bad character," etc.? Why did Barrie bring them in with such unpreparedness? Is the time of this story modern?

2. Is the story slow in starting? Prove you answer. Pick out five words which you consider especially good as they are used here. What phrases add a touch of humor? Why does Gavin want to get married so soon? Does it seem like a love match, or a marriage of convenience? Is Gavin's frankness to be commended? How does it work with Mag? Why does he really want a witness? Is this "canny"? How does this come out later? Why did Barrie not let the first person asked go? Does his refusal bring out the rest of the story? How is this managed?

3. Is the conversation with Tammas natural? Which person here is most anxious to learn the upshot of the interview? Why is this detail such a good one? Why does Jess explain about the shoes?

4. How does the author arouse suspense? Are his delays dull? Does Tammas know how to tell a story well? Do you think the first person asked by Gavin to be his witness was a villager or a visitor? What did Tammas mean by the humorous side of Gavin's position? Who in the tale sees the point of jokes rather late? Why are so many questions put?

5. Is Mag as clever as Gavin? Why does he talk like a book? What remark of Mag's would have confused an ordinary suitor? Which speech of Gavin's gives Mag her first advantage? Why doesn't the story stop when Tammas first tells that Mag held Gavin to his engagement? What of interest remains to be told?

Theme Topics. 1. Write the dialogue in which Gavin induced Tammas to go with him. 2. Write a dialogue between Gavin and Jeanie, showing why he later says there is no fear of her refusing him. 3. Write an account of how Mag learned of his interest in Jeanie. 4. Tell how Gavin talks to Jeanie the next time he meets her. 5. Tell how Mag told of this to her father or some woman friend. 6. Dramatize this entire story. Have members add any speeches necessary. Then give the scenes before the class. 7. Make an oral report of the characteristics of the Scotch people. Show the relation between these characteristics and their country. Show how the Scotch dialect is related to English speech.

Library Reading. You will enjoy reading the whole of *A Window in Thrums*, or other chapters from it. If you are interested in seeing how the "regional" type of story has been handled by other authors, read *Old Chester Tales*, Deland; *Friendship Village*, Gale; *Many Cargoes*, Jacobs; *Old Creole Days*, Cable; *Meadow Grass*, Brown.

Compare the "local color" here with that in "The Third Ingredient." Which has the more "local color"? In which, so far as you can judge, is the dialect, or conversation, more true to its region? In which is the "local color" more essential to the plot?

THE MAN WHO WAS

RUDYARD KIPLING

Let it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks his shirt in. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of Western peoples, instead of the most westerly of Easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.

Dirkovitch was a Russian—a Russian of the Russians, as he said—who appeared to get his bread by serving the czar as an officer in a Cossack regiment, and corresponding for a Russian newspaper with a name that was never twice the same. He was a handsome young Oriental, with a taste for wandering through unexplored portions of the earth, and he arrived in India from nowhere in particular. At least no living man could ascertain whether it was by way of Balkh, Budukhshan, Chitral, Beloochistan, Nepaul, or anywhere else. The Indian government, being in an unusually affable mood, gave orders that he was to be civilly treated, and shown everything that was to be seen; so he drifted, talking bad English and worse French, from one city to another till he foregathered with her Majesty's White Hussars in the city of Peshawur, which stands at the mouth of that narrow sword-cut in the hills that men call the Khyber Pass. He was undoubtedly an officer, and he was decorated, after the manner of the Russians, with little enameled crosses, and he could talk and (though this has nothing to do with his merits) he had been given up as a hopeless task or case by the Black Tyrones, who, individually and collectively, with hot whisky and honey, mulled brandy and mixed spirits of all kinds, had striven in all hospitality to make him drunk. And when the Black Tyrones, who are exclusively Irish, fail to disturb the peace of head of a foreigner, that foreigner is certain to be a superior man. This was the argument of the Black Tyrones, but they were ever an unruly and self-opinionated regiment, and they allowed junior subalterns of four years' service to choose their wines. The spirits were always purchased by the colonel and a committee of majors. And a regiment that would so behave may be respected but cannot be loved.

The White Hussars were as conscientious in choosing their wine as in charging the enemy. There was a brandy that had been purchased by a cultured colonel a few years after the Battle of Waterloo. It has been maturing ever since, and it was a marvelous brandy at the purchasing. The memory of that liquor would cause men to weep as they lay dying in the teak forests of upper Burma or the slime of the Irrawaddy. And there was a port which was notable; and there was a champagne of an obscure brand, which always came to mess without any labels, because the White Hussars

8. **tucks his shirt in**, i. e., attempts to adopt the characteristics of another nation. The Russian peasant wears a loose shirt as an overgarment, reaching below the knees. 15. **Cossack**, a people of Russia noted for their skill as warriors. 33. **Majesty**, Queen Victoria of England (1819-1901.) **White Hussars**, a famous cavalry regiment of Great Britain. 37. **Khyber Pass**, the chief gateway between India and Afghanistan.

43. **Black Tyrones**, a regiment named from County Tyrone, Ireland. 67. **Battle of Waterloo**, in which Napoleon was defeated by the Duke of Wellington (1815). 72. **teak**, a tall East Indian tree. **Burma**, a former country of southeastern Asia, now a part of the British Empire. 73. **Irrawaddy**, the chief river of Burma.

vished none to know where the source of supply might be found. The officer on whose head the champagne-choosing lay, was forbidden the use of tobacco for six weeks previous to sampling.

This particularity of detail is necessary to emphasize the fact that that champagne, that port, and above all, that brandy—the green and yellow and white liqueurs did not count—was placed at the absolute disposition of Dirkovitch, and he enjoyed himself hugely—even more than among the Black Tyrones.

But he remained distressingly European through it all. The White Hussars were—"My dear true friends," "Fellow-soldiers glorious," and "Brothers inseparable." He would unburden himself by the hour on the glorious future that awaited the combined arms of England and Russia when their hearts and their territories should run side by side, and the great mission of civilizing Asia should begin. That was unsatisfactory, because Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia, and she is too old. You cannot reform a lady of many lovers, and Asia has been insatiable in her flirtations aforetime. She will never attend Sunday School, or learn to vote save with swords for tickets.

Dirkovitch knew this as well as anyone else, but it suited him to talk special-correspondently and to make himself as genial as he could. Now and then he volunteered a little, a very little, information about his own sotnia of Cossacks, left apparently to look after themselves somewhere at the back of beyond. He had done rough work in Central Asia, and had been rather more help-yourself fighting than most men of his years. But he was careful never to betray his superiority, and more than careful to praise on all occasions the appearance, drill, uniform, and organization of her Majesty's White Hussars. And, indeed, they were a regiment to be admired. When Mrs. Durgan, widow of the late Sir John Durgan, arrived in their station, and after a short time had been proposed to by every single man at mess, she put the public sentiment very neatly when she explained that they were all so nice that unless she could marry them all, including the colonel and some majors who were already married, she was not going to content herself with one of them. Wherefore she wedded a little man in a rifle regiment—being by nature contradictious—and the White Hussars were going to wear crape on their arms, but compromised by attending the wedding in full force, and lining the aisle with unutterable reproach. She had jilted them all—from Basset-Holmer, the senior captain, to Little Mildred, the last subaltern, and he could have given her four thousand a year and a title. He was a viscount, and on his arrival the mess had said he had better go into the Guards, because they were all sons of large grocers and small clothiers in the Hussars, but Mildred begged very hard to be allowed to stay, and behaved so prettily that he was forgiven, and became a man, which is much more important than being any sort of viscount.

The only persons who did not share the general regard for the White Hussars were a few thousand gentlemen of Jewish extraction who lived across the border, and answered to the name of Pathan. They had only met the regiment officially, and for something less than twenty minutes, but the in-

42. **sotnia**, cavalry squadron; sotnia is, literally, one hundred.

78. **Guards**, certain troops commonly attached to the person of the sovereign. 92. **Pathan**, an Afghan tribe.

terview, which was complicated with many casualties, had filled them with prejudice. They even called the White Hussars "children of the devil," and sons of persons whom it would be perfectly impossible to meet in decent society. Yet they were not above making their aversion fill their money belts. The regiment possessed carbines, beautiful Martini-Henry carbines, that would cob a bullet into an enemy's camp at one thousand yards, and were even handier than the long rifle. Therefore they were coveted all along the border, and since demand inevitably breeds supply, they were supplied at the risk of life and limb for exactly their weight in coined silver —seven and one-half pounds of rupees, or sixteen pounds and a few shillings each, reckoning the rupee at par. They were stolen at night by snaky-haired thieves that crawled on their stomachs under the nose of the sentries; they disappeared mysteriously from armracks; and in the hot weather when all the doors and windows were open, they vanished like puffs of their own smoke. The border people desired them first for their own family vendettas, and then for contingencies. But in the long, cold nights of the northern Indian winter they were stolen most extensively. The traffic of murder was liveliest among the hills at that season, and prices ruled high. The regimental guards were first doubled and then trebled. A trooper does not much care if he loses a weapon—government must make it good —but he deeply resents the loss of his sleep. The regiment grew very angry, and one night-thief who managed to limp away bears the visible marks of their anger upon him to this hour.

10. **Martini-Henry carbine**, a cavalry musket named after the inventor and the maker. 11. **cob**, throw. 19. **rupee**, at normal exchange worth about thirty-two cents. 26. **armrack**, a frame for holding small arms. 31. **vendetta**, feud in which each side tries to kill the other.

That incident stopped the burglaries for a time, and the guards were reduced accordingly, and the regiment devoted itself to polo with unexpected results, for it beat by two goals to one that very terrible polo corps, the Lushkar Light Horse, though the latter had four ponies apiece for a short hour's fight, as well as a native officer who played like a lambent flame across the ground.

Then they gave a dinner to celebrate the event. The Lushkar team came, and Dirkovitch came, in the fullest full uniform of a Cossack officer, which is as full as a dressing-gown, and was introduced to the Lushkars, and opened his eyes as he regarded them. They were lighter men than the Hussars, and they carried themselves with the swing that is the peculiar right of the Punjab frontier force and all irregular horse. Like everything else in the service, it has to be learned; but, unlike many things, it is never forgotten, and remains on the body till death.

The great beam-roofed mess room of the White Hussars was a sight to be remembered. All the mess plate was on the long table—the same table that had served up the bodies of five dead officers in a forgotten fight long and long ago—the dingy, battered standards faced the door of entrance, clumps of winter roses lay between the silver candlesticks, the portraits of eminent officers deceased looked down on their successors from between the heads of sambar, nilgai, maikhor, and, pride of all the mess, two grinning snow-leopards that had cost Basset-Holmer four months' leave that he might have spent in England instead of on the road to Tibet, and the daily risk of his life on ledge, snowslide, and glassy grass slope.

67. **Punjab**, province of northwest British India. 84. **sambar, nilgai, maikhor**, horned game animals similar to our deer and antelope. 89. **Tibet**, a dependency of China; it has a number of mountain ranges.

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THE KHYBER PASS

The servants, in spotless white mus-
n and the crest of their regiments on
ıe brow of their turbans, waited be-
ind their masters, who were clad in
ıe scarlet and gold of the White Hus-
ars and the cream and silver of the
ushkar Light Horse. Dirkovitch's
ull green uniform was the only dark
ot at the board, but his big onyx
yes made up for it. He was fraterniz-
ıg effusively with the captain of the
ushkar team, who was wondering how
ıany of Dirkovitch's Cossacks his own
ng, lathy down-countrymen could
ccount for in a fair charge. But one
oes not speak of these things openly.

The talk rose higher and higher, and
ıe regimental band played between
ıe courses, as is the immemorial cus-
m, till all tongues ceased for a
ıoment with the removal of the din-
er slips and the First Toast of Obli-
ation, when the colonel, rising, said,
Mr. Vice, the Queen," and Little
Hildred from the bottom of the table answered, "The Queen, God bless her!" and the big spurs clanked as the big men heaved themselves up and drank the Queen, upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to pay their mess-bills. That sacrament of the mess never grows old, and never ceases to bring a lump into the throat of the listener wherever he be, by land or sea. Dirkovitch rose with his "brothers glorious," but he could not understand. No one but an officer can understand what the toast means; and the bulk have more sentiment than comprehension. It all comes to the same in the end, as the enemy said when he was wriggling on a lance point. Immediately after the little silence that follows on the ceremony there entered the native officer who had played for the Lushkar team. He could not of course eat with the alien, but he came in at dessert, all six feet of him, with the blue-and-silver turban atop, and the big black top-boots below. The mess rose joyously as he thrust forward

24. **Vice,** vice-chairman (of the dinner party).

the hilt of his saber, in token of fealty, for the colonel of the White Hussars to touch, and dropped into a vacant chair amid shouts of "*Rung ho!* Hira Singh!" (which being translated means "Go in and win!"). "Did I whack you over the knee, old man?" "Ressaldar Sahib, what the devil made you play that kicking pig of a pony in the last ten minutes?" "Shabash, Ressaldar Sahib!" Then the voice of the colonel, "The health of Ressaldar Hira Singh!"

After the shouting had died away, Hira Singh rose to reply, for he was the cadet of a royal house, the son of a king's son, and knew what was due on these occasions. Thus he spoke in the vernacular:

"Colonel Sahib and officers of this regiment, much honor have you done me. This will I remember. We came down from afar to play you; but we were beaten." ("No fault of yours, Ressaldar Sahib. Played on our own ground, y'know. Your ponies were cramped from the railway. Don't apologize.") "Therefore perhaps we will come again if it be so ordained." ("Hear! Hear, hear, indeed! Bravo! Hsh!") "Then we will play you afresh" ("Happy to meet you"), "till there are left no feet upon our ponies. Thus far for sport." He dropped one hand on his sword-hilt and his eye wandered to Dirkovitch lolling back in his chair. "But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo game, then be assured, Colonel Sahib and officers, that we shall play it out side by side, though *they*"—again his eye sought Dirkovitch—"though *they*, I say, have fifty ponies to our one horse." And with a deep-mouthed *Rung ho!* that rang like a musket-butt on flagstones, he sat down amid shoutings.

Dirkovitch, who had devoted himself steadily to the brandy—the terrible brandy aforementioned—did not understand, nor did the expurgated translations offered to him at all convey the point. Decidedly the native officer's was the speech of the evening, and the clamor might have continued to the dawn had it not been broken by the noise of a shot without that sent every man feeling at his defenseless left side. It is notable that Dirkovitch "reached back," after the American fashion—a gesture that set the captain of the Lushkar team wondering how Cossack officers were armed at mess. Then there was a scuffle, and a yell of pain.

"Carbine stealing again!" said the adjutant, calmly sinking back in his chair. "This comes of reducing the guards. I hope the sentries have killed him."

The feet of armed men pounded on the veranda flags, and it sounded as though something was being dragged.

"Why don't they put him in the cells till the morning?" said the colonel, testily. "See if they've damaged him, sergeant."

The mess-sergeant fled out into the darkness, and returned with two troopers and a corporal, all very much perplexed.

"Caught a man stealin' carbines, sir," said the corporal. "Leastways 'e was crawlin' toward the barricks, sir, past the main-road sentries; an' the sentry 'e says, sir—"

The limp heap of rags upheld by the three men groaned. Never was seen so destitute and demoralized an Afghan. He was turbanless, shoeless, caked with dirt, and all but dead with rough handling. Hira Singh started slightly at the sound of the man's pain. Dirkovitch took another liqueur glass of brandy.

7. **Ressaldar**, a native captain in a cavalry regiment. 8. **Sahib**, a title of respect. *Ressaldar Sahib* is equivalent to Honorable Captain. 10. **Shabash**, bravo!

71. **flags**, flagstones.

"*What* does the sentry say?" said the colonel.

"Sez he speaks English, sir," said the corporal.

"So you brought him into mess instead of handing him over to the sergeant! If he spoke all the tongues of the Pentecost you've no business—"

Again the bundle groaned and muttered. Little Mildred had risen from his place to inspect. He jumped back as though he had been shot.

"Perhaps it would be better, sir, to send the men away," said he to the colonel, for he was a much-privileged subaltern. He put his arms round the rag-bound horror as he spoke, and dropped him into a chair. It may not have been explained that the littleness of Mildred lay in his being six feet four, and big in proportion. The corporal, seeing that an officer was disposed to look after the capture, and that the colonel's eye was beginning to blaze, promptly removed himself and his men. The mess was left alone with the carbine thief, who laid his head on the table and wept bitterly, hopelessly, and inconsolably, as little children weep.

Hira Singh leaped to his feet with a long-drawn vernacular oath. "Colonel Sahib," said he, "that man is no Afghan, for they weep '*Ai! Ai!*' Nor is he of Hindustan, for they weep '*Ow! Ho!*' He weeps after the fashion of the white men, who say '*Ow! Ow!*' "

"Now where the dickens did you get that knowledge, Hira Singh?" said the captain of the Lushkar team.

"Hear him!" said Hira Singh, simply, pointing at the crumpled figure, that wept as though it would never cease.

"He said, 'My God!' " said Little Mildred. "I heard him say it."

The colonel and the mess-room looked at the man in silence. It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man cries from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces. Also, the exhibition causes the throat of the onlooker to close at the top.

"Poor devil!" said the colonel, coughing tremendously.

"We ought to send him to hospital. He's been manhandled."

Now the adjutant loved his rifles. They were to him as his grandchildren —the men standing in the first place. He grunted rebelliously: "I can understand an Afghan stealing, because he's made that way. But I can't understand his crying. That makes it worse."

The brandy must have affected Dirkovitch, for he lay back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. There was nothing special in the ceiling beyond the shadow as of a huge black coffin. Owing to some peculiarity in the construction of the mess-room, this shadow was always thrown when the candles were lighted. It never disturbed the digestion of the White Hussars. They were, in fact, rather proud of it.

"Is he going to cry all night," said the colonel, "or are we supposed to sit with Little Mildred's guest until he feels better?"

The man in the chair threw up his head and stared at the mess. Outside, the wheels of the first of those bidden to the festivities crunched the roadway.

"Oh, my God!" said the man in the chair, and every soul in the mess rose to his feet. Then the Lushkar captain did a deed for which he ought to have been given the Victoria Cross—

7. **tongues of the Pentecost**, languages of the earth. See *Acts* ii, 1-11.

93. **Victoria Cross**, a bronze cross awarded, for noteworthy bravery, to members of the British army or navy.

distinguished gallantry in a fight against overwhelming curiosity. He picked up his team with his eyes, as the hostess picks up the ladies at the opportune moment, and pausing only by the Colonel's chair to say, "This isn't *our* affair, you know, sir," led the team into the veranda and the gardens. Hira Singh was the last, and he looked at Dirkovitch as he moved. But Dirkovitch had departed into a brandy paradise of his own. His lips moved without sound, and he was studying the coffin on the ceiling.

"White—white all over," said Basset-Holmer, the adjutant. "What a pernicious renegade he must be! I wonder where he came from?"

The colonel shook the man gently by the arm, and "Who are you?" said he.

There was no answer. The man stared round the mess-room and smiled in the colonel's face. Little Mildred, who was always more of a woman than a man till "Boot and saddle" was sounded, repeated the question in a voice that would have drawn confidences from a geyser. The man only smiled. Dirkovitch, at the far end of the table, slid gently from his chair to the floor. No son of Adam, in this present imperfect world, can mix the Hussars' champagne with the Hussars' brandy by five and eight glasses of each without remembering the pit whence he has been digged and descending thither. The band began to play the tune with which the White Hussars, from the date of their formation, preface all their functions. They would sooner be disbanded than abandon that tune. It is a part of their system. The man straightened himself in his chair and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I don't see why we should entertain lunatics," said the colonel; "call a guard and send him off to the cells. We'll look into the business in the morning. Give him a glass of wine first, though."

Little Mildred filled a sherry glass with the brandy and thrust it over to the man. He drank, and the tune rose louder, and he straightened himself yet more. Then he put out his long-taloned hands to a piece of plate opposite and fingered it lovingly. There was a mystery connected with that piece of plate in the shape of a spring, which converted what was a seven-branched candlestick, three springs each side and one in the middle, into a sort of wheel-spoke candelabrum. He found the spring, pressed it, and laughed weakly. He rose from his chair and inspected a picture on the wall, then moved on to another picture, the mess watching him without a word. When he came to the mantelpiece he shook his head and seemed distressed. A piece of plate representing a mounted hussar in full uniform caught his eye. He pointed to it, and then to the mantelpiece, with inquiry in his eyes.

"What is it—oh, what is it?" said Little Mildred. Then, as a mother might speak to a child, "That is a horse—yes, a horse."

Very slowly came the answer, in a thick, passionless guttural, "Yes, I—have seen. But—where is *the* horse?"

You could have heard the hearts of the mess beating, as the men drew back to give the stranger full room in his wanderings. There was no question of calling the guard.

Again he spoke, very slowly, "Where is *our* horse?"

There is no saying what happened after that. There is but one horse in the White Hussars, and his portrait hangs outside the door of the mess-room. He is the piebald drum-horse, the king of the regimental band, that served the regiment for seven-and-

hirty years, and in the end was shot or old age. Half the mess tore the hing down from its place and thrust into the man's hands. He placed it bove the mantelpiece; it clattered on he ledge, as his poor hands dropped , and he staggered toward the bottom f the table, falling into Mildred's hair. The band began to play the River of Years" waltz, and the laughter from the gardens came into the obacco-scented mess-room. But nobody, even the youngest, was thinking f waltzes. They all spoke to one another something after this fashion: The drum horse hasn't hung over the antelpiece since '67." "How does e know?" "Mildred, go and speak to im again." "Colonel, what are you oing to do?" "Oh, dry up, and give he poor devil a chance to pull himself ogether!" "It isn't possible, anyhow. The man's a lunatic."

Little Mildred stood at the colonel's ide talking into his ear. "Will you e good enough to take your seats, lease, gentlemen?" he said, and the ess dropped into the chairs.

Only Dirkovitch's seat, next to Little Mildred's, was blank, and Little Mildred himself had found Hira Singh's place. The wide-eyed mess-ergeant filled the glasses in dead ilence. Once more the colonel rose, ut his hand shook, and the port pilled on the table as he looked traight at the man in Little Mildred's hair and said, hoarsely, "Mr. Vice, he Queen." There was a little pause, ut the man sprang to his feet and nswered, without hesitation, "The Queen, God bless her!" and as he mptied the thin glass he snapped the hank between his fingers.

Long and long ago, when the Empress of India was a young woman, and here were no unclean ideals in the and, it was the custom in a few messes o drink the Queen's toast in broken glass, to the huge delight of the mess contractors. The custom is now dead, because there is nothing to break anything for, except now and again the word of a government, and that has been broken already.

"That settles it," said the colonel, with a gasp. "He's not a sergeant. What in the world is he?"

The entire mess echoed the word, and the volley of questions would have scared any man. Small wonder that the ragged, filthy invader could only smile and shake his head.

From under the table, calm and smiling urbanely, rose Dirkovitch, who had been aroused from healthful slumber by feet upon his body. By the side of the man he rose, and the man shrieked and groveled at his feet. It was a horrible sight, coming so swiftly upon the pride and glory of the toast that had brought the strayed wits together.

Dirkovitch made no offer to raise him, but Little Mildred heaved him up in an instant. It is not good that a gentleman who can answer to the Queen's toast should lie at the feet of a subaltern of Cossacks.

The hasty action tore the wretch's upper clothing nearly to the waist, and his body was seamed with dry black scars. There is only one weapon in the world that cuts in parallel lines, and it is neither the cane nor the cat. Dirkovitch saw the marks, and the pupils of his eyes dilated—also, his face changed. He said something that sounded like "Shto ve takete"; and the man, fawning, answered, "Chetyre."

"What's that?" said everybody together.

"His number. That is number four, you know." Dirkovitch spoke very thickly.

85. **cat**, cat-o'-nine-tails, a flogging instrument composed of nine pieces of knotted cord and a handle. 89. **Shto ve takete**, who are you?

"What has a Queen's officer to do with a qualified number?" said the colonel, and there rose an unpleasant growl around the table.

"How can I tell?" said the affable Oriental, with a sweet smile. "He is a—how you have it?—escape—runaway, from over there."

He nodded toward the darkness of the night.

"Speak to him, if he'll answer you, and speak to him gently," said Little Mildred, settling the man in a chair. It seemed most improper to all present that Dirkovitch should sip brandy as he talked in purring, spitting Russian to the creature who answered so feebly and with such evident dread. But since Dirkovitch appeared to understand, no man said a word. They breathed heavily, leaning forward, in the long gaps of the conversation. The next time that they have no engagements on hand the White Hussars intend to go to St. Petersburg and learn Russian.

"He does not know how many years ago," said Dirkovitch, facing the mess, "but he says it was very long ago, in a war. I think that there was an accident. He says he was of this glorious and distinguished regiment in the war."

"The rolls! The rolls! Holmer, get the rolls!" said Little Mildred, and the adjutant dashed off bareheaded to the orderly-room, where the rolls of the regiment were kept. He returned just in time to hear Dirkovitch conclude, "Therefore I am most sorry to say there was an accident, which would have been reparable if he had apologized to that our colonel, which he had insulted."

Another growl, which the colonel tried to beat down. The mess was in no mood to weigh insults to Russian colonels just then.

"He does not remember, but I think that there was an accident, and so he was not exchanged among the prisoners, but he was sent to another place—how do you say?—the country. *So*, he says, he came here. He does not know how he came. Eh? He was at Chepany"—the man caught the word, nodded, and shivered—"at Zhigansk and Irkutsk. I cannot understand how he escaped. He says, too, that he was in the forests for many years, but how many years he has forgotten—that with many things. It was an accident; done because he did not apologize to that our colonel. Ah!"

Instead of echoing Dirkovitch's sigh of regret, it is sad to record that the White Hussars livelily exhibited unchristian delight and other emotions, hardly restrained by their sense of hospitality. Holmer flung the frayed and yellow regimental rolls on the table, and the men flung themselves atop of these.

"Steady! Fifty-six—fifty-five—fifty-four," said Holmer. "Here we are. 'Lieutenant Austin Limmason—*missing*.' That was before Sebastopol. What an infernal shame! Insulted one of their colonels, and was quietly shipped off. Thirty years of his life wiped out."

"But he never apologized. Said he'd see him——first," chorused the mess.

"Poor devil! I suppose he never had the chance afterward. How did he come here?" said the colonel.

The dingy heap in the chair could give no answer.

"Do you know who you are?"

It laughed weakly.

"Do you know that you are Limmason—Lieutenant Limmason, of the White Hussars?"

56–58. **Chepany, Zhigansk, Irkutsk,** towns in Siberia, to which country, in the days of the Russian monarchy, political prisoners were exiled, generally for life. 77. **Sebastopol.** The siege of this Russian port was the chief event of the Crimean War (1854–1855).

Swift as a shot came the answer, in a slightly surprised tone, "Yes, I'm Limmason, of course." The light died out in his eyes, and he collapsed afresh, watching every motion of Dirkovitch with terror. A flight from Siberia may fix a few elementary facts in the mind, but it does not lead to continuity of thought. The man could not explain how, like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his own old ness again. Of what he had suffered or seen he knew nothing. He cringed before Dirkovitch as instinctively as he had pressed the spring of the candlestick, sought the picture of the drum horse, and answered to the Queen's toast.

The rest was a blank that the dreaded Russian tongue could only in part remove. His head bowed on his breast, and he giggled and cowered alternately.

The devil that lived in the brandy prompted Dirkovitch at this extremely inopportune moment to make a speech. He rose, swaying slightly, gripped the table edge, while his eyes glowed like opals, and began:

"Fellow-soldiers, glorious — true friends and hospitables. It was an accident, and deplorable—most deplorable." Here he smiled sweetly all round the mess. "But you will think of this little, little thing. So little, is it not? The czar! Posh! I snap my fingers—I snap my fingers at him. Do I believe in him? No! But the Slav who has done nothing, *him* I believe. Seventy—how much?—millions that have done nothing—not one thing. Napoleon was an episode." He banged a hand on the table. "Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world—out here. All our work is to do; and it shall be done, old peoples. Get away!" He waved his hand imperiously, and pointed to the man. "You see him. He is not good to see. He was just one little—oh, so little— accident, that no one remembered. Now he is *That*. So will you be, brother-soldiers so brave—so will you be. But you will never come back. You will all go where he has gone, or" —he pointed to the great coffin shadow on the ceiling, and muttering, "Seventy millions—get away, you old people," fell asleep.

"Sweet, and to the point," said Little Mildred. "What's the use of getting wrath? Let's make the poor devil comfortable."

But that was a matter suddenly and swiftly taken from the loving hands of the White Hussars. The lieutenant had returned only to go away again three days later when the wail of the "Dead March" and the tramp of the squadrons told the wondering station, that saw no gap in the table, an officer of the regiment had resigned his newfound commission.

And Dirkovitch—bland, supple, and always genial—went away, too, by a night train. Little Mildred and another saw him off, for he was the guest of the mess, and even had he smitten the colonel with the open hand, the law of the mess allowed no relaxation of hospitality.

"Good-by, Dirkovitch, and a pleasant journey," said Little Mildred.

"*Au revoir*, my true friends," said the Russian.

"Indeed! But we thought you were going home?"

"Yes; but I will come again. My friends, is that road shut?" He pointed to where the north star burned over the Khyber Pass.

"By Jove! I forgot. Of course. Happy to meet you, old man, any time you like. Got everything you want—cheroots, ice, bedding? That's

91. **Khyber Pass**, see note on line 37, page 70, and picture on page 73.

all right. Well, *au revoir*, Dirkovitch."

"Um," said the other man, as the tail-lights of the train grew small. "Of—all—the—unmitigated—"

Little Mildred answered nothing, but watched the north star, and hummed a selection from a recent burlesque that had much delighted the White Hussars. It ran:

I'm sorry for Mister Bluebeard,
I'm sorry to cause him pain;
But a terrible spree there's sure to be
When he comes back again.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. One of the most noted local colorists living today is Rudyard Kipling (1865–). He is a curious blend of the West and the East. His outlook is the result of his education and thought; his material is the accumulation of his life and observation. Born in India, of English parents, educated in England (he gives an interesting account of a typical English school for boys in *Stalky and Co.*), a traveler in all parts of the world, a dweller for a time in Vermont, he seems to have touched most of the varied interests which this world offers. As a newspaper writer and editor in a land won and held for his country by the deeds of noble men, Kipling chronicled from the very first the qualities of men, the opinions of men, the deeds of men. To some readers the absence of feminine interest in his tales is a defect; to others it is a marked element of his originality. Some of his stories do embody female characters delicately and sympathetically treated, but he has the reputation of being a "man's man," and such a reputation, once accorded an author, clings for always. "The Man Who Was" is taken from *Life's Handicap, Being Stories of Mine Own People*, a volume of short stories by Kipling.

2. The scene of this story is laid in Peshawur, the capital of the northwest frontier province of British India. Its position, at the entrance of the Khyber Pass, so pointedly alluded to in the story, gives it great strategic importance. During his residence in India Kipling became familiar with English and Indian army life such as he pictures in the story, and doubtless met Russians of the "forced friendly" type portrayed by Dirkovitch.

In spite of Dirkovitch's great show of friendship and admiration of the British, his hypocrisy is strongly felt from the beginning of the story. There is no longer any doubt about his attitude when, in his disjointed—yet unmistakably clear—speech he calls the whole matter of the young lieutenant's banishment an incident not worth thinking about; and then prophesies the complete annihilation of the British Empire by the Russians.

Kipling's belief in the Russian attitude has its foundation in historic facts. The outcome of the Crimean War (1854-1856) still rankled in the Russian mind; England's control of the Suez Canal, obtained in 1875, thus strengthening the British Empire in India, was viewed from Russia with bitter jealousy; and, almost coincident with the writing of this story (1891), Russian encroachments into Afghanistan, a buffer territory between British India and Russia, caused a serious disturbance.

Questions and Topics

1. What do you think of the first sentence? What does it mean? What has the first paragraph to do with the story? Why is "sword-cut" so good to indicate a mountain pass? Why appropriate here? Is Kipling serious or humorous at the beginning of the story? Why? Why does the Russian speak of Asia as the field of his nation and of Britain? What is meant by "You cannot reform a lady of many lovers" as applied to Asia? What does "talk special-correspondently" mean? What does Kipling think of titled rank? Prove your answer. Why is the introduction so long? What makes it interesting? What do you expect to happen in the rest of the story?

2. What is the dramatic significance of the Russian's dark green uniform at the banquet? From what occupation are most of Kipling's figures of speech taken? Make a list of several. Why is the native Indian officer so important? What is his part in the story? Why did he come in late? How does Kipling show the admiration of the Britishers for him? How is the true sportsmanship of the English shown? What did the latter part of Hira Singh's speech really mean? Why were the translations made to Dirkovitch "expurgated"? What did he do when the shot was heard?

3. How is the story told, directly by the author or by the participants? What effect does this method emphasize? How does

ne author make you visualize the object rought in by the sentries? Which speech of he native Indian polo player made the deepest mpression upon you? What supports his pinion of the captive? What was the effect pon the Hussars? Why is the band music so mportant? What was its effect? Which peech of the man electrified the Hussars? Explain why, and what followed. How does Kipling paint the degradation of the man by ontrast with the pride and glory of the toast o the Queen?

4. What feelings surged through the Hussars s Dirkovitch told the man's story? Why ould they not show the Russian all they really elt? What was the real point of Dirkovitch's peech? Why did the Hussars not openly esent it? What is the significance of the Russian's saying *Au revoir* instead of *Good-by?*

5. Compare the setting here with the setting f "The Third Ingredient" and of "The Purloined Letter." In which is the setting most important for the plot; that is, in which does it ave most influence on the way the plot turns ut? Which setting is the most interesting in itself, apart from the story?

6. Which held you most—plot or character? What is the final impression the story made upon you?

7. What kind of man does Kipling depict best? Do you like or dislike the absence of women characters? Show what is meant by calling his work "mainly journalistic."

Theme Topics. 1. Discuss the geography of this story. 2. Report on the British in India. Tell how they won the land. Show the connection between this acquisition and contemporary events in America. 3. Describe the game of polo. 4. Explain what local color is in a story. Show how it adds to the interest of this one. 5. Report on Kipling's connections with the United States. 6. Contrast England's attitude toward Turkey during the World War with that of Russia.

Library Reading. "The Man Who Would Be King," "Wee Willie Winkie," "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Return of Imray," and other short stories by Kipling; if you are interested in seeing how other authors handle the "dramatic incident" type of story read "Heart of Darkness," Conrad (in *Youth*); "The Desert," Smith (in *The Turquoise Cup*).

THE THREE STRANGERS*

THOMAS HARDY

Among the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries may be reckoned the high, grassy, and furzy downs, coombs, or we-leases, as they are indifferently alled, that fill a large area of certain ounties in the south and southwest. f any mark of human occupation is net with hereon, it usually takes the orm of the solitary cottage of some hepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage tood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite f its loneliness, however, the spot, by ctual measurement, was not more han five miles from a county town. Yet that affected it little. Five miles f irregular upland, during the long, inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please that less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who "conceive and meditate of pleasant things."

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some 30 starved fragment of ancient hedge, is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But, in the present case, such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situa-

24. **Timon**, an Athenian (fifth century B. C.), called a hater of mankind. **Nebuchadnezzar**, King of Babylon (604-561 B. C.), who, because he had sinned, was driven into the wilderness. For the story see *Daniel*, iv, 31-33.
29. **barrow**, a small hill or mound marking the burial-place of prehistoric inhabitants.

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tion seemed to be the crossing of two footpaths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. Hence the house was exposed to the elements on all sides. But, though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the coomb as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by "wuzzes and flames" than when they had lived by the stream of a snug, neighboring valley.

The night of March 28, 182–, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rainstorm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crecy. Such sheep and outdoor animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the winds; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside-out like umbrellas. The gable-end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eavesdroppings flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced. For that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief, or living room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cosy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly polished sheep-crooks, without stems, that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep-fair. The room was lighted by half-a-dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high-days, holy-days, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney-piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney-piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled "like the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench; four men, including Charley Jake the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New the parish-clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighboring dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life-companionship, sat beneath the corner-cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed

18. **rime**, chill mist. 20. **wuzzes and flames**, hoarses and phlegms.—NOTE BY HARDY. 28. **clothyard shafts**, yard-long arrows. The English at the periods alluded to excelled in the use of the long bow as a fighting weapon. **Senlac**, better known as Hastings, the battle which brought about the Norman Conquest of England (1066). **Crecy**, a battle in France (1346), in which the British defeated the French.

64. **high-days**, days celebrated because of religious or family significance. 73. **like the laughter of the fool**, see *Ecclesiastes* vii, 6. 86. **pourparler**, discussion.

vas not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and o much the more prevailed in being nhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in each ther's good opinion begat perfect ase, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely erenity, was lent to the majority by he absence of any expression of trait denoting that they wished to get on n the world, enlarge their minds, or lo any eclipsing thing whatever—vhich nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the wo extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, is wife being a dairyman's daughter rom a vale at a distance, who brought ifty guineas in her pocket—and kept hem there, till they should be required or ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the haracter that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its dvantages; but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was ept to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the ouse dry. A dancing-party was the lternative; but this, while avoiding he foregoing objection on the score f good drink, had a counterbalancing isadvantage in the matter of good ictuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the ntermediate plan of mingling short ances with short periods of talk and inging, so as to hinder any ungovernble rage in either. But this scheme vas entirely confined to her own entle mind; the shepherd himself was n the mood to exhibit the most reckess phases of hospitality.

15. **bonhomie**, easy manner.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish-clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favorite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamored of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown-piece to the musicians, as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had traveled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in

62. **serpent**, a bass wind-instrument. 90. **apogee to perigee**, literally, the point farthest from the spectator to the point nearest him, i.e., a complete circle.

course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, farther on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out-of-doors were readily visible. The sad, wan light revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame; his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. At a rough guess, he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five-feet-eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread, there was caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little settlement partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveler's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within the adjacent house, and the lesser strains of the fiddler, reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage-leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten beehives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand difficulty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water; and a casual rainfall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances for economy in suds and dishwaters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such exigencies; a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased, and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into

66. **pent-roof**, a sloping roof whose edge projects beyond the house.

which he had lapsed, and, emerging from the shed, with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house-door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draft from one of them. Having quenched his thirst he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden-path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well-cover, the top rail of the garden-gate, were varnished with the same dull, liquid glaze; while, far away in the vale, a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamplights through the beating drops—lights that denoted the situation of the county-town from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in!" said the shepherd promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the doormat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with his survey, and, baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich, deep voice, "The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest a while."

"To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith, you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause —though, to be sure, a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year."

"Nor less," spoke up a woman. "For 'tis best to get your family over and done with, as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o't."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and christening," said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to a pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb—hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say.—I'll take a seat in the chimney-corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma'am; for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

Mrs. Shepherd Fennel assented, and made room for the self-invited comer,

who, having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather cracked in the vamp," he said freely, seeing that the eyes of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that—farther up the country."

"I thought so. And so be I; and by your tongue you come from my neighborhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the newcomer. "And that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about 'ee?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, "Hand me your baccy-box—I'll fill that too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker and began stirring the brands as if doing it thoroughly were the only aim of his existence; and a second time the shepherd said, "Walk in!" In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven doormat. He too was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighborhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab greatcoat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout, large heavy seals, of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water-drops

5. **rather cracked in the vamp**, wearing pretty shabby-looking shoes. 8. **well fitted**, very well dressed.

49. **screw of paper**, paper with the ends twisted.

from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yourself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether desirable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-colored gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his greatcoat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling-beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire; and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbor the family mug—a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole generations of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burnt upon its rotund side in yellow letters—

THERE IS NO FUN
UNTILL I CUM.

The other man, nothing loath, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on, and on, and on—till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense.

"I knew it!" said the toper to the shepherd with much satisfaction. "When I walked up your garden before coming in, and saw the hives all of a row, I said to myself, 'Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead.' But mead of such a truly comfortable sort as this I really didn't expect to meet in my older days." He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous elevation.

"Glad you enjoy it!" said the shepherd warmly.

"It is goodish mead," assented Mrs. Fennel, with an absence of enthusiasm which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. "It is trouble enough to make—and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we curselves can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings."

"Oh, but you'll never have the heart!" reproachfully cried the stranger in cinder-gray, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty. "I love mead, when 'tis old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the man in the chimney-corner, who in spite of the taciturnity induced by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humor.

Now the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first-year, or maiden, honey, four pounds to the gallon—with its due complement of white of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and processes of working, bottling, and cellaring—tasted remarkably strong; but it did

73. **comb-washings**, water poured over the honeycomb after the honey has been extracted.

not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently, the stranger in cinder-gray at the table, moved by its creeping influence, unbuttoned his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways.

"Well, well, as I say," he resumed, "I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go. I should have been almost there by this time; but the rain drove me into your dwelling, and I'm not sorry for it."

"You don't live in Casterbridge?" said the shepherd. "Not as yet; though I shortly mean to move there."

"Going to set up in trade, perhaps?"

"No, no," said the shepherd's wife. "It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything."

The cinder-gray stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering, "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work, and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight I must begin work there at eight tomorrow morning. Yes, het or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work tomorrow must be done."

"Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we?" replied the shepherd's wife.

"'Tis the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty. . . . . But really and truly I must up and off, or I shan't get a lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draft of friendship before I go; and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry."

"Here's a mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. "Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combs."

"No," said the stranger disdainfully. "I won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second."

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The shepherdess followed him.

"Why should you do this?" she said reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. "He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people; and now he's not contented wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong! And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part, I don't like the look o' the man at all."

"But he's in the house, my honey; and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it, what's a cup of mead more or less? There'll be plenty more next bee-burning."

"Very well—this time, then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder-gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney-corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade—I'm a wheelwright."

"A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd.

"And anybody may know mine—

72. **bee-burning.** The bee-keeper uses smoke as a protection when taking honey from the hive.

f they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder-gray.

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his own hands. "My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pincushion is of pins."

The hands of the man in the chimney-corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added smartly, "True; but the oddity of my trade is that, instead of setting a mark upon me, it sets a mark upon my customers."

No observation being offered by anybody in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time—one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the armhole of his waistcoat, he waved the other hand in the air, and, with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheepcrooks above the mantelpiece, began:

O my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft 'em to a far countree!

The room was silent when he had finished the verse—with one exception, that of the man in the chimney-corner, who, at the singer's word, "Chorus!" joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish—

And waft 'em to a far countree!

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairyman, the parish-clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in thought not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground, the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion; she was doubting whether this stranger were merely singing an old song from recollection, or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar's feast, except the man in the chimney-corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger," and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inwards, and went on with the next stanza as requested:

My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all—
My tools are no sight to see;
A little hempen string, and a post whereon to swing,
Are implements enough for me!

Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted halfway, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her she sat down trembling.

"Oh, he's the ——!" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public officer. "He's come to do it! 'Tis to be at Casterbridge jail tomorrow—the man for sheep-stealing—the poor clockmaker we heard of, who used to live away at Shottsford and had no work to do—Timothy Summers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Shottsford by the highroad, and

59. **Belshazzar's feast**, for this story see *Daniel* v.

took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's lad, and every man jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded toward the stranger of the deadly trade) "is come from up the country to do it because there's not enough to do in his own county-town, and he's got the place here now our own county man's dead; he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder-gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney-corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup toward that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse; but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door. This time the knock was faint and hesitating.

The company seemed scared; the shepherd looked with consternation toward the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his alarmed wife's deprecatory glance, and uttered for the third time the welcoming words "Walk in!"

The door was gently opened, and another man stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him, was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

"Can you tell me the way to——?" he began; when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the company amongst whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder-gray. It was just at the instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he scarcely heeded the interruption, silenced all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse:

Tomorrow is my working day,
Simple shepherds all—
Tomorrow is a working day for me;
For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the
lad who did it ta'en,
And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!

The stranger in the chimney-corner, waving cups with the singer so heartily that his mead splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his bass voice as before:

And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!

All this time the third stranger had been standing in the doorway. Finding now that he did not come forward or go on speaking, the guests particularly regarded him. They noticed to their surprise that he stood before them the picture of abject terror—his knees trembling, his hand shaking so violently that the door-latch by which he supported himself rattled audibly; his white lips were parted, and his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in the middle of the room. A moment more and he had turned, closed the door, and fled.

"What a man can it be?" said the shepherd.

The rest, between the awfulness of their late discovery and the odd conduct of this third visitor, looked as if they knew not what to think, and said nothing. Instinctively they withdrew farther and farther from the grim gentleman in their midst, whom some of them seemed to take for the Prince of Darkness himself, till they formed a remote circle, an empty space of floor being left between them and him—

. . circulus, cujus centrum diabolus.

The room was so silent—though there

91. **circulus**, etc., "a circle, the center of which [was] the devil."

ere more than twenty people in it—
hat nothing could be heard but the
atter of the rain against the window-
hutters, accompanied by the occa-
ional hiss of a stray drop that fell
own the chimney into the fire, and
he steady puffing of the man in the
orner, who had now resumed his pipe
f long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly bro-
en. The distant sound of a gun
everberated through the air—ap-
arently from the direction of the
ounty-town.

"Be jiggered!" cried the stranger
ho had sung the song, jumping up.

"What does that mean?" asked
everal.

"A prisoner escaped from the jail—
hat's what it means."

All listened. The sound was re-
eated, and none of them spoke but the
an in the chimney-corner, who said
uietly, "I've often been told that in
his county they fire a gun at such
imes; but I never heard it till now."

"I wonder if it is *my* man?" mur-
ured the personage in cinder-gray.

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd
nvoluntarily. "And surely we've zeed
im! That little man who looked in
t the door by now, and quivered like
leaf when he zeed ye and heard
our song!"

"His teeth chattered, and the breath
ent out of his body," said the dairy-
an.

"And his heart seemed to sink
ithin him like a stone," said Oliver
iles.

"And he bolted as if he'd been
ot at," said the hedge-carpenter.

"True—his teeth chattered, and his
eart seemed to sink; and he bolted
s if he'd been shot at," slowly summed
p the man in the chimney-corner.

"I didn't notice it," remarked the
angman.

"We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright," faltered one of the women against the wall, "and now 'tis explained!"

The firing of the alarm-gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder-gray roused himself. "Is there a constable here?" he asked, in thick tones. "If so, let him step forward."

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering out from the wall, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of the chair.

"You are a sworn constable?"

"I be, sir."

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far."

"I will, sir, I will—when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here, and start in a body."

"Staff!—never mind your staff; the man'll be gone!"

"But I can't do nothing without my staff—can I, William, and John, and Charles Jake? No; for there's the king's royal crown a painted on en in yaller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby. I wouldn't 'tempt to take up a man without my staff—no, not I. If I hadn't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him he might take up me!"

"Now, I'm a king's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this," said the formidable officer in gray. "Now then, all of ye, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes—have ye any lanterns?—I demand it!" said the constable.

"And the rest of you able-bodied—"

"Able-bodied men—yes—the rest of ye!" said the constable.

78. **the lion and the unicorn**, these animals are represented on the British coat-of-arms.

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks——"

"Staves and pitchforks—in the name o' the law! And take 'em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye!"

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd's guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns; and, lighting these hastily, and with hurdle-staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill, away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heartbrokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half-hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground-floor was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned round the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there, he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney-corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer-cake that lay on a ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly—his friend in cinder-gray.

"O—you here?" said the latter, smiling. "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake with some effort.

"Well, on second thoughts, I felt there were enough without me," said the first confidentially, "and such a night as it is, too. Besides, 'tis the business o' the Government to take care of its criminals—not mine."

"True; so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

"I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country."

"Nor I neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd-people are used to it—simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They'll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labor in the matter."

"True, true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge; and 'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

20. **hurdle-staves**, flat sticks used in making temporary fences.

50. **skimmer-cake**, similar to our steamed pudding.

"No, I am sorry to say! I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right), "and I feel as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before bedtime."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands heartily at the door, and wishing each other well, they went their several ways.

In the meantime the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hog's-back elevation which dominated this part of the down. They had decided on no particular plan of action; and, finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions down the hill, and straightway several of the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight ramblers over this part of the cretaceous formation. The "lanchets," or flint slopes, which belted the escarpment at intervals of a dozen yards, took the less cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on the rubbly steep they slid sharply downwards, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best, took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous inclines. The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them in the exploration, were extinguished, due silence was observed; and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale. It was a grassy, briery, moist defile, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it; but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely ash, the single tree on this part of the coomb, probably sown there by a passing bird some fifty years before. And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

"Your money or your life!" said the constable sternly to the still figure.

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher. "'Tisn't our side ought to say that. That's the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of the law."

"Well, well," replied the constable impatiently; "I must say something, mustn't I? and if you had all the weight o' this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you'd say the wrong thing too!—Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Father—the Crown, I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and, giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly toward them. He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger; but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

"Well, travelers," he said, "did I hear ye speak to me?"

"You did; you've got to come and be our prisoner at once!" said the constable. "We arrest 'ee on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail in a decent, proper manner to be hung tomorrow morning. Neighbors, do your duty, and seize the culpet!"

On hearing the charge, the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not

24. **cretaceous**, the name of an ancient period of the earth's history in which a certain rock formation took place. 29. **rubbly**, covered with loose, rolling stones.

another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search-party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back toward the shepherd's cottage.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence. On entering they discovered the shepherd's living room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest country-seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

"Gentlemen," said the constable, "I have brought back your man—not without risk and danger; but every-one must do his duty! He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of Crown work. Men, bring forward your prisoner!" And the third stranger was led to the light.

"Who is this?" said one of the officials. "The man," said the constable.

"Certainly not," said the turnkey; and the first corroborated his statement.

"But how can it be otherwise?" asked the constable. "Or why was he so terrified at sight o' the singing instrument of the law who sat there?" Here he related the strange behavior of the third stranger on entering the house during the hangman's song.

"Can't understand it," said the officer coolly. "All I know is that it is not the condemned man. He's quite a different character from this one; a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good-looking, and with a musical bass voice that if you heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived."

"Why, souls—'twas the man in the chimney-corner!" "Hey — what?" said the magistrate, coming forward after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. "Haven't you got the man after all?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "he's the man we were in search of, that's true; and yet he's not the man we were in search of. For the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my everyday way; for 'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"A pretty kettle of fish altogether!" said the magistrate. "You had better start for the other man at once."

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney-corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. "Sir," he said, stepping forward to the magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing; my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Shottsford to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell. I was benighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney-corner; and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, 'Don't reveal what you see; my life depends on it.' I was so terror-struck that I could hardly stand, and, not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around. "And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to?—what is his occupation?"

"He's a watch-and-clock-maker, sir."

"'A said 'a was a wheelwright—a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheels of clocks and watches he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands were palish for's trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody," said the magistrate; "your business lies with the other, unquestionably."

And so the little man was released offhand; but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of magistrate or constable to raze out the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheep-stealer became general and keen, to all appearance at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country-folk in that district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. Moreover, his marvelous coolness and daring in hob-and-nobbing with the hangman, under the unprecedented circumstances of the shepherd's party, won their admiration. So that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so busy in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and outhouses. Stories were afloat of a mysterious figure being occasionally seen in some old overgrown trackway or other, remote from turnpike roads; but when a search was instituted in any of these suspected quarters nobody was found. Thus the days and weeks passed without tidings.

In brief, the bass-voiced man of the chimney-corner was never recaptured. Some said that he went across the sea, others that he did not, but buried himself in the depths of a populous city. At any rate, the gentleman in cinder-gray never did his morning's work at Casterbridge, nor met anywhere at all, for business purposes, the genial comrade with whom he had passed an hour of relaxation in the lonely house on the coomb.

The grass has long been green on the graves of Shepherd Fennel and his frugal wife; the guests who made up the christening party have mainly followed their entertainers to the tomb; the baby in whose honor they all had met is a matron in the sear and yellow leaf. But the arrival of the three strangers at the shepherd's that night, and the details connected therewith, is a story as well known as ever in the country about Higher Crowstairs.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

The use of setting to give reality to fiction has seldom been more convincingly employed than in the works of Thomas Hardy (1840–1928), for he makes the scene influence the outcome of the events. He is chiefly famous for a long series of novels presenting impressive pictures of life in southwestern England. So closely associated are his characters with their surroundings that this part of the land is often spoken of as the "Hardy country." In his last years Hardy devoted his talents to the composition of verse. "The Three Strangers," first published in 1883, is a masterly specimen of his manner of telling a story. It now appears in a collection of Hardy's best short stories, entitled *Wessex Tales*.

Questions and Topics

1. Does the story open in an interesting manner? Why does the author give so careful a description of the locality? What details give good ideas of the permanence of things in England? How is contrast utilized in the opening of the story? Show that the introduction moves from the general to the particular. Describe the indecision in the mind of the hostess over the kind of entertainment to provide. How were her plans observed?

2. Why is the word *pastoral* used to describe the dwelling? How does Hardy change the point of view? At what time in the events? What does "snuffing candles" mean? Why was it done?

3. When the first traveler enters, does he seem to you like a traveler or a fugitive? Does the author make you think either, or both? How does he prevent his hostess from asking him too many questions? How do the remarks about his smoking arouse your suspicions? Why do we not see the second and third strangers outside the house, but meet them only as they enter? Why did the first stranger pick up the poker when the second knocked? Point out clearly the difference in behavior of the two strangers at the fireside.

4. How does the drinking stranger outwit Mrs. Fennel? Then how does she get the better of him? Why so much concern about the trades of these strangers? Why did the first stranger say he was a wheelwright? Is it natural for people to ask questions like those in this story? Why is the introduction of the song a better way of giving the second stranger's trade than having him tell it? Why did the first stranger join in the chorus? Why does the author make the third knock timid and hesitating? What did you think when the third stranger turned and fled from the house? Did the author intend that you should think that? Why did the first stranger resume his smoking? Why does he agree with the opinion of the man who first fled from them? Did the report of the gun come at just the proper time?

5. By what two expedients does the author empty the room? Why did he then bring the two strangers back for a conversation? Why the handshake? Do you know what the constable started to say when he ordered the prisoner to surrender "in the name of the Father"? Why was the third stranger relieved at the explanation given by the constable for his arrest? By what detail was the real fugitive identified?

6. Give all the devices by which time is gained for the real prisoner to make his escape certain. Do you share the people's sympathy for him? Why? What is hinted about their actions?

7. Compare this way of telling a story with that in "How Gavin Birse Put It to Mag Lownie." Which is the more convincing? Which gives you a better sense of character? Which holds you in stronger suspense? How do the two stories differ in point or purpose?

8. Where might the story have ended? Is any part unnecessary? Is it likely that the story did outlast the characters? Does this correspond with the history of story telling?

Theme Topics. 1. Write the fugitive's letter to his brother assuring him of his safety. 2. Relate a chance meeting between the constable and the fugitive before the latter had left the district. 3. Recount the incident of the sheep stealing. 4. Report on capital punishment in England before 1825. 5. Arrange class discussions on such topics as the following: (*a*) No offender should suffer capital punishment. (*b*) Criminals are too well treated in modern times. (*c*) The purpose of convictions is prevention of crime, not punishment. (*d*) Motives, not the act itself, determine the guilt of a person charged with crime.

Library Reading. Other stories in *Wessex Tales;* "The Treasure of Franchard," Stevenson (in *The Merry Men*); "Roads of Destiny," O. Henry (in *Roads of Destiny*); "Willow Walk," Lewis (in *Best Short Stories of 1918*); these belong to the "rambling tale" type of story, illustrated by "The Three Strangers."

DROWNE'S WOODEN IMAGE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

One sunshiny morning, in the good old times of the town of Boston, a young carver in wood, well known by the name of Drowne, stood contemplating a large oaken log, which it was his purpose to convert into the figurehead of a vessel. And while he discussed within his own mind what sort of shape or similitude it were well to bestow upon this excellent piece of timber, there came into Drowne's workshop a certain Captain Hunnewell, owner and commander of the good brig called the *Cynosure*, which had just returned from her first voyage to Fayal.

"Ah! that will do, Drowne, that will do!" cried the jolly captain, tapping the log with his rattan. "I bespeak this very piece of oak for the figurehead of the *Cynosure*. She has shown herself the sweetest craft that ever floated, and I mean to decorate her prow with the handsomest image that the skill of man can cut out of timber. And, Drowne, you are the fellow to execute it."

"You give me more credit than I deserve, Captain Hunnewell," said the carver, modestly, yet as one conscious of eminence in his art. "But, for the sake of the good brig, I stand ready to do my best. And which of these designs do you prefer? Here"—pointing to a staring, half-length figure, in a white wig and scarlet coat—"here is an excellent model, the likeness of our gracious king. Here is the valiant Admiral Vernon. Or, if you prefer a female figure, what say you to Britannia with the trident?"

"All very fine, Drowne; all very fine," answered the mariner. "But as nothing like the brig ever swam the ocean, so I am determined she shall have such a figurehead as old Neptune never saw in his life. And what is more, as there is a secret in the matter, you must pledge your credit not to betray it."

"Certainly," said Drowne, marveling, however, what possible mystery there could be in reference to an affair so open, of necessity, to the inspection of all the world as the figurehead of a vessel. "You may depend, Captain, on my being as secret as the nature of the case will permit."

Captain Hunnewell then took Drowne by the button, and communicated his wishes in so low a tone that it would be unmannerly to repeat what was evidently intended for the carver's private ear. We shall, therefore, take the opportunity to give the reader a few desirable particulars about Drowne himself.

He was the first American who is known to have attempted—in a very humble line, it is true—that art in which we can now reckon so many names already distinguished, or rising to distinction.

From his earliest boyhood he had exhibited a knack—for it would be too proud a word to call it genius—a knack, therefore, for the imitation of the human figure in whatever material came most readily to hand. The snows of a New

16. **Fayal**, an island of the Azores. 39. **Admiral Vernon**, Edward Vernon (1684-1757), an English admiral.

41. **Britannia with the trident.** Great Britain was sometimes pictured as a woman holding a three-pronged spear, symbolic of the supremacy of the seas. The idea is taken from mythology, where Neptune is so represented.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

England winter had often supplied him with a species of marble as dazzlingly white, at least, as the Parian or the Carrara, and if less durable, yet sufficiently so to correspond with any claims to permanent existence possessed by the boy's frozen statues. Yet they won admiration from maturer judges than his school-fellows, and were, indeed, remarkably clever, though destitute of the native warmth that might have made the snow melt beneath his hand. As he advanced in life, the young man adopted pine and oak as eligible materials for the display of his skill, which now began to bring him a return of solid silver as well as the empty praise that had been an apt reward enough for his productions of evanescent snow. He became noted for carving ornamental pump heads, and wooden urns for gate posts, and decorations, more grotesque than fanciful, for mantelpieces. No apothecary would have deemed himself in the way of obtaining custom without setting up a gilded mortar, if not a head of Galen or Hippocrates, from the skillful hand of Drowne.

But the great scope of his business lay in the manufacture of figureheads for vessels. Whether it were the monarch himself, or some famous British admiral or general, or the governor of the province, or perchance the favorite daughter of the shipowner, there the image stood above the prow, decked out in gorgeous colors, magnificently gilded, and staring the whole world out of countenance, as if from an innate consciousness of its own superiority. These specimens of native sculpture had crossed the sea in all directions, and been not ignobly noticed among the crowded shipping of the Thames and wherever else the hardy mariners of New England had pushed their adventures. It must be confessed that a family likeness pervaded these respectable progeny of Drowne's skill; that the benign countenance of the King resembled those of his subjects, and that Miss Peggy Hobart, the merchant's daughter, bore a remarkable similitude to Britannia, Victory, and other ladies of the allegoric sisterhood; and, finally, that they all had a kind of wooden aspect which proved an intimate relationship with the unshaped blocks of timber in the carver's workshop. But at least there was no inconsiderable skill of hand, nor a deficiency of any attribute to render them really works of art, except that deep quality, be it of soul or intellect, which bestows life upon the lifeless and warmth upon the cold, and which, had it been present, would have made Drowne's wooden image instinct with spirit.

The captain of the *Cynosure* had now finished his instructions.

"And Drowne," said he, impressively, "you must lay aside all other business and set about this forthwith. And as to the price, only do the job in first-rate style, and you shall settle that point yourself."

"Very well, captain," answered the carver, who looked grave and somewhat perplexed, yet had a sort of smile upon his visage; "depend upon it, I'll do my utmost to satisfy you."

From that moment the men of taste about Long Wharf and the Town Dock who were wont to show their love for the arts by frequent visits to Drowne's workshop, and admiration of his wooden images, began to be sensible of a mystery in the carver's conduct. Often he was absent in the daytime. Sometimes, as might be judged by gleams of light from the shop windows, he was at work until a late hour of

3, 4. **Parian, Carrara.** Paros, an island in the Aegean Sea, and Carrara, a town in Italy, are both famous for their marble. 28, 29. **Galen, Hippocrates,** physicians of ancient Greece.

the evening; although neither knock nor voice, on such occasions, could gain admittance for a visitor, or elicit any word of response. Nothing remarkable, however, was observed in the shop at those hours when it was thrown open. A fine piece of timber, indeed, which Browne was known to have reserved for some work of especial dignity, was seen to be gradually assuming shape. What shape it was destined ultimately to take was a problem to his friends and a point on which the carver himself preserved a rigid silence. But day after day, though Browne was seldom noticed in the act of working upon it, this rude form began to be developed until it became evident to all observers that a female figure was growing into mimic life. At each new visit they beheld a larger pile of wooden chips and a nearer approximation to something beautiful. It seemed as if the hamadryad of the oak had sheltered herself from the unimaginative world within the heart of her native tree, and that it was only necessary to remove the strange shapelessness that had incrusted her, and reveal the grace and loveliness of a divinity. Imperfect as the design, the attitude, the costume, and especially the face of the image still remained, there was already an effect that drew the eye from the wooden cleverness of Browne's earlier productions and fixed it upon the tantalizing mystery of this new project.

Copley, the celebrated painter, then a young man and a resident of Boston, came one day to visit Browne; for he had recognized so much of moderate ability in the carver as to induce him, in the dearth of professional sympathy, to cultivate his acquaintance. On entering the shop, the artist glanced at the inflexible images of king, commander, dame, and allegory, that stood around, on the best of which might have been bestowed the questionable praise that it looked as if a living man had here been changed to wood, and that not only the physical, but the intellectual and spiritual, part, partook of the stolid transformation. But in not a single instance did it seem as if the wood were imbibing the ethereal essence of humanity. What a wide distinction is here! and how far would the slightest portion of the latter merit have outvalued the utmost degree of the former!

"My friend Browne," said Copley, smiling to himself, but alluding to the mechanical and wooden cleverness that so invariably distinguished the images, "you are really a remarkable person! I have seldom met with a man in your line of business that could do so much; for one other touch might make this figure of General Wolfe, for instance, a breathing and intelligent human creature."

"You would have me think that you are praising me highly, Mr. Copley," answered Browne, turning his back upon Wolfe's image in apparent disgust. "But there has come a light into my mind. I know, what you know as well—that the one touch which you speak of as deficient is the only one that would be truly valuable, and that without it these works of mine are no better than worthless abortions. There is the same difference between them and the works of an inspired artist as between a signpost daub and one of your best pictures."

"This is strange," cried Copley, looking him in the face, which now, as the painter fancied, had a singular depth of intelligence, though hitherto it had not given him greatly the advantage over his own family of wooden

39. **Copley**, John (1737-1815), an American historical painter.

71. **General Wolfe**, James (1727-1759), an English general.

images. "What has come over you? How is it that, possessing the idea which you have now uttered, you should produce only such works as these?"

The carver smiled, but made no reply. Copley turned again to the images, conceiving that the sense of deficiency which Drowne had just expressed, and which is so rare in a merely mechanical character, must surely imply a genius, the tokens of which had heretofore been overlooked. But no; there was not a trace of it. He was about to withdraw when his eyes chanced to fall upon a half-developed figure which lay in a corner of the workshop, surrounded by scattered chips of oak. It arrested him at once.

"What is here? Who has done this?" he broke out, after contemplating it in speechless astonishment for an instant. "Here is the divine, the life-giving touch. What inspired hand is beckoning this wood to arise and live? Whose work is this?"

"No man's work," replied Drowne. "The figure lies within that block of oak, and it is my business to find it."

"Drowne," said the true artist, grasping the carver fervently by the hand, "you are a man of genius!"

As Copley departed, happening to glance backward from the threshold, he beheld Drowne bending over the half-created shape, and stretching forth his arms as if he would have embraced and drawn it to his heart; while, had such a miracle been possible, his countenance expressed passion enough to communicate warmth and sensibility to the lifeless oak.

"Strange enough!" said the artist to himself. "Who would have looked for a modern Pygmalion in the person of a Yankee mechanic!"

45. **Pygmalion**, a legendary sculptor and king of Cyprus. He fell in love with an ivory statue he had made, and at his request Aphrodite gave it life.

As yet, the image was but vague in its outward presentment; so that, as in the cloud shapes around the western sun, the observer rather felt, or was led to imagine, than really saw what was intended by it. Day by day, however, the work assumed greater precision, and settled its irregular and misty outline into distincter grace and beauty. The general design was now obvious to the common eye. It was a female figure, in what appeared to be a foreign dress; the gown being laced over the bosom, and opening in front so as to disclose a skirt or petticoat, the folds and inequalities of which were admirably represented in the oaken substance. She wore a hat of singular gracefulness, and abundantly laden with flowers such as never grew in the rude soil of New England, but which, with all their fanciful luxuriance, had a natural truth that it seemed impossible for the most fertile imagination to have attained without copying from real prototypes. There were several little appendages to this dress, such as a fan, a pair of earrings, a chain about the neck, a watch in the bosom, and a ring upon the finger, all of which would have been deemed beneath the dignity of sculpture. They were put on, however, with as much taste as a lovely woman might have shown in her attire, and could therefore have shocked none but a judgment spoiled by artistic rules.

The face was still imperfect; but gradually, by a magic touch, intelligence and sensibility brightened through the features, with all the effect of light gleaming forth from within the solid oak. The face became alive. It was a beautiful, though not precisely regular, and somewhat haughty, aspect, but with a certain piquancy about the eyes and mouth, which, of all expressions, would have seemed the most impossible to throw

over a wooden countenance. And now, so far as carving went, this wonderful production was complete.

"Drowne," said Copley, who had hardly missed a single day in his visits to the carver's workshop, "if this work were in marble it would make you famous at once; nay, I would almost affirm that it would make an era in the art. It is as ideal as an antique statue, and yet as real as any lovely woman whom one meets at a fireside or in the street. But I trust you do not mean to desecrate this exquisite creature with paint, like those staring kings and admirals yonder?"

"Not paint her!" exclaimed Captain Hunnewell, who stood by; "not paint the figurehead of the *Cynosure!* And what sort of a figure should I cut in a foreign port with such an unpainted oaken stick as this over my prow! She must, and she shall, be painted to the life, from the topmost flower in her hat to the silver spangles on her slippers."

"Mr. Copley," said Drowne, quietly, "I know nothing of marble statuary, and nothing of the sculptor's rules of art; but of this wooden image, this work of my hands, this creature of my heart"—and here his voice faltered and choked in a very singular manner—"of this—of her—I may say that I know something. A wellspring of inward wisdom gushed within me as I wrought upon the oak with my whole strength, and soul, and faith. Let others do what they may with marble, and adopt what rules they choose. If I can produce my desired effect by painted wood, those rules are not for me, and I have a right to disregard them."

"The very spirit of genius," muttered Copley to himself. "How otherwise should this carver feel himself entitled to transcend all rules, and make me ashamed of quoting them?"

He looked earnestly at Drowne, and again saw that expression of human love, which, in a spiritual sense, as the artist could not help imagining, was the secret of the life that had been breathed into this block of wood.

The carver, still in the same secrecy that marked all his operations upon this mysterious image, proceeded to paint the habiliments in their proper colors, and the countenance with Nature's red and white. When all was finished he threw open his workshop, and admitted the townspeople to behold what he had done. Most persons, at their first entrance, felt impelled to remove their hats, and pay such reverence as was due to the richly-dressed and beautiful young lady who seemed to stand in a corner of the room, with oaken chips and shavings scattered at her feet. Then came a sensation of fear; as if, not being actually human, yet so like humanity, she must therefore be something preternatural. There was, in truth, an indefinable air and expression that might reasonably induce the query, who and from what sphere this daughter of the oak should be? The strange, rich flowers of Eden on her head; the complexion, so much deeper and more brilliant than those of our native beauties; the foreign, as it seemed, and fantastic garb, yet not too fantastic to be worn decorously in the street; the delicately-wrought embroidery of the skirt; the broad gold chain about her neck; the curious ring upon her finger; the fan, so exquisitely sculptured in openwork, and painted to resemble pearl and ebony — where could Drowne, in his sober walk of life, have beheld the vision here so matchlessly embodied! And then her face! In the dark eyes, and around the voluptuous mouth, there played a look made up of pride, coquetry, and a gleam of mirthfulness, which impressed Copley with the idea that the image was secretly enjoying the perplexing admiration of himself and other beholders.

"And will you," said he to the carv-
r, "permit this masterpiece to become
he figurehead of a vessel? Give the
onest captain yonder figure of Bri-
annia—it will answer his purpose far
etter—and send this fairy queen to
England, where, for aught I know, it
nay bring you a thousand pounds."

"I have not wrought it for money,"
aid Drowne.

"What sort of a fellow is this!"
hought Copley. "A Yankee, and
hrow away the chance of making his
ortune! He has gone mad; and thence
as come this gleam of genius."

There was still further proof of
Drowne's lunacy, if credit were due to
he rumor that he had been seen kneel-
ng at the feet of the oaken lady, and
azing with a lover's passionate ardor
nto the face that his own hands had
reated. The bigots of the day hinted
hat it would be no matter of surprise
f an evil spirit were allowed to enter
his beautiful form, and seduce the
arver to destruction.

The fame of the image spread far
nd wide. The inhabitants visited it
o universally that after a few days of
xhibition there was hardly an old man
r a child who had not become minute-
y familiar with its aspect. Even had
he story of Drowne's wooden image
nded here, its celebrity might have
een prolonged for many years by the
eminiscences of those who looked upon
t in their childhood, and saw nothing
lse so beautiful in after life. But the
own was now astounded by an event,
he narrative of which has formed itself
nto one of the most singular legends
hat are yet to be met with in the tra-
itionary chimney corners of the New
ngland metropolis, where old men
nd women sit dreaming of the past,
nd wag their heads at the dreamers
f the present and the future.

One fine morning, just before the
eparture of the *Cynosure* on her second voyage to Fayal, the commander of that gallant vessel was seen to issue from his residence in Hanover Street. He was stylishly dressed in a blue broadcloth coat, with gold lace at the seams and buttonholes, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, a triangular hat, with a loop and broad binding of gold, and wore a silver-hilted hanger at his side. But the good captain might have been arrayed in the robes of a prince or the rags of a beggar, without in either case attracting notice, while obscured by such a companion as now leaned on his arm. The people in the street started, rubbed their eyes, and either leaped aside from their path, or stood as if transfixed to wood or marble in astonishment.

"Do you see it?—do you see it?" cried one, with tremulous eagerness. "It is the very same!"

"The same?" answered another, who had arrived in town only the night before. "Who do you mean? I see only a sea-captain in his shore-going clothes, and a young lady in a foreign habit, with a bunch of beautiful flowers in her hat. On my word, she is as fair and bright a damsel as my eyes have looked on this many a day!"

"Yes; the same!—the very same!" repeated the other. "Drowne's wooden image has come to life!"

Here was a miracle indeed! Yet, illuminated by the sunshine, or darkened by the alternate shade of the houses, and with its garments fluttering lightly in the morning breeze, there passed the image along the street. It was exactly and minutely the shape, the garb, and the face which the townspeople had so recently thronged to see and admire. Not a rich flower upon her head, not a single leaf, but had had its prototype in Drowne's wooden workmanship, although now their fragile grace had become flexible, and was shaken by every footstep that the

wearer made. The broad gold chain upon the neck was identical with the one represented on the image, and glistened with the motion imparted by the rise and fall of the bosom which it decorated. A real diamond sparkled on her finger. In her right hand she bore a pearl and ebony fan, which she flourished with a fantastic and bewitching coquetry, that was likewise expressed in all her movements as well as in the style of her beauty and the attire that so well harmonized with it. The face, with its brilliant depth of complexion, had the same piquancy of mirthful mischief that was fixed upon the countenance of the image, but which was here varied and continually shifting, yet always essentially the same, like the sunny gleam upon a bubbling fountain. On the whole, there was something so airy and yet so real in the figure, and withal so perfectly did it represent Browne's image, that people knew not whether to suppose the magic wood etherealized into a spirit or warmed and softened into an actual woman.

"One thing is certain," muttered a Puritan of the old stamp, "Browne has sold himself to the devil; and doubtless this gay Captain Hunnewell is a party to the bargain."

"And I," said a young man who overheard him, "would almost consent to be the third victim, for the liberty of saluting those lovely lips."

"And so would I," said Copley, the painter, "for the privilege of taking her picture."

The image, or the apparition, whichever it might be, still escorted by the bold captain, proceeded from Hanover Street through some of the cross lanes that make this portion of the town so intricate, to Ann Street, thence into Dock Square, and so downward to Browne's shop, which stood just on the water's edge. The crowd still followed, gathering volume as it rolled along. Never had a modern miracle occurred in such broad daylight, nor in the presence of such a multitude of witnesses. The airy image, as if conscious that she was the object of the murmurs and disturbance that swelled behind her, appeared slightly vexed and flustered, yet still in a manner consistent with the light vivacity and sportive mischief that were written in her countenance. She was observed to flutter her fan with such vehement rapidity that the elaborate delicacy of its workmanship gave way, and it remained broken in her hand.

Arriving at Browne's door, while the captain threw it open, the marvelous apparition paused an instant on the threshold, assuming the very attitude of the image, and casting over the crowd that glance of sunny coquetry which all remembered on the face of the oaken lady. She and her cavalier then disappeared.

"Ah!" murmured the crowd, drawing a deep breath, as with one vast pair of lungs.

"The world looks darker now that she has vanished," said some of the young men.

But the aged, whose recollections dated as far back as witch times, shook their heads, and hinted that our forefathers would have thought it a pious deed to burn the daughter of the oak with fire.

"If she be other than a bubble of the elements," exclaimed Copley, "I must look upon her face again."

He accordingly entered the shop; and there, in her usual corner, stood the image, gazing at him, as it might seem, with the very same expression of mirthful mischief that had been the farewell look of the apparition when, but a moment before, she turned her face toward the crowd. The carver stood beside his creation mending the

beautiful fan, which by some accident was broken in her hand. But there was no longer any motion in the life-like image, nor any real woman in the workshop, nor even the witchcraft of a sunny shadow, that might have deluded people's eyes as it flitted along the street. Captain Hunnewell, too, had vanished. His hoarse, sea-breezy tones, however, were audible on the other side of a door that opened upon the water.

"Sit down in the stern sheets, my lady," said the gallant captain. "Come, bear a hand, you lubbers, and set us on board in the turning of a minute-glass."

And then was heard the stroke of oars.

"Drowne," said Copley with a smile of intelligence, "you have been a truly fortunate man. What painter or statuary ever had such a subject! No wonder that she inspired a genius into you, and first created the artist who afterwards created her image."

Drowne looked at him with a visage that bore the traces of tears, but from which the light of imagination and sensibility, so recently illuminating it, had departed. He was again the mechanical carver that he had been known to be all his lifetime.

"I hardly understand what you mean, Mr. Copley," said he, putting his hand to his brow. "This image! Can it have been my work? Well, I have wrought it in a kind of dream; and now that I am broad awake I must set about finishing yonder figure of Admiral Vernon."

And forthwith he employed himself on the stolid countenance of one of his wooden progeny, and completed it in his own mechanical style, from which he was never known afterwards to deviate. He followed his business industriously for many years, acquired a competence, and in the latter part of his life attained to a dignified station in the church, being remembered in records and traditions as Deacon Drowne, the carver. One of his productions, an Indian chief, gilded all over, stood during the better part of a century on the cupola of the Province House, bedazzling the eyes of those who looked upward, like an angel of the sun. Another work of the good deacon's hand—a reduced likeness of his friend Captain Hunnewell, holding a telescope and quadrant—may be seen to this day, at the corner of Broad and State Streets, serving in the useful capacity of sign to the shop of a nautical instrument maker. We know not how to account for the inferiority of this quaint old figure, as compared with the recorded excellence of the Oaken Lady, unless on the supposition that in every human spirit there is imagination, sensibility, creative power, genius, which, according to circumstances, may either be developed in this world, or shrouded in a mask of dullness until another state of being. To our friend Drowne there came a brief season of excitement, kindled by love. It rendered him a genius for that one occasion, but, quenched in disappointment, left him again the mechanical carver in wood, without the power even of appreciating the work that his own hands had wrought. Yet who can doubt that the very highest state to which a human spirit can attain, in its loftiest aspirations, is its truest and most natural state, and that Drowne was more consistent with himself when he wrought the admirable figure of the mysterious lady than when he perpetrated a whole progeny of blockheads?

There was a rumor in Boston, about this period, that a young Portuguese lady of rank, on some occasion of political or domestic disquietude, had

fled from her home in Fayal and put herself under the protection of Captain Hunnewell, on board of whose vessel, and at whose residence, she was sheltered until a change of affairs. This fair stranger must have been the original of Browne's Wooden Image.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Does this story begin naturally? Like most stories? Is there an introduction? Where does the introduction end? Is the story long in getting under way? When Browne says, "I'll do my utmost to satisfy you," what do you think the story is going to be about? Can you give the approximate date of the story? On what details do you base your date?

2. Why is Hawthorne careful to call Browne's skill a *knack*, rather than *genius*? How good were Browne's figureheads? How does the author slyly convey this information to us? Did the ship-owners seem to object?

3. Why does the author not tell us the Captain's directions? What led Copley to believe Browne out of his wits? What event astonished you most? Did you at the time foresee any rational explanations?

4. What was the purpose of introducing Copley, the artist, rather than an ordinary city man?

5. Explain the mystery of how Browne produced this masterpiece. Look up the complete story of Pygmalion and Galatea, and point out a possible relation between it and Hawthorne's story.

6. In which sentence does Hawthorne give you the clew to Browne's temporary power? Read it carefully, for it may be called the theme of the story. Show that it does cover every part of the story. Is it a mere fancy or a great truth?

7. Is this a *tale* like "The Three Strangers" or a *short story* like "The Pit and the Pendulum"? Explain fully why you think so (see page 14).

Theme Topics. 1. A great American occupation which this story calls to your mind. 2. Other short stories or novels which are based on American shipping or Colonial New England.

DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

["Questions as to unsettled points of history, and mysteries of Nature, to be asked of a mesmerized person." *American Note-Books*, p. 274.]

That very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, and had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against

her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding farther, I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves; as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said, "Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the center of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now Dr. Heidegger was a very

84. Hippocrates (born B. C. 460), a Greek physician.

strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction-monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five-and-fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five-and-fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first, it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full-blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dew-drops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjuror's show; "pray, how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the 'Fountain of Youth,' " asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce de Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of, two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce de Leon ever find it?" said the Widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear Colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter skeptics as to its renovenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age."

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing. "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands, they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more woefully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water!" cried they, eagerly.

"We are younger—but we are still too old! Quick—give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment, with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service."

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half

the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion? even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle age, and a woman, hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness, caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle-song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror curtsying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass!"

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" replied the complaisant doctor; "see! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset that the chamber had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moon-like splendor gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests, and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved oaken armchair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted

hat very Father Time, whose power ad never been disputed, save by this ortunate company. Even while quaff- ng the third draught of the Fountain f Youth, they were almost awed by ne expression of his mysterious visage. But, the next moment, the exhilarat- ng gush of young life shot through neir veins. They were now in the appy prime of youth. Age, with its iserable train of cares, and sorrows, nd diseases, was remembered only s the trouble of a dream, from which ney had joyously awoke. The fresh loss of the soul, so early lost, and ithout which the world's successive cenes had been but a gallery of faded ictures, again threw its enchantment ver all their prospects. They felt ke new-created beings, in a new- reated universe.

"We are young! We are young!" ney cried exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had ffaced the strongly marked char- cteristics of middle life, and mutually ssimilated them all. They were a roup of merry youngsters, almost naddened with the exuberant frolic- omeness of their years. The most ngular effect of their gayety was n impulse to mock the infirmity and ecrepitude of which they had so ately been the victims. They laughed oudly at their old-fashioned attire, the ide-skirted coats and flapped waist- oats of the young men, and the an- ient cap and gown of the blooming irl. One limped across the floor, like gouty grandfather; one set a pair of pectacles astride of his nose, and retended to pore over the black-letter ages of the book of magic; a third eated himself in an armchair, and rove to imitate the venerable dignity f Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted irthfully, and leaped about the room. he Widow Wycherly—if so fresh a amsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me!" And then the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor, quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara!" cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no, I will be her partner!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand fifty years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp—another threw his arm about her waist—the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalship, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires, ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shriveled grandam.

But they were young; their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening

glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen!—come, Madam Wycherly," exclaimed the doctor, "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still and shivered; for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved armchair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand, the four rioters resumed their seats; the more readily because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds; "it appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chillness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again, so soon!" cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin-lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger; "and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well—I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!"

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon, and night from the Fountain of Youth.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Is the beginning interesting? Are the characters attractive? How much description of them is given? Is any more needed? What phrase points to the possible unreality of all that follows? What do you think the nature of the experiment is to be?

2. Are the stories of the wonders of the study true? How had they been originated? Is such a proceeding natural? Why?

3. How does Hawthorne forecast the Doctor's experiment? By what act? By what seemingly innocent remark?

4. Why did the Doctor prefer to remain old?

5. What is the purpose of the mirror through all the changes? Why is the butterfly such a wonderful detail?

6. Make a list of all the minor details which contribute an effect, or add an emphasis, or afford a contrast, without being essential parts of the material. For instance, is the great book of magic a necessity of the story?

7. Which single incident is most impressive? Which description do you like the best? Read it to the class, making comments at the end, and inviting discussion.

8. As with "Drowne's Wooden Image," give reasons why you would classify this selection as a *tale* or as a *short story*.

Theme Topics. 1. Report to the class on Ponce de Leon and the Fountain of Youth. 2. Imagine Dr. Heidegger holding a conversation with the bust of Hippocrates. Write it, being careful to make it seem natural. Will it be purely fantastic, supernatural, or based on a simple, logical explanation? Will you have to add a third character through whom the story might naturally become known? Will this other person be yourself? Would the Doctor be likely to let you hear him talking with a statue? 3. Imagine some strange story or circumstance concerning the skeleton. Tell or write the story. 4. Describe a wild stormy night, say, Halloween or New Year's Eve or Midsummer Night or the anniversary of some tragedy or accident. Show the changing scenes in the magic mirror.

Library Reading. 1. You will enjoy reading "The Exchange," a modern one-act play by Althea Thurston, in *Contemporary One-Act Plays*, Lewis. The theme of the play is magic power somewhat similar to that of Dr. Heidegger's water of youth. 2. Hawthorne is in many respects the most artistic American story-teller. The class should report on several or all of these stories: "The Ambitious Guest," "The Great Stone Face," "Ethan Brand," "Rappaccini's Daughter," "Feathertop," "Lady Eleanore's Mantle," "Young Goodman Brown," "Roger Malvin's Burial," and any other stories from *Twice-Told Tales* that may be appealing.

REVIEW OF THE SHORT STORY

1. Looking back over the nine stories you have now read, answer the following questions: (*a*) Which has the most interesting beginning? (*b*) Which contains the strongest suspense? Explain how this suspense is attained—by mystery, conflict, or both. (*c*) Which ends in the most thoroughly satisfactory manner? Give your reasons. (*d*) In which is plot the chief interest? (*e*) Which presents the most life-like characters? (*f*) In which is the setting most important in its influence on the way the story turns out? Where is it most interesting in itself?

2. You will probably find it interesting to classify each story as a *tale* or *short story*. Explain what features of each story determine your opinion. In the case of short stories, state the "effect" the writer strove to create.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AS A ROMANCER

AN INTRODUCTION TO "QUENTIN DURWARD"

In studying the nine stories in the first part of this section you have learned some of the ways of getting the most pleasure from reading fiction. For example, you have discovered how to look for conflict or mystery in plots, for contrasts in character, for salient details in the setting. For the fullest enjoyment, however, you ought to think also of the atmosphere of any piece of fiction, the point of view from which it was written. To describe or define this atmosphere you need two new terms—*realistic* and *romantic*. Almost every story or tale or novel can be characterized by one or the other of these two terms, and a proper understanding of them will help to make your reading of literature more profitable and gratifying.

A realistic story or novel deals, in general, with commonplace events and characters. Such fiction pictures the everyday world, and moves among people and situations that appear to us as real as the people and situations we meet with in our daily life or in our travels. For example, the characters in "How Gavin Birse Put It to Mag Lownie" are a humble Scotch postman and a canny Scotch woman who seem to us just as real as our next-door neighbors. The plot concerns a simple, amusing happening that does not seem a flight of the author's imagination, but an actual occurrence. In "The Third Ingredient" O. Henry describes a department store, a ferryboat, and the back room of a cheap boarding-house—all of them prosaic scenes to a city dweller. His characters, too, are familiar figures of metropolitan life. So here again we have a realistic background for a story; but O. Henry chose a *romantic* incident as the plot of his story. He introduces us to a make-believe world where things happen, not as they do in our humdrum lives, but as in our sentimental moments we should like them to happen. He has the millionaire's son and the starving girl artist meet, and leads us to suppose them blissfully happy.

Thus we see that an author may combine romance and realism. Or he may make his story completely realistic or completely romantic. Later on, when we take up the study of George Eliot's *Silas Marner*, we shall learn more about the purely realistic story. Just now we shall go more into detail concerning purely romantic fiction, since our next selection is one of the most famous examples of this type of literature ever written.

Often writers place their romantic stories in far-away lands or in ages long ago; they know that distance in space or time makes it easier for us to believe in their wonderful persons and scenes. They seek the unusual. Thus Dr. Heidegger conducts his magical experiment in a study filled with mysterious volumes. Poe places the scene of "The Pit and the Pendulum" in Spain before the end of the Inquisition. Remoteness from the dull surroundings of our daily life seems to be a passport to romance.

Romance, then, deals with the extraordinary, the marvelous, and runs its course far away from the monotonous routine of life. Sometimes it pictures the ideal, where events turn out according to our imagination and desire. Sometimes it wings its way among the unsubstantial, spiritual adventures of the mind or soul. One of the authors we have already studied —Hawthorne—is a master of this second type of romance. Equally great, but in another type of romance, is Sir Walter Scott. As a preparation for understanding Scott's *Quentin Durward*, which is our next selection, let us analyze the contribution of both of these authors to romantic literature.

Hawthorne (1804–1864), the greatest American master of romance, was of a New England family tracing its line directly from the early settlers, later sea captains,

nd a judge in the witchcraft trials. From is Puritan ancestry he inherited a habit f self-analysis and a consciousness of the nfluence of sin on human destiny. When e began to write he developed ideas he ad thought about, rather than tales or ketches he had made up. Germs of these editations he jotted down in notebooks such useful records are not confined to chool studies, you see), which served as eminders of possible themes later. If you ook back at "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" you will find at the beginning a uotation from the notebooks which indicates from how slight a suggestion he ould evolve a story. From such simple eginnings he developed his finished tories, tales, and long romances. The unreality of the subject he blended delicately ith the reality of the incident. Dwelling or a long time upon his themes, writing owly and fastidiously, he produced a tyle exactly suited to create the supernatural impression he sought. He is a master of mood, of atmosphere, because he an make words and phrases do his will. His style is the most rounded, the most revealing, the most magical, of any merican author.

This question of style is so important or your enjoyment of the finest authors hat you ought to try to understand it. To efine real literature satisfactorily is not asy. Let us put down a sentence which ill serve as an introductory definition. *iterature is material worth telling clothed n language worth reading.* A person might evelop a beautiful style, one quite worth eading, yet have nothing worth telling. n the other hand, a writer might conceive ideas of great worth, yet record them n so inferior a style as to weaken their alue. The style in which anything is ritten is always the most difficult element or a reader or student of literature to rasp, in spite of the fact that every eader is conscious of it. How often has ome friend tried to tell you of an interesting story he has read, and finally, seeing hat you do not share his enthusiasm, amely excused his halting recital of its erits by explaining, "Well, you see, it's ot so much the story as the way it's ritten." That admission is his tribute to the power of the author's style. If now, he should go back to the story, read it more attentively than before, concentrating his thoughts upon "the way it's written," he will have started to form a taste for style.

A comparison of Hawthorne and the next author will furnish you with material for such an exercise of your keenness. Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), greatest of all modern English romancers, began to write in verse. You probably know at least one of his good verse tales, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, The Lady of the Lake.* The reading public of Great Britain seized upon these with amazing relish. But soon after this Lord Byron, one of whose poems is contained in this volume, published some narratives in verse; these were so well received that Scott's poetic romances, though still read, fell off in popularity, and so he quite naturally and wisely turned from verse to prose.

In selecting subjects for his prose romances, Scott sought remoteness in both time and locality. *Ivanhoe* carries the reader back to the struggles in England during the reign of the dashing and attractive Crusader King, Richard Cœur de Lion. Other books of the series deal with Mary, Queen of Scots, the Earl of Leicester and the intrigues of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, or the strange fortunes of such English monarchs as James I and Charles II. Turning to France in *Quentin Durward,* Scott chose a series of events in the reign of Louis XI. Others of the total of twenty-five volumes touch Wales, Switzerland, Germany, Palestine, Constantinople. In time they stretch from 1098 until 1812.

Composing with such rapidity that he could finish two-thirds of one book in three weeks, all of another in three months, dictate all of another and most of *Ivanhoe* from a sick-bed, Scott could not revise, rework, and rearrange as did Hawthorne, who worked much more slowly. Rapidity of composition prevents care in style.

The first important difference, then, between Hawthorne and Scott is the difference in style. The quiet and brooding melancholy of the Puritan is in the writing of Hawthorne; the exuberance and vitality of many generations of men of action is

everywhere present in the writing done by Scott. This fact leads quite naturally to another difference that can be illustrated by the selections given in this book. It is that the action in Hawthorne's stories takes place in the soul; the scene of action in the stories of Scott is in the external world. Hawthorne sees in the deed merely an external manifestation of the spiritual state which produced it, and he is interested in the results it brings in the world of the spirit. Scott, on the other hand, is interested in the deed for itself and for the results it brings in this present world.

Let us examine this second difference a little more. Recall the scene and action of Hawthorne's story, "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment." The story is based on the legend about the Fountain of Youth. You know that the Spanish explorer, Ponce de Leon, thought that he would actually find this fountain in Florida. Let us see how Hawthorne used such a myth for building up his story. Suppose, he says, such a magic fountain could be found. Would it be a good and happy thing if a group of old people could be suddenly restored to youth? Above all, what would be the mental and spiritual result of such a restoration? Around such questions Hawthorne created his story. Now if Scott had taken the same legend as the basis of a romance, he would have treated it very differently. He would have given us a lively and exciting story about the Spanish explorer and his men. He would have shown us the physical dangers through which they passed, and throughout his story of these deeds he would probably have weaved a romantic love story ending in the marriage of the hero and the heroine.

Thus we see that Hawthorne and Scott wrote entirely different kinds of romances, and that their style also was different. Hawthorne wrote of adventures of mind and soul, and his style was deliberate, designed to produce certain effects; Scott wrote of adventures of the external world, and his style was hasty, dashing, vivid.

From the remarks already made you must not conclude that Scott is an unskillful writer. On the contrary, he overcomes the difficulty of historical romance with absorbing success. Placing his tale in some stirring period of history did not tie his hand or fetter his imagination. You may think that history is history, that the romancer can proceed only according to known facts. But does the general public know so much of past events? Only in the broadest outlines, merely as great splashes of color. The romance-writer can change the events to serve his purpose. If a certain effect in a book suggested the killing of a woman, Scott could contrive a murder so convincing to the readers that it would supplant in their minds the fact that she died a natural death years later. Time could be telescoped, events suppressed, characters omitted, and a score of other literary devices introduced to enhance the story. The greatest difficulty, however, that confronts the writer of historical romance, comes from the fact that his chief personages are apt to be great men and that the general courses of their lives and their endings are unalterable. So Scott very wisely does not make his *plot* depend on the changes of fortune which befall the well-known persons of history; he could not violate too flagrantly the circumstances of their careers. But near them, about them, he could place *imagined* characters whose lives depended upon the actions, successes, and failures of the actual characters from history. This is exactly what he does in the romance you are about to read.

Scott chose for *Quentin Durward* a stirring period of French history. In the latter part of the fifteenth century there was bitter enmity between Charles the Bold of Burgundy and Louis XI of France. Louis XI was calm, deliberate, and crafty, while Charles was reckless. Nevertheless Charles was continually growing in independence, thus endangering the dominions of Louis. So much Scott tells you in the first chapter. Keeping this in mind, you may begin your reading of Chapter II.

QUENTIN DURWARD

Sir Walter Scott

CHAPTER II

THE WANDERER

'Why, then, the world is my oyster, which with sword will open.

Ancient Pistol.

It was upon a delicious summer morning, before the sun had assumed its scorching power, and while the dews yet cooled and perfumed the air, that a youth, coming from the northeastward, approached the ford of a small river, or rather a large brook, tributary to the Cher, near to the Royal Castle of Plessis-lès-Tours, whose dark and multiplied battlements rose in the background over the extensive forest with which they were surrounded. These woodlands comprised a noble chase, or royal park, fenced by a inclosure, termed, in the Latin of the middle ages, *plexitium*, which gives the name of Plessis to so many villages in France. The castle and village of which we particularly speak was called Plessis-lès-Tours, to distinguish it from others, and was built about two miles to the southward of the fair town of that name, the capital of ancient Touraine, whose rich plain has been termed the Garden of France.

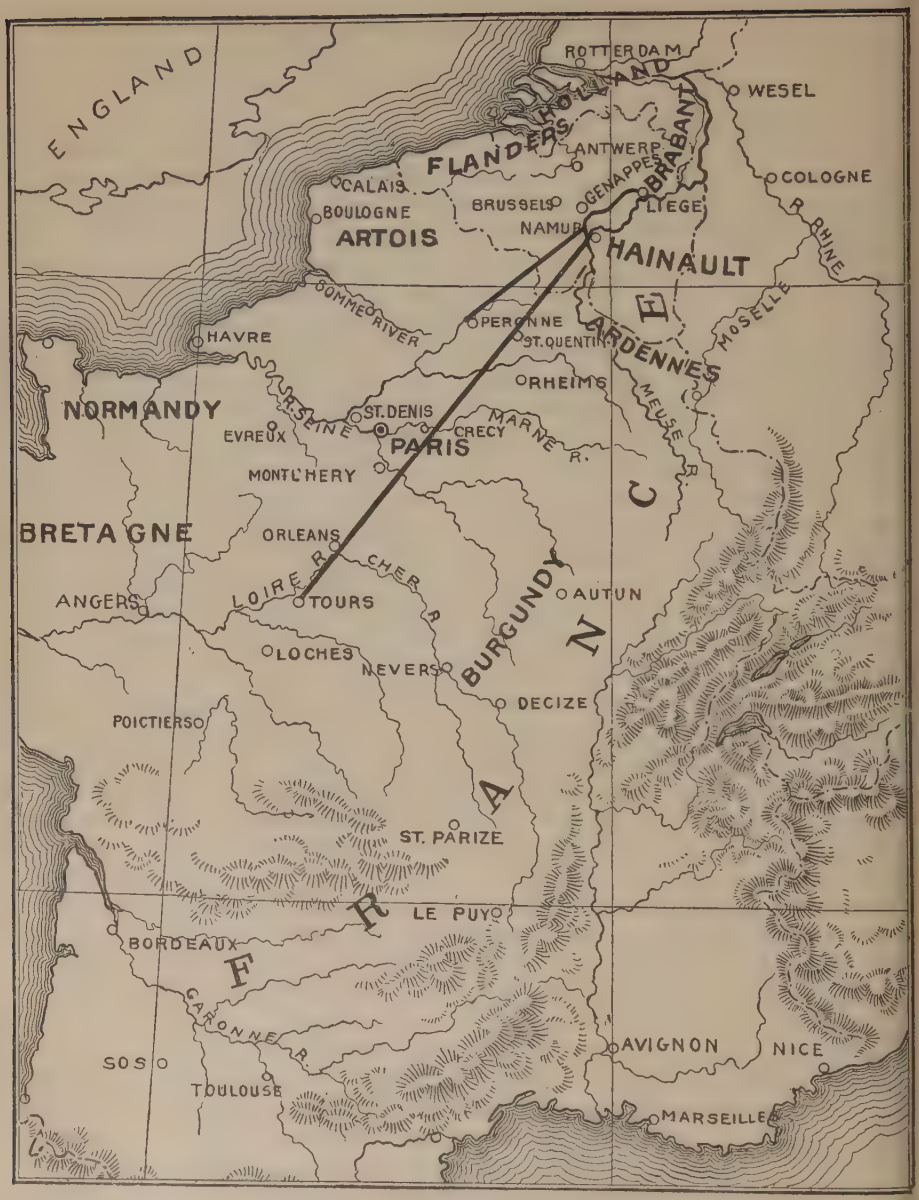
On the bank of the above-mentioned brook, opposite to that which the traveler was approaching, two men, who appeared in deep conversation, seemed, from time to time, to watch his motions; for, as their station was much more elevated, they could remark him at considerable distance.

The age of the young traveler might be about nineteen, or betwixt that and twenty, and his face and person, which were very prepossessing, did not, however, belong to the country in which he was now a sojourner. His short gray cloak and hose were rather of Flemish than of French fashion, while the smart blue bonnet, with a single sprig of holly and an eagle's feather, was already recognized as the Scottish headgear. His dress was very neat, and arranged with the precision of a youth conscious of possessing a fine person. He had at his back a satchel, which seemed to contain a few necessaries, a hawking gauntlet on his left hand, though he carried no bird, and in his right a stout hunter's pole. Over his left shoulder hung an embroidered scarf which sustained a small pouch of scarlet velvet, such as was then used by fowlers of distinction to carry their hawks' food, and other matters belonging to that much-admired sport. This was crossed by another shoulder-belt, to which was hung a hunting-knife, or *couteau de chasse*. Instead of the boots of the period, he wore buskins of half-dressed deerskin.

Although his form had not yet attained its full strength, he was tall and active, and the lightness of the step with which he advanced showed that his pedestrian mode of traveling was pleasure rather than pain to him. His complexion was fair, in spite of a general shade of darker hue, with which the foreign sun, or perhaps con-

8. **Cher**, a river of west-central France. 9. **Plessis-lès-Tours**, a ruined castle near Tours, in west-central France, noted as the residence of Louis XI. 24. **Touraine**, an ancient province of France, now Indre-et-Loire.

41. **Flemish**, of Flanders, an old district of Europe, which comprised parts of the present countries of Belgium, Holland, and France. 61. **couteau de chasse**, French for "hunting-knife."



MAP FOR "QUENTIN DURWARD"

QUENTIN'S JOURNEY FROM PLESSIS LES TOURS TO LIEGE, AND THENCE TO PERONNE IS SHOWN BY THE BLACK LINE

ant exposure to the atmosphere in his
vn country, had in some degree em-
rowned it.

His features, without being quite
gular, were frank, open, and pleas-
g. A half smile, which seemed to
ise from a happy exuberance of ani-
al spirits, showed, now and then,
at his teeth were well set, and as
re as ivory; whilst his bright blue
e, with a corresponding gayety, had
appropriate glance for every object
hich it encountered, expressing good-
mor, lightness of heart, and deter-
ined resolution.

He received and returned the saluta-
on of the few travelers who fre-
ented the road in those dangerous
mes with the action which suited
ch. The strolling spearman, half
ldier, half brigand, measured the
uth with his eye, as if balancing the
ospect of booty with the chance of
sperate resistance; and read such
dications of the latter in the fearless
ance of the passenger that he changed
s ruffian purpose for a surly "Good-
orrow, comrade," which the young
ot answered with as martial, though
less sullen, tone. The wandering
lgrim or the begging friar answered
s reverend greeting with a paternal
nedicite; and the dark-eyed peasant
rl looked after him for many a step
ter they had passed each other, and
terchanged a laughing "Good-
orrow." In short, there was an
traction about his whole appearance
t easily escaping attention, and
hich was derived from the combina-
on of fearless frankness and good-
mor with sprightly looks and a
ndsome face and person. It seemed,
o, as if his whole demeanor bespoke
e who was entering on life with no
prehension of the evils with which
is beset, and small means for strug-
ing with its hardships, except a lively
spirit and a courageous disposition;
and it is with such tempers that youth
most readily sympathizes, and for
whom chiefly age and experience feel
affection and pitying interest.

The youth whom we have described
had been long visible to the two per-
sons who loitered on the opposite side
of the small river which divided him
from the park and the castle; but as
he descended the rugged bank to the
water's edge, with the light step of a
roe which visits the fountain, the
younger of the two said to the other,
"It is our man—it is the Bohemian!
If he attempts to cross the ford, he is
a lost man; the water is up, and the
ford impassable."

"Let him make that discovery him-
self, gossip," said the elder personage;
"it may, perchance, save a rope, and
break a proverb."

"I judge him by the blue cap," said
the other, "for I cannot see his face.
Hark, sir; he hallooes to know whether
the water be deep."

"Nothing like experience in this
world," answered the other; "let him
try."

The young man, in the meanwhile,
receiving no hint to the contrary, and
taking the silence of those to whom
he applied as an encouragement to
proceed, entered the stream without
further hesitation than the delay
necessary to take off his buskins.
The elder person, at the same mo-
ment, hallooed to him to beware, add-
ing, in a lower tone, to his companion,
"*Mortdieu,* gossip, you have made an-
other mistake; this is not the Bohe-
mian chatterer."

But the intimation to the youth
came too late. He either did not hear
or could not profit by it, being already
in the deep stream. To one less alert

3. **benedicite**, blessing.

68. **gossip**, friend, companion. 69. **save a rope**, etc., referring to the old proverb "Who's born to be drowned will not be hanged." 88. **Mortdieu**, God's death, a mild French oath.

and practiced in the exercise of swimming, death had been certain, for the brook was both deep and strong.

"By St. Anne! but he is a proper youth," said the elder man. "Run, gossip, and help your blunder by giving him aid, if thou canst. He belongs to thy own troop; if old saws speak truth, water will not drown him."

Indeed, the young traveler swam so strongly, and buffeted the waves so well, that, notwithstanding the strength of the current, he was carried but a little way down from the ordinary landing-place.

By this time the younger of the two strangers was hurrying down to the shore to render assistance, while the other followed him at a graver pace, saying to himself as he approached, "I knew water would never drown that young fellow. By my halidom, he is ashore, and grasps his pole! If I make not the more haste, he will beat my gossip for the only charitable action which I ever saw him perform, or attempt to perform, in the whole course of his life."

There was some reason to augur such a conclusion of the adventure, for the bonny Scot had already accosted the younger Samaritan, who was hastening to his assistance, with these ireful words, "Discourteous dog! why did you not answer when I called to know if the passage was fit to be attempted? May the foul fiend catch me, but I will teach you the respect due to strangers on the next occasion!"

This was accompanied with that significant flourish with his pole which is called *le moulinet*, because the artist, holding it in the middle, brandishes the two ends in every direction, like the sails of a windmill in motion. His opponent, seeing himself thus menaced, laid hand upon his sword, for he was one of those who on all occasions are more ready for action than for speech; but his more considerate comrade, who came up, commanded him to forbear, and, turning to the young man, accused him in turn of precipitation in plunging into the swollen ford, and of intemperate violence in quarreling with a man who was hastening to his assistance.

The young man, on hearing himself thus reproved by a man of advanced age and respectable appearance, immediately lowered his weapon, and said, "He would be sorry if he had done them injustice; but, in reality, it appeared to him as if they had suffered him to put his life in peril for want of a word of timely warning, which could be the part neither of honest men nor of good Christians, far less of respectable burgesses, such as they seemed to be."

"Fair son," said the elder person, "you seem, from your accent and complexion, a stranger; and you should recollect your dialect is not so easily comprehended by us as perhaps it may be uttered by you."

"Well, father," answered the youth, "I do not care much about the ducking I have had, and I will readily forgive your being partly the cause, provided you will direct me to some place where I can have my clothes dried; for it is my only suit, and I must keep it somewhat decent."

"For whom do you take us, fair son?" said the elder stranger, in answer to this question.

"For substantial burgesses, unquestionably," said the youth; "or, hold—you, master, may be a money-broker or a corn-merchant, and this man a butcher or grazier."

"You have hit our capacities rarely," said the elder, smiling. "My business is indeed to trade in as much money as

4. **proper**, handsome. 8. **saw**, saying; see note on line 69, page 119. 22. **halidom**, holiness, i. e., sacred honor. 32. **Samaritan**, see *Luke* x, 30-37. 42. **le moulinet**, French for "the small mill."

can; and my gossip's dealings are omewhat of kin to the butcher's. As o your accommodation, we will try to erve you; but I must first know who ou are, and whither you are going; r, in these times, the roads are filled ith travelers on foot and horseback ho have anything in their head but onesty and the fear of God."

The young man cast another keen d penetrating glance on him who oke, and on his silent companion, as doubtful whether they, on their part, erited the confidence they demanded; d the result of his observation was as llows:

The eldest and most remarkable of ese men, in dress and appearance, sembled the merchant or shopkeeper the period. His jerkin, hose, and oak were of a dark uniform color, but orn so threadbare that the acute ung Scot conceived that the wearer ust be either very rich or very poor, robably the former. The fashion of e dress was close and short—a kind garments which were not then held ecorous among gentry, or even the perior class of citizens, who generally ore loose gowns which descended elow the middle of the leg.

The expression of this man's coun-enance was partly attractive and artly forbidding. His strong features, nk cheeks, and hollow eyes had, evertheless, an expression of shrewd-ess and humor congenial to the char-ter of the young adventurer. But en, those same sunken eyes, from nder the shroud of thick black eye-rows, had something in them that as at once commanding and sinister. erhaps this effect was increased by e low fur cap, much depressed on the rehead, and adding to the shade om under which those eyes peered t; but it is certain that the young ranger had some difficulty to recon-

cile his looks with the meanness of his appearance in other respects. His cap, in particular, in which all men of any quality displayed either a brooch of gold or of silver, was ornamented with a paltry image of the Virgin, in lead, such as the poorer sort of pilgrims bring from Loretto.

His comrade was a stout-formed, middle-sized man, more than ten years younger than his companion, with a down-looking visage and a very ominous smile, when by chance he gave way to that impulse, which was never, except in reply to certain secret signs that seemed to pass between him and the elder stranger. This man was armed with a sword and dagger; and, underneath his plain habit, the Scotsman observed that he concealed a *jazeran*, or flexible shirt of linked mail, which, as being often worn by those, even of peaceful professions, who were called upon at that perilous period to be frequently abroad, confirmed the young man in his conjecture that the wearer was by profession a butcher, grazier, or something of that description, called upon to be much abroad.

The young stranger, comprehending in one glance the result of the observation which has taken us some time to express, answered, after a moment's pause, "I am ignorant whom I may have the honor to address," making a slight reverence at the same time; "but I am indifferent who knows that I am a cadet of Scotland, and that I come to seek my fortune in France, or elsewhere, after the custom of my countrymen."

"*Pasques-dieu!* and a gallant custom it is," said the elder stranger. "You seem a fine young springald, and at the right age to prosper, whether among

jerkin, a close-fitting, short jacket.

56. **Loretto**, a town in Italy, said to possess, within a shrine, the house in which Jesus lived in Nazareth. 86. **cadet**, a gentleman volunteer soldier. 90. **Pasques-dieu**, literally, the "risen Lord," a mild oath. 92. **springald**, a lively youth.

men or women. What say you? I am a merchant, and want a lad to assist in my traffic. I suppose you are too much a gentleman to assist in such mechanical drudgery?"

"Fair sir," said the youth, "if your offer be seriously made, of which I have my doubts, I am bound to thank you for it, and I thank you accordingly; but I fear I should be altogether unfit for your service."

"What!" said the senior, "I warrant thou knowest better how to draw the bow than how to draw a bill of charges—canst handle a broadsword better than a pen—ha!"

"I am, master," answered the young Scot, "a braeman, and therefore, as we say, a bowman. But besides that, I have been in a convent, where the good fathers taught me to read and write, and even to cipher."

"*Pasques-dieu!* that is too magnificent," said the merchant. "By our Lady of Embrun, thou art a prodigy, man!"

"Rest you merry, fair master," said the youth, who was not much pleased with his new acquaintance's jocularity, "I must go dry myself, instead of standing dripping here, answering questions."

The merchant only laughed louder as he spoke, and answered, "*Pasques-dieu!* the proverb never fails—*fier comme un Écossois:* but come, youngster, you are of a country I have a regard for, having traded in Scotland in my time—an honest poor set of folks they are; and, if you will come with us to the village, I will bestow on you a cup of burnt sack and a warm breakfast, to atone for your drenching. But, *tête-bleau,* what do you with a hunting-glove on your hand? Know you not there is no hawking permitted in a royal chase?"

"I was taught that lesson," answered the youth, "by a rascally forester of the Duke of Burgundy. I did but fly the falcon I had brought with me from Scotland, and that I reckoned on for bringing me into some note, at a heron near Péronne, and the rascally *schelm* shot my bird with an arrow."

"What did you do?" said the merchant.

"Beat him," said the youngster, brandishing his staff, "as near to death as one Christian man should belabor another. I wanted not to have his blood to answer for."

"Know you," said the burgess, "that, had you fallen into the Duke of Burgundy's hands, he would have hung you up like a chestnut?"

"Aye, I am told he is as prompt as the King of France for that sort of work. But, as this happened near Péronne, I made a leap over the frontiers, and laughed at him. If he had not been so hasty, I might perhaps have taken service with him."

"He will have a heavy miss of such a paladin as you are, if the truce should break off," said the merchant, and threw a look at his own companion, who answered him with one of the downcast, lowering smiles, which gleamed along his countenance, enlivening it as a passing meteor enlivens a winter sky.

The young Scot suddenly stopped, pulled his bonnet over his right eyebrow, as one that would not be ridiculed, and said firmly, "My masters, and especially you, sir, the elder, and who should be the wiser, you will find, I presume, no sound or safe jesting

18. **braeman**, Highlander. 25. **Lady of Embrun**, an image of the Virgin in the town of Embrun, France. 35. **fier comme un Écossois**, proud as a Scotchman. 42. **sack**, a light wine. 44. **tête-bleau**, an exclamation. 50. **Duke of Burgundy**, Charles the Bold, a powerful French Duke (ruled 1467-1477). 54. **Péronne**, a town in northern France. 55. **schelm**, scoundrel. 69. **King**, Louis XI (1423-1483). 76. **paladin**, brave warrior.

at my expense. I do not altogether like the tone of your conversation. I can take a jest with any man, and a rebuke, too, from my elder, and say 'Thank you, sir,' if I know it to be deserved; but I do not like being borne in hand as if I were a child, when, God wot, I find myself man enough to belabor you both, if you provoke me too far."

The eldest man seemed like to choke with laughter at the lad's demeanor; his companion's hand stole to his sword-hilt, which the youth observing dealt him a blow across the wrist, which made him incapable of grasping it; while his companion's mirth was only increased by the incident. "Hold — hold," he cried, "most doughty Scot, even for thine own dear country's sake; and you, gossip, forbear your menacing look. *Pasques-dieu!* let us be just traders, and set off the wetting against the knock on the wrist, which was given with so much grace and alacrity. And, hark ye, my young friend," he said to the young man with a grave sternness which, in spite of all the youth could do, damped and overawed him, "no more violence. I am no fit object for it, and my gossip, as you may see, has had enough of it. Let me know your name."

"I can answer a civil question civilly," said the youth; "and will pay fitting respect to your age, if you do not urge my patience with mockery. Since I have been here in France and Flanders, men have called me, in their fantasy, the Varlet with the Velvet Pouch, because of this hawk purse which I carry by my side; but my true name, when at home, is Quentin Durward."

"Durward!" said the querist; "is it a gentleman's name?"

"By fifteen descents in our family," said the young man; "and that makes me reluctant to follow any other trade than arms."

"A true Scot! Plenty of blood, plenty of pride, and right great scarcity of ducats, I warrant thee. Well, gossip," he said to his companion, "go before us, and tell them to have some breakfast ready yonder at the Mulberry Grove; for this youth will do as much honor to it as a starved mouse to a housewife's cheese. And for the Bohemian—hark in my ear——"

His comrade answered by a gloomy but intelligent smile, and set forward at a round pace, while the elder man continued, addressing young Durward, "You and I will walk leisurely forward together, and we may take a mass at St. Hubert's chapel in our way through the forest; for it is not good to think of our fleshly before our spiritual wants."

Durward, as a good Catholic, had nothing to object against this proposal, although he might probably have been desirous, in the first place, to have dried his clothes and refreshed himself. Meanwhile, they soon lost sight of their downward-looking companion, but continued to follow the same path which he had taken, until it led them into a wood of tall trees, mixed with thickets and brushwood, traversed by long avenues, through which were seen, as through a vista, the deer trotting in little herds with a degree of security which argued their consciousness of being completely protected.

"You asked me if I were a good bowman," said the young Scot. "Give me a bow and a brace of shafts, and you shall have a piece of venison in a moment."

"*Pasques-dieu!* my young friend," said his companion, "take care of that; my gossip yonder hath a special

8. **wot**, knows. 40. **Varlet**, boy, page.

53. **ducat**, a gold coin. 67. **St. Hubert**, the traditional patron saint of hunters.

eye to the deer; they are under his charge, and he is a strict keeper."

"He hath more the air of a butcher than of a gay forester," answered Durward. "I cannot think yon hang-dog look of his belongs to anyone who knows the gentle rules of woodcraft."

"Ah, my young friend," answered his companion, "my gossip hath somewhat an ugly favor to look upon at the first; but those who become acquainted with him never are known to complain of him."

Quentin Durward found something singularly and disagreeably significant in the tone with which this was spoken; and, looking suddenly at the speaker, thought he saw in his countenance, in the slight smile that curled his upper lip, and the accompanying twinkle of his keen, dark eye, something to justify his unpleasing surprise. "I have heard of robbers," he thought to himself, "and of wily cheats and cut-throats; what if yonder fellow be a murderer, and this old rascal his decoy-duck? I will be on my guard; they will get little by me but good Scottish knocks."

While he was thus reflecting, they came to a glade, where the large forest trees were more widely separated from each other, and where the ground beneath, cleared of underwood and bushes, was clothed with a carpet of the softest and most lovely verdure, which, screened from the scorching heat of the sun, was here more beautifully tender than it is usually to be seen in France. The trees in this secluded spot were chiefly beeches and elms of huge magnitude, which rose like great hills of leaves into the air. Amidst these magnificent sons of the earth, there peeped out, in the most open spot of the glade, a lowly chapel, near which trickled a small rivulet. Its architecture was of the rudest and most simple kind; and there was a very small lodge beside it, for the accommodation of a hermit or solitary priest, who remained there for regularly discharging the duty of the altar. In a small niche, over the arched doorway, stood a stone image of St. Hubert, with the bugle-horn around his neck and a leash of greyhounds at his feet. The situation of the chapel in the midst of a park or chase so richly stocked with game made the dedication to the sainted huntsman peculiarly appropriate.

Toward this little devotional structure the old man directed his steps, followed by young Durward; and, as they approached, the priest, dressed in his sacerdotal garments, made his appearance, in the act of proceeding from his cell to the chapel, for the discharge, doubtless, of his holy office. Durward bowed his body reverently to the priest, as the respect due to his sacred office demanded; whilst his companion, with an appearance of still more deep devotion, knelt on one knee to receive the holy man's blessing, and then followed him into church, with a step and manner expressive of the most heartfelt contrition and humility.

The inside of the chapel was adorned in a manner adapted to the occupation of the patron saint while on earth. The richest furs of such animals as are made the objects of the chase in different countries supplied the place of tapestry and hangings around the altar and elsewhere, and the characteristic emblazonments of bugles, bows, quivers, and other emblems of hunting, surrounded the walls, and were mingled with the heads of deer, wolves, and other animals considered beasts of sport. The whole adornments took an appropriate and silvan character; and the mass itself, being considerably shortened, proved to be of that sort which is called a "hunting-mass," be-

cause in use before the noble and powerful, who, while assisting at the solemnity, are usually impatient to commence their favorite sport.

Yet, during this brief ceremony, Durward's companion seemed to pay the most rigid and scrupulous attention; while Durward, not quite so much occupied with religious thoughts, could not forbear blaming himself in his own mind for having entertained suspicions derogatory to the character of so good and so humble a man. Far from now holding him as a companion and accomplice of robbers, he had much to do to forbear regarding him as a saint-like personage.

When mass was ended, they retired together from the chapel, and the elder said to his young comrade, "It is but a short walk from hence to the village; you may now break your fast with an unprejudiced conscience; follow me."

Turning to the right, and proceeding along a path which seemed gradually to ascend, he recommended to his companion by no means to quit the track, but, on the contrary, to keep the middle of it as nearly as he could. Durward could not help asking the cause of this precaution.

"You are now near the court, young man," answered his guide; "and, *Pasques-dieu!* there is some difference betwixt walking in this region and on your own heathy hills. Every yard of this ground, excepting the path which we now occupy, is rendered dangerous, and well-nigh impracticable, by snares and traps, armed with scythe-blades, which shred off the unwary passenger's limb as sheerly as a hedge-bill lops a hawthorn-sprig, and caltrops that would pierce your foot through, and pitfalls deep enough to bury you in them forever; for you are now within the precincts of the royal demesne, and we shall presently see the front of the château."

"Were I the King of France," said the young man, "I would not take so much trouble with traps and gins, but would try instead to govern so well that no man should dare to come near my dwelling with a bad intent; and for those who came there in peace and good-will, why, the more of them, the merrier we should be."

His companion looked round affecting an alarmed gaze, and said, "Hush —hush, Sir Varlet with the Velvet Pouch! for I forgot to tell you that one great danger of these precincts is that the very leaves of the trees are like so many ears, which carry all which is spoken to the King's own cabinet."

"I care little for that," answered Quentin Durward; "I bear a Scottish tongue in my head bold enough to speak my mind to King Louis's face, God bless him! and for the ears you talk of, if I could see them growing on a human head, I would crop them out of it with my wood-knife."

45. **caltrop**, a four-pointed piece of iron so made that when laid on the ground one point stuck up.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

Before the careful reading of Chapter II, Chapter I should be read at home or in the library, so that an intelligent beginning of the story may be made.

Questions and Topics

1. What is the material of Chapter I? What purpose has it? Is this a good beginning for a story? Why? Is the setting well presented? What are you led to expect?

2. What part of France is concerned here? What indicates the youth's nationality?

3. Give your impressions of the two men whom the youth meets. Does the merchant interest you? Do you like the lad? Why? What is humorous about his account of what he did to the bowman? Which incidents show the youth's character? Which incident interests you most?

4. Has the real story begun, or is this chapter mainly preliminary? What purpose does it serve?

5. Describe the chapel. What is peculiar about it? Who or what do you think Durward's guide may be? Give your reasons. Is he likely to be an important character in the story? Is anything finished at the end of the chapter, or something begun? Explain fully. Is there any relation between this method and the increase of interest and suspense?

Outside Reading.—Having studied the beginning of the story, you should, between now and the date of the next recitation in *Quentin Durward*, read at home or in the library the material between Chapter II and Chapter XIV, "The Journey." This covers one definitely marked section of the entire story. When the class next considers this outside reading—some four or seven days after the beginning lesson—you should be prepared to discuss the intervening chapters from many different angles.

Before you begin this outside reading, glance over the study plan (the questions listed below) so that you will be working upon a definite program. No one pupil should be expected to cover all the work listed. Preliminary distribution of some of the longer assignments, or their omission, will bring the work quite within a week's time. When you have finished this part of the book you should glance back to fix in your mind some of the answers needed for recitation. Notes made during the first reading or during the rapid review may be of help to many. It is a good plan, however, in this kind of study of literature, to fix matters in the mind by a single perusal, so that the mind will retain most of what the eye sees. Then no external aids or supports will be required, and your memory will be developed.

Chapters III-XIII

1. Did you wish to stop at the end of Chapter XIII or to read on? Why? Does this section form a fairly marked unit? Explain what its unifying theme is. What new development of the story do you now anticipate? On what do you base your answer? How many sets of characters are in the plot thus far? Do they indicate different threads of the plot? Are they running parallel, or do they touch at times? Make your answers to these questions as definite as you can.

2. Draw a plan or sketch of the Castle, based on the description in Chapter III (and later sections). Bring to class pictures, to illustrate such a building.

3. With what single event did the plot begin to develop? What have been the direct consequences of that event? The indirect ones? Recount the steps by which Quentin advances in favor and position. Describe Quentin's uncle. Explain his profession and his position.

4. Have you changed your first opinion of any of the characters? Explain why. Are your opinions based entirely upon the story, or do they depend upon other factors?

5. How had Quentin made friends? Enemies? What parts do they play in the story? What is Quentin's first extraordinary adventure? What are the subsequent ones? Which do you think is told in the best manner? Explain your choice.

6. Explain the parts played by the gypsies (Bohemians) so far in the story. What relation is there between them and the Court? How do they affect Quentin? Show how the phrase "in the nick of time" may be applied to certain adventures and events. How many solutions of tense situations depend upon coincidences? Do they seem natural?

7. With what event does a feminine interest enter the story? Does it recur? When? Where? Has it a bearing on any of Quentin's actions? Does it provide a new element in the development of the plot? How does it help to produce contrast?

8. Are the members of the Court gracefully or awkwardly brought in by Scott? Do you feel that you must know them all? Which are described best? What strange contrasts are there in the Court? What surprise for Quentin? Did you anticipate it? Which qualities of the King make him attractive? Which make him repulsive?

9. Is there the beginning of a struggle in the scene of the Court? Is such a thing a good framework for a story? What other stories that you know are based on such a general plan?

10. Does Scott use the great figures of history for the main characters of his story, or as centers around which persons created by his imagination act? What affairs of the kingdom are introduced as part of the story? Show the relation of the main characters to these affairs.

11. Relate the events of the boar hunt which bear directly on the plot. Is Quentin likely to succeed in the Court? Why did the King not punish Quentin for sleeping?

12. Describe accurately the predicament of the Princess of Croye. What was to be done with her? What complications has she caused? What does Louis decide to do with her? How is his plan to be carried out? Why is Quentin chosen to help?

13. How does Scott end many of his chapters? What is the effect of this device upon a reader? Cite marked instances.

14. Identify the following characters by telling the parts played by them in the story: Princess Joan, Oliver Dain, Duke of Orleans, Count of Crèvecœur, William de la Marck, Le Balafré, Tristan l'Hermite, Trois-Eschelles, Galeotti, Lord Crawford, Jacqueline, Madame Perette.

ORAL OR WRITTEN COMPOSITIONS AND REPORTS

1. In a connected series of oral compositions, the class may relate in an interesting manner, as though to a person unfamiliar with the book, the story so far. Every pupil should organize the material to cover one event or description.

2. In combination with the oral discussions, an outside report may be prepared, or a composition written in class. The list given here is merely suggestive. From the knowledge of Scott and the reading of the first thirteen chapters can be drawn enough topics to provide every pupil with a different theme.

Theme Topics. 1. How Scott uses historical material. 2. A knight of France. 3. The situation of France. 4. Contrasts in the character of Louis. 5. Knights-errant. 6. The soldier of fortune. 7. Position of women in the fifteenth century. 8. Superstition then and now. 9. A stout right arm. 10. Court pageantry. 11. Suspense in this book. 12. Surprise and coincidence. 13. How the plot is developed. 14. A castle of France. 15. Knightly sports. 16. Scott's descriptions. 17. How common men rose in power. 18. How plans go wrong. 19. Astrology, past and present. 20. A topical outline of the story. 21. A list of words added to your vocabulary.

CHAPTER XIV

THE JOURNEY

I see thee yet, fair France; thou favored land
Of art and Nature, thou art still before me;
Thy sons, to whom their labor is a sport,
So well thy grateful soil returns its tribute;
Thy sunburnt daughters, with their laughing eyes
And glossy raven-locks. But favored France,
Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell,
In ancient times as now.

Anonymous.

Avoiding all conversation with anyone, for such was his charge, Quentin Durward proceeded hastily to array himself in a strong, but plain, cuirass, with thigh and arm pieces, and placed on his head a good steel cap without any visor. To these was added a handsome cassock of chamois leather, finely dressed, and laced down the seams with some embroidery, such as might become a superior officer in a noble household.

These were brought to his apartment by Oliver, who, with his quiet, insinuating smile and manner, acquainted him that his uncle had been summoned to mount guard purposely that he might make no inquiries concerning these mysterious movements.

"Your excuse will be made to your kinsman," said Oliver, smiling again; "and, my dearest son, when you return safe from the execution of this pleasing trust, I doubt not you will be found worthy of such promotion as will dispense with your accounting for your motions to anyone, while it will place you at the head of those who must render an account of theirs to you."

So spoke Oliver le Diable, calculating, probably, in his own mind the great chance there was that the poor youth whose hand he squeezed affectionately as he spoke must necessarily encounter death or captivity in the commission entrusted to his charge. He added to his fair words a small purse of gold, to defray necessary expenses on the road, as a gratuity on the King's part.

At a few minutes before twelve at midnight, Quentin, according to his directions, proceeded to the second courtyard, and paused under the Dauphin's Tower, which, as the reader

4. **cuirass**, a metal breastplate. 8. **cassock**, a military cloak.

knows, was assigned for the temporary residence of the Countesses of Croye. He found, at this place of rendezvous, the men and horses appointed to compose the retinue, leading two sumpter mules already loaded with baggage, and holding three palfreys for the two countesses and a faithful waiting-woman, with a stately war-horse for himself, whose steel-plated saddle glanced in the pale moonlight. Not a word of recognition was spoken on either side. The men sat still in their saddles, as if they were motionless; and by the same imperfect light Quentin saw with pleasure that they were all armed, and held long lances in their hands. They were only three in number; but one of them whispered to Quentin, in a strong Gascon accent, that their guide was to join them beyond Tours.

Meantime, lights glanced to and fro at the lattices of the tower, as if there was bustle and preparation among its inhabitants. At length, a small door, which led from the bottom of the tower to the court, was unclosed, and three females came forth, attended by a man wrapped in a cloak. They mounted in silence the palfreys which stood prepared for them, while their attendant on foot led the way, and gave the passwords and signals to the watchful guards, whose posts they passed in succession. Thus they at length reached the exterior of these formidable barriers. Here the man on foot, who had hitherto acted as their guide, paused, and spoke low and earnestly to the two foremost females.

"May Heaven bless you, sire," said a voice which thrilled upon Quentin Durward's ear, "and forgive you, even if your purposes be more interested than your words express! To be placed in safety under the protection of the good Bishop of Liége is the utmost extent of my desire."

The person whom she thus addressed muttered an inaudible answer and retreated back through the barrier-gate, while Quentin thought that, by the moon-glimpse, he recognized in him the King himself, whose anxiety for the departure of his guests had probably induced him to give his presence, in case scruples should arise on their part or difficulties on that of the guards of the castle.

When the riders were beyond the castle, it was necessary for some time to ride with great precaution, in order to avoid the pitfalls, snares, and similar contrivances which were placed for the annoyance of strangers. The Gascon was, however, completely possessed of the clue to this labyrinth, and in a quarter of an hour's riding they found themselves beyond the limits of Plessis le Parc, and not far distant from the city of Tours.

The moon, which had now extricated herself from the clouds through which she was formerly wading, shed a full sea of glorious light upon a landscape equally glorious. They saw the princely Loire rolling his majestic tide through the richest plain in France, and sweeping along between banks ornamented with towers and terraces, and with olives and vineyards. They saw the walls of the city of Tours, the ancient capital of Touraine, raising their portal towers and embattlements white in the moonlight, while from within their circle rose the immense Gothic mass which the devotion of the sainted Bishop Perpetuus erected as early as the fifth century, and which the zeal of Charlemagne and his successors had enlarged with such architectural splendor

5. **sumpter**, pack. 20. **Gascon**, from Gascony, an ancient province of southwestern France.

92. **Charlemagne** (742-814), a famous emperor, ruling over parts of what is now Italy, Germany and France.

as rendered it the most magnificent church in France. The towers of the church of St. Gatien were also visible, and the gloomy strength of the castle, which was said to have been, in ancient times, the residence of the Emperor Valentinian.

Even the circumstances in which he was placed, though of a nature so engrossing, did not prevent the wonder and delight with which the young Scottishman, accustomed to the waste, though impressive, landscape of his own mountains, and the poverty even of his country's most stately scenery, looked on a scene which art and Nature seemed to have vied in adorning with their richest splendor. But he was recalled to the business of the moment by the voice of the elder lady, pitched at least an octave higher than those soft tones which bade adieu to King Louis, demanding to speak with the leader of the band. Spurring his horse forward, Quentin respectfully presented himself to the ladies in that capacity, and thus underwent the interrogatories of the Lady Hameline.

"What was his name, and what his degree?"

He told both.

"Was he perfectly acquainted with the road?"

"He could not," he replied, "pretend to much knowledge of the route, but he was furnished with full instructions, and he was, at their first resting-place, to be provided with a guide in all respects competent to the task of directing their farther journey; meanwhile, a horseman who had just joined them, and made the number of their guard four, was to be their guide for the first stage."

"And wherefore were you selected for such a duty, young gentleman?" said the lady. "I am told you are the same youth who was lately upon guard in the gallery in which we met the Princess of France. You seem young and inexperienced for such a charge; a stranger, too, in France, and speaking the language as a foreigner."

"I am bound to obey the commands of the King, madam, but am not qualified to reason on them," answered the young soldier.

"Are you of noble birth?" demanded the same querist.

"I may safely affirm so, madam," replied Quentin.

"And are you not," said the younger lady, addressing him in her turn, but with a timorous accent, "the same whom I saw when I was called to wait upon the King at yonder inn?"

Lowering his voice, perhaps from similar feelings of timidity, Quentin answered in the affirmative.

"Then, methinks, my cousin," said the Lady Isabelle, addressing the Lady Hameline, "we must be safe under this young gentleman's safeguard; he looks not, at least, like one to whom the execution of a plan of treacherous cruelty upon two helpless women could be with safety entrusted."

"On my honor, madam," said Durward, "by the fame of my house, by the bones of my ancestry, I could not for France and Scotland, laid into one, be guilty of treachery or cruelty toward you!"

"You speak well, young man," said the Lady Hameline, "but we are accustomed to hear fair speeches from the King of France and his agents. It was by these that we were induced, when the protection of the Bishop of Liége might have been attained with less risk than now, or when we might have thrown ourselves on that of Wenceslaus of Germany or of Edward

7. **Valentinian**, Roman Emperor (364-375), who warred against the people of France.

94. **Wenceslaus**, German King. 94. **Edward**, Edward IV (1442-1483), King of England.

of England, to seek refuge in France. And in what did the promises of the King result? In an obscure and shameful concealing of us, under plebeian names, as a sort of prohibited wares, in yonder paltry hostelry, when we, who, as thou knowest, Marthon (addressing her domestic), never put on our head-tire save under a canopy, and upon a dais of three degrees, were compelled to attire ourselves standing on the simple floor, as if we had been two milkmaids."

Marthon admitted that her lady spoke a most melancholy truth.

"I would that had been the sorest evil, dear kinswoman," said the Lady Isabelle; "I could gladly have dispensed with state."

"But not with society," said the elder countess; "that, my sweet cousin, was impossible."

"I would have dispensed with all, my dearest kinswoman," answered Isabelle, in a voice which penetrated to the very heart of her young conductor and guard—"with all, for a safe and honorable retirement. I wish not—God knows, I never wished —to occasion war betwixt France and my native Burgundy, or that lives should be lost for such as I am. I only implored permission to retire to the convent of Marmoutier or to any other holy sanctuary."

"You spoke then like a fool, my cousin," answered the elder lady, "and not like a daughter of my noble brother. It is well there is still one alive who hath some of the spirit of the noble house of Croye. How should a highborn lady be known from a sunburnt milkmaid save that spears are broken for the one and only hazel-poles shattered for the other? I tell you, maiden, that while I was in the very earliest bloom, scarcely older than yourself, the famous passage of arms at Haflinghem was held in my honor; the challengers were four, the assailants so many as twelve. It lasted three days, and cost the lives of two adventurous knights, the fracture of one backbone, one collar-bone, three legs and two arms, besides flesh-wounds and bruises beyond the heralds' counting; and thus have the ladies of our house ever been honored. Ah! had you but half the heart of your noble ancestry, you would find means at some court, where ladies' love and fame in arms are still prized, to maintain a tournament, at which your hand should be the prize, as was that of your great-grandmother of blessed memory at the spear-running of Strasbourg; and thus should you gain the best lance in Europe to maintain the rights of the house of Croye, both against the oppression of Burgundy and the policy of France."

"But, fair kinswoman," answered the younger countess, "I have been told by my old nurse that, although the Rhinegrave was the best lance at the great tournament at Strasbourg, and so won the hand of my respected ancestor, yet the match was no happy one, as he used often to scold, and sometimes even to beat, my great-grandmother of blessed memory."

"And wherefore not?" said the elder countess, in her romantic enthusiasm for the profession of chivalry—"why should those victorious arms, accustomed to deal blows when abroad, be bound to restrain their energies at home? A thousand times rather would I be beaten twice a day by a husband whose arm was as much feared by others as by me than be the wife of a coward, who dared neither to lift hand to his wife nor to anyone else!"

"I should wish you joy of such an

10. degrees, steps. 34. Marmoutier, an abbey on the outskirts of Tours.

66. Strasbourg, Strasburg, a town in Alsace. 75. Rhinegrave, title of the feudal lord of the Rhine county.

active mate, fair aunt," replied Isabelle, "without envying you; for if broken bones be lovely in tourneys, there is nothing less amiable in ladies' bower."

"Nay, but the beating is no necessary consequence of wedding with a knight of fame in arms," said the Lady Hameline; "though it is true that our ancestor of blessed memory, the Rhinegrave Gottfried, was something rough-tempered, and addicted to the use of *Rheinwein*. The very perfect knight is a lamb among ladies and a lion among lances. There was Thibault of Montigni—God be with him!—he was the kindest soul alive, and not only was he never so discourteous as to lift hand against his lady, but by our good dame, he who beat all enemies without doors found a fair foe who could belabor him within. Well, 'twas his own fault. He was one of the challengers at the passage of Haflinghem, and so well bestirred himself that, if it had pleased Heaven, and your grandfather, there might have been a lady of Montigni who had used his gentle nature more gently."

The Countess Isabelle, who had some reason to dread this passage of Haflinghem, it being a topic upon which her aunt was at all times very diffuse, suffered the conversation to drop; and Quentin, with the natural politeness of one who has been gently nurtured, dreading lest his presence might be a restraint on their conversation, rode forward to join the guide, as if to ask him some questions concerning the route.

Meanwhile, the ladies continued their journey in silence, or in such conversation as is not worth narrating, until day began to break; and as they had been on horseback for several hours, Quentin, anxious lest they should be fatigued, became impatient to know their distance from the nearest resting-place.

"I will show it you," answered the guide, "in half an hour."

"And then you leave us to other guidance?" continued Quentin.

"Even so, seignior archer," replied the man; "my journeys are always short and straight. When you and others, seignior archer, go by the bow, I always go by the cord."

The moon had by this time long been down, and the lights of dawn were beginning to spread bright and strong in the east, and to gleam on the bosom of a small lake, on the verge of which they had been riding for a short space of time. This lake lay in the midst of a wide plain, scattered over with single trees, groves, and thickets; but which might be yet termed open, so that objects began to be discerned with sufficient accuracy. Quentin cast his eye on the person whom he rode beside, and under the shadow of a slouched, overspreading hat, which resembled the sombrero of a Spanish peasant, he recognized the facetious features of the same Petit-André whose fingers, not long since, had, in concert with those of his lugubrious brother, Trois-Eschelles, been so unpleasantly active about his throat. Impelled by aversion not altogether unmixed with fear—for in his own country the executioner is regarded with almost superstitious horror—which his late narrow escape had not diminished, Durward instinctively moved his horse's head to the right, and pressing him at the same time with the spur, made a demivolt, which separated him eight feet from his hateful companion.

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" exclaimed Petit-André; "by our Lady of the Grève, our young soldier remembers us of

91. **demivolt**, jump sideways. 95. **Grève**, a public place of execution in Paris; hence the appropriate oath here.

old. What! comrade, you bear no malice, I trust? Everyone wins his bread in this country. No man need be ashamed of having come through my hands, for I will do my work with any that ever tied a living weight to a dead tree. And God hath given me grace to be such a merry fellow withal. Ha! ha! ha! I could tell you such jests I have cracked between the foot of the ladder and the top of the gallows, that, by my halidom, I have been obliged to do my job rather hastily, for fear the fellows should die with laughing, and so shame my mystery!"

As he thus spoke, he edged his horse sideways, to regain the interval which the Scot had left between them, saying at the same time, "Come, seignior archer, let there be no unkindness betwixt us! For my part, I always do my duty without malice, and with a light heart, and I never love a man better than when I have put my scant-of-wind collar about his neck, to dub him knight of the order of St. Patibularius, as the provost's chaplain, the worthy Father Vaconeldiablo, is wont to call the patron saint of the provostry."

"Keep back, thou wretched object!" exclaimed Quentin, as the finisher of the law again sought to approach him closer, "or I shall be tempted to teach you the distance that should be betwixt men of honor and such an outcast."

"La you there, how hot you are!" said the fellow. "Had you said men of *honesty*, there had been some savor of truth in it; but for men of *honor*, good lack, I have to deal with them, every day, as nearly and closely as I was about to do business with you. But peace be with you, and keep your company to yourself. I would have bestowed a flagon of Auvernât upon you to wash away every unkindness; but 'tis like you scorn my courtesy. Well. Be as churlish as you list; I never quarrel with my customers—my jerry-come-tumbles, my merry dancers, my little playfellows, as Jacques Butcher says to his lambs—those, in fine, who, like your seigniorship, have H. E. M. P. written on their foreheads. No—no, let them use me as they list, they shall have my good service at last; and yourself shall see, when you next come under Petit-André's hands, that he knows how to forgive an injury."

So saying, and summing up the whole with a provoking wink and such an interjectional *tchick* as men quicken a dull horse with, Petit-André drew off to the other side of the path, and left the youth to digest the taunts he had treated him with, as his proud Scottish stomach best might. A strong desire had Quentin to have belabored him while the staff of his lance could hold together; but he put a restraint on his passion, recollecting that a brawl with such a character could be creditable at no time or place, and that a quarrel of any kind, on the present occasion, would be a breach of duty, and might involve the most perilous consequences. He therefore swallowed his wrath at the ill-timed and professional jokes of Monsieur Petit-André, and contented himself with devoutly hoping that they had not reached the ears of his fair charge, on which they could not be supposed to make an impression in favor of himself, as one obnoxious to such sarcasms. But he was speedily aroused from such thoughts by the cry of both the ladies at once, "Look back—look back! For the love of Heaven look to yourself and us; we are pursued!"

15. **mystery**, occupation. 26. **St. Patibularius**, derived from the Latin *patibulum*, a fork-shaped gibbet. 28. **Father Vaconeldiablo**, probably made up of a combination of four Spanish words, "goes with the devil."

47. **Auvernât**, wine from Auvergne, a former name of one of the provinces of France.

Quentin hastily looked back, and saw that two armed men were in fact following them, and riding at such a pace as must soon bring them up with their party. "It can," he said, "be only some of the provostry making their rounds in the forest. Do thou look," he said to Petit-André, "and see what they may be."

Petit-André obeyed; and rolling himself jocosely in the saddle after he had made his observations, replied, "These, fair sir, are neither your comrades nor mine—neither archers nor marshal's-men; for I think they wear helmets, with visors lowered, and gorgets of the same. A plague upon these gorgets, of all other pieces of armor! I have fumbled with them an hour before I could undo the rivets."

"Do you, gracious ladies," said Durward, without attending to Petit-André, "ride forward, not so fast as to raise an opinion of your being in flight, and yet fast enough to avail yourselves of the impediment which I shall presently place between you and these men who follow us."

The Countess Isabelle looked to their guide, and then whispered to her aunt, who spoke to Quentin thus, "We have confidence in your care, fair archer, and will rather abide the risk of whatever may chance in your company than we will go onward with that man, whose mien is, we think, of no good augury."

"Be it as you will, ladies," said the youth. "There are but two who come after us; and though they be knights, as their arms seem to show, they shall, if they have any evil purpose, learn how a Scottish gentleman can do his *devoir* in the presence and for the defense of such as you. Which of you there," he continued, addressing the guards whom he commanded, "is willing to be my comrade, and to break a lance with these gallants?"

Two of the men obviously faltered in resolution; but the third, Bertrand Guyot, swore "that, *cap de Diou*, were they knights of King Arthur's Round Table, he would try their mettle for the honor of Gascony."

While he spoke, the two knights—for they seemed of no less rank—came up with the rear of the party, in which Quentin, with his sturdy adherent, had by this time stationed himself. They were fully accoutered in excellent armor of polished steel, without any device by which they could be distinguished.

One of them, as they approached, called out to Quentin, "Sir squire, give place; we come to relieve you of a charge which is above your rank and condition. You will do well to leave these ladies in our care, who are fitter to wait upon them, especially as we know that in yours they are little better than captives."

"In return to your demand, sirs," replied Durward, "know, in the first place, that I am discharging the duty imposed upon me by my present sovereign; and next, that however unworthy I may be, the ladies desire to abide under my protection."

"Out, sirrah!" exclaimed one of the champions; "will you, a wandering beggar, put yourself on terms of resistance against belted knights?"

"They are indeed terms of resistance," said Quentin, "since they oppose your insolent and unlawful aggression; and if there be difference of rank between us, which as yet I know not, your discourtesy has done it away. Draw your sword, or, if you will use the lance, take ground for your career."

44. **devoir**, duty.

52. **cap de Diou**, a mild oath. 84. **belted**, entitled to wear belt and sword because of their rank. 93. **career**, in a tournament, the encounter.

While the knights turned their horses and rode back to the distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, Quentin, looking to the ladies, bent low on his saddle-bow, as if desiring their favorable regard, and as they streamed toward him their kerchiefs in token of encouragement, the two assailants had gained the distance necessary for their charge.

Calling to the Gascon to bear himself like a man, Durward put his steed into motion; and the four horsemen met in full career in the midst of the ground which at first separated them. The shock was fatal to the poor Gascon; for his adversary, aiming at his face, which was undefended by a visor, ran him through the eye into the brain, so that he fell dead from his horse.

On the other hand, Quentin, though laboring under the same disadvantage, swayed himself in the saddle so dexterously that the hostile lance, slightly scratching his cheek, passed over his right shoulder; while his own spear, striking his antagonist fair upon the breast, hurled him to the ground. Quentin jumped off to unhelm his fallen opponent; but the other knight, who had never yet spoken, seeing the fortune of his companion, dismounted still more speedily than Durward, and bestriding his friend, who lay senseless, exclaimed, "In the name of God and St. Martin, mount, good fellow, and get thee gone with thy woman's ware! *Ventre St. Gris*, they have caused mischief enough this morning."

"By your leave, sir knight," said Quentin, who could not brook the menacing tone in which this advice was given, "I will first see whom I have had to do with, and learn who is to answer for the death of my comrade."

39. **Ventre St. Gris**, a mild oath.

"That shalt thou never live to know or to tell," answered the knight. "Get thee back in peace, good fellow. If we were fools for interrupting your passage, we have had the worst, for thou hast done more evil than the lives of thou and thy whole band could repay. Nay, if thou *wilt* have it (for Quentin now drew his sword and advanced on him), take it with a vengeance!"

So saying he dealt the Scot such a blow on the helmet as till that moment, though bred where good blows were plenty, he had only read of in romance. It descended like a thunderbolt, beating down the guard which the young soldier had raised to protect his head, and reaching his helmet of proof, cut it through so far as to touch his hair, but without further injury; while Durward, dizzy, stunned, and beaten down on one knee, was for an instant at the mercy of the knight, had it pleased him to second his blow. But compassion for Quentin's youth, or admiration of his courage, or a generous love of fair play, made him withhold from taking such advantage; while Durward, collecting himself, sprang up and attacked his antagonist with the energy of one determined to conquer or die, and at the same time with the presence of mind necessary for fighting the quarrel out to the best advantage.

Resolved not again to expose himself to such dreadful blows as he had just sustained, he employed the advantage of superior agility, increased by the comparative lightness of his armor, to harass his antagonist, by traversing on all sides, with a suddenness of motion and rapidity of attack against which the knight in his heavy panoply found it difficult to defend himself without much fatigue.

91. **traversing**, moving around.

It was in vain that this generous antagonist called aloud to Quentin, "That there now remained no cause of fight betwixt them, and that he was loath to be constrained to do him injury." Listening only to the suggestions of a passionate wish to redeem the shame of his temporary defeat, Durward continued to assail him with the rapidity of lightning—now menacing him with the edge, now with the point of his sword; and ever keeping such an eye on the motions of his opponent, of whose superior strength he had had terrible proof, that he was ready to spring backward, or aside, from under the blows of his tremendous weapon.

"Now the devil be with thee for an obstinate and presumptuous fool," muttered the knight, "that cannot be quiet till thou art knocked on the head!"

So saying, he changed his mode of fighting, collected himself as if to stand on the defensive, and seemed contented with parrying, instead of returning, the blows which Quentin unceasingly aimed at him, with the internal resolution that the instant when either loss of breath or any false or careless pass of the young soldier should give an opening, he would put an end to the fight by a single blow. It is likely he might have succeeded in this artful policy, but Fate had ordered it otherwise.

The duel was still at the hottest, when a large party of horse rode up, crying, "Hold, in the King's name!" Both champions stepped back; and Quentin saw with surprise that his captain, Lord Crawford, was at the head of the party who had thus interrupted their combat. There was also Tristan l'Hermite, with two or three of his followers; making, in all, perhaps twenty horse.

40. **Hold**, stop.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

Chapter XIV, "The Journey," should be read in class, or carefully prepared outside class, for detailed discussion. It serves to launch the plot upon another phase of its development, and is therefore well suited for analysis as another starting-point for individual reading.

Questions and Topics

1. Does a journey make interesting narrative material? Why do teachers of composition warn you against writing "accounts of trips"? Why are they good in fiction? What books contain excellent stories of travel—yet are admirable fiction? Is this chapter good?

2. Which lady do you prefer? Why? Is Quentin in a predicament? Why? Why is the Lady Hameline made so eccentric?

3. How is contrast of action secured? Where do you learn the end of the adventure? Does this encounter remind you of anything in any other book, such as *Ivanhoe*?

4. Why does the chapter end where it does? Do you wish to read on? What do you desire to find out?

Outside Reading. Your next reading assignment should extend through Chapter XXVI. If desired, this may be reported upon at two different class sessions by choosing from the following study suggestions and questions those which are pertinent:

1. In a series of oral reports cover all the principal events of this section. Avoid including too many details.

2. After Quentin's combat with the attacking pair, what does he learn of them? Does this make his predicament any easier? How does this incident advance the story? Does it provide any more enmities? To what does the verse about the boar refer?

3. Show how the Bohemian adds a romantic touch. What does Quentin learn from him? What is his plan? How does he carry it out? How was palmistry related to this phase of the journey? What was the effect upon the gypsy?

4. Tell of Quentin's experiences in the city of Liége. What was the temper of the townspeople? What do they do? How do their acts concern Quentin? Why does Scott send the Lady Hameline with Quentin? Why did Scott take such pains to make Quentin secure friends among the syndics of Liége?

5. Describe the gathering in the great hall. Give a clear account of William de la Marck. Which incident shows his character? Why is he painted so black? Will the feeling of the

Countess toward Quentin change if she is restored to her equals? Describe their flight from the city. What is their relation to each other? What danger threatens them? How do they escape?

6. What are the present relations between Louis and the Duke of Burgundy? How did they come about? How is all this conveyed to the reader? Is this more interesting than if Scott himself told it? Why does Crèvecœur predict that his news will cause an explosion? How many threads of the story are being brought together? Which characters have been out of the story for several chapters?

7. Describe the meeting of Louis and Burgundy. How much sincerity could rulers show in those days? Are there modern instances of the same practices?

8. Was Louis really pleased to hear that the ladies of Croye were safe? Explain your answer. Why are such changes of fortune, of feeling, of disposition, put into stories? How does the end of the chapter (XXVI) make you feel toward Louis?

9. List the instances of humor in this section. Retell several of them.

10. What definite things do you believe the remainder of the story must clear up? Which of these should be treated last?

11. Identify the following characters by telling the parts played by them in the story: Peter, Trudchen, Campo-Basso, Marthon, Rouge Sanglier, Cardinal Balue, Hayraddin, Pavillon, Hans Glover, Nikkel Blok, Carl Eberson.

ORAL OR WRITTEN COMPOSITIONS AND REPORTS

1. An informal debate may be arranged upon the statement: Quentin should have renounced all allegiance to King Louis.

2. Upon a large sheet of paper or board space put down at wide intervals five or six entries which suggest the chief events between the departure of the two ladies from the Castle and Quentin's arrival at Péronne. Under each topic put the main events which belong to it. Continue adding minor details until a rather elaborate outline is prepared. This may be done individually, or by the class as a whole producing a group outline.

3. Continue the list of words added to your vocabulary.

Theme Topics. Compositions may be written outside school or in class upon such topics as the following: 1. Armor and weapons of the period. 2. The instability of governments. 3. How local color is suggested. 4. Unreal portions of the book. 5. Characters introduced for special needs. 6. How realism is secured. 7. Villainous characters; their purpose, their natures. 8. Draw upon your imagination and write an amplified version of some detail in the story. 9. The career of a page or squire. 10. Court jesters. 11. Minor importance of the love story. 12. The dual nature of King Louis.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE EXPLOSION

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud.

THOMSON'S *Summer*.

The preceding chapter, agreeable to its title, was designed as a retrospect, which might enable the reader fully to understand the terms upon which the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy stood together, when the former, moved, partly perhaps by his belief in astrology, which was represented as favorable to the issue of such a measure, and in a great measure doubtless by the conscious superiority of his own powers of mind over those of Charles, had adopted the extraordinary, and upon any other ground altogether inexplicable, resolution of committing his person to the faith of a fierce and exasperated enemy—a resolution also the more rash and unaccountable, as there were various examples in that stormy time to show that safe-conducts, however solemnly plighted, had proved no assurance for those in whose favor they were conceived; and indeed the murder of the Duke's grandfather, at the bridge of Montereau, in presence of the father of Louis, and at an interview solemnly agreed upon for the establishment of peace and amnesty, was a horrible precedent, should the Duke be disposed to resort to it.

But the temper of Charles, though rough, fierce, headlong, and unyielding, was not, unless in the full tide of

passion, faithless or ungenerous, faults which usually belong to colder dispositions. He was at no pains to show the King more courtesy than the laws of hospitality positively demanded; but, on the other hand, he evinced no purpose of overleaping their sacred barriers.

On the following morning after the King's arrival, there was a general muster of the troops of the Duke of Burgundy, which were so numerous and so excellently appointed that, perhaps, he was not sorry to have an opportunity of displaying them before his great rival. Indeed, while he paid the necessary compliment of a vassal to his suzerain, in declaring that these troops were the King's, and not his own, the curl of his upper lip and the proud glance of his eye intimated his consciousness that the words he used were but empty compliment, and that his fine army, at his own unlimited disposal, was as ready to march against Paris as in any other direction. It must have added to Louis's mortification that he recognized, as forming part of this host, many banners of French nobility, not only of Normandy and Bretagne, but of provinces more immediately subjected to his own authority, who from various causes of discontent, had joined and made common cause with the Duke of Burgundy.

True to his character, however, Louis seemed to take little notice of these malcontents, while, in fact, he was revolving in his mind the various means by which it might be possible to detach them from the banners of Burgundy and bring them back to his own, and resolved for that purpose that he would cause those to whom he attached the greatest importance to be secretly sounded by Oliver and other agents.

He himself labored diligently, but at the same time cautiously, to make interest with the Duke's chief officers and advisers, employing for that purpose the usual means of familiar and frequent notice, adroit flattery, and liberal presents; not, as he represented, to alienate their faithful services from their noble master, but that they might lend their aid in preserving peace betwixt France and Burgundy—an end so excellent in itself, and so obviously tending to the welfare of both countries, and of the reigning princes of either.

The notice of so great and so wise a King was in itself a mighty bribe; promises did much, and direct gifts, which the customs of the time permitted the Burgundian courtiers to accept without scruple, did still more. During a boar hunt in the forest, while the Duke, eager always upon the immediate object, whether business or pleasure, gave himself entirely up to the ardor of the chase, Louis, unrestrained by his presence, sought and found the means of speaking secretly and separately to many of those who were reported to have most interest with Charles, among whom D'Hymbercourt and Comines were not forgotten; nor did he fail to mix up the advances which he made toward those two distinguished persons with praises of the valor and military skill of the first, and of the profound sagacity and literary talents of the future historian of the period.

Such an opportunity of personally conciliating, or, if the reader pleases, corrupting, the ministers of Charles, was perhaps what the King had proposed to himself as a principal object of his visit, even if his art should fail to cajole the Duke himself. The connection betwixt France and Burgundy

31. **Bretagne**, Brittany, former province in the northwest part of France.

85. **future historian**, Philippe de Comines (1445-1509), both a statesman and a historian.

was so close that most of the nobles belonging to the latter country had hopes or actual interests connected with the former, which the favor of Louis could advance, or his personal displeasure destroy. Formed for this and every other species of intrigue, liberal to profusion when it was necessary to advance his plans, and skillful in putting the most plausible color upon his proposals and presents, the King contrived to reconcile the spirit of the proud to their profit, and to hold out to the real or pretended patriot the good of both France and Burgundy as the ostensible motive; whilst the party's own private interest, like the concealed wheel of some machine, worked not the less powerfully that its operations were kept out of sight. For each man he had a suitable bait and a proper mode of presenting it: he poured the guerdon into the sleeve of those who were too proud to extend their hand, and trusted that his bounty, though it descended like the dew without noise and imperceptibly, would not fail to produce, in due season, a plentiful crop of good-will at least, perhaps of good offices, to the donor. In fine, although he had been long paving the way by his ministers for an establishment of such an interest in the court of Burgundy as should be advantageous to the interests of France, Louis's own personal exertions, directed doubtless by the information of which he was previously possessed, did more to accomplish that object in a few hours than his agents had effected in years of negotiation.

One man alone the King missed whom he had been particularly desirous of conciliating, and that was the Count de Crèvecœur, whose firmness, during his conduct as envoy at Plessis, far from exciting Louis's resentment, had been viewed as a reason for making him his own if possible. He was not particularly gratified when he learned that the Count, at the head of an hundred lances, was gone toward the frontiers of Brabant to assist the bishop, in case of necessity, against William de la Marck and his discontented subjects; but he consoled himself that the appearance of this force, joined with the directions which he had sent by faithful messengers, would serve to prevent any premature disturbances in that country, the breaking out of which might, he foresaw, render his present situation very precarious.

The court upon this occasion dined in the forest when the hour of noon arrived, as was common in those great hunting parties; an arrangement at this time particularly agreeable to the Duke, desirous as he was to abridge that ceremonious and deferential solemnity with which he was otherwise under the necessity of receiving King Louis. In fact, the King's knowledge of human nature had in one particular misled him on this remarkable occasion. He thought that the Duke would have been inexpressibly flattered to have received such a mark of condescension and confidence from his liege lord; but he forgot that the dependence of his dukedom upon the crown of France was privately the subject of galling mortification to a prince so powerful, so wealthy, and so proud as Charles, whose aim it certainly was to establish an independent kingdom. The presence of the King at the court of the Duke of Burgundy imposed on that prince the necessity of exhibiting himself in the subordinate character of a vassal, and of discharging many rites of feudal observance and deference, which, to one of his haughty disposition, resembled derogation from the character of a sovereign prince,

53. **Brabant**, a former duchy, comprising a part of what is now The Netherlands and Belgium.

which on all occasions he affected as far as possible to sustain.

But although it was possible to avoid much ceremony by having the dinner upon the green turf, with sound of bugles, broaching of barrels, and all the freedom of a silvan meal, it was necessary that the evening repast should, even for that very reason, be held with more than usual solemnity.

Previous orders for this purpose had been given, and, upon returning to Péronne, King Louis found a banquet prepared with such a profusion of splendor and magnificence as became the wealth of his formidable vassal, possessed as he was of almost all the Low Countries, then the richest portion of Europe. At the head of the long board, which groaned under plate of gold and silver, filled to profusion with the most exquisite dainties, sat the Duke, and on his right hand, upon a seat more elevated than his own, was placed his royal guest. Behind him stood on one side the son of the Duke of Gueldres, who officiated as his grand carver, on the other Le Glorieux, his jester, without whom he seldom stirred; for, like most men of his hasty and coarse character, Charles carried to extremity the general taste of that age for court fools and jesters —experiencing that pleasure in their display of eccentricity and mental inhumanity which his more acute, but not more benevolent, rival loved better to extract from marking the imperfections of humanity in its nobler specimens, and finding subject for mirth in the "fears of the brave and follies of the wise." And, indeed, if the anecdote related by Brantôme be true, that a court fool, having overheard Louis, in one of his agonies of repentant devotion, confess his accession to the poisoning of his brother, Henry, Count of Guyenne, divulged it next day at dinner before the assembled court, that monarch might be supposed rather more than satisfied with the pleasantries of professed jesters for the rest of his life.

But on the present occasion Louis neglected not to take notice of the favorite buffoon of the Duke, and to applaud his repartees; which he did the rather that he thought he saw that the folly of Le Glorieux, however grossly it was sometimes displayed, covered more than the usual quantity of shrewd and caustic observation proper to his class.

In fact, Tiel Wetzweiler, called Le Glorieux, was by no means a jester of the common stamp. He was a tall, fine-looking man, excellent at many exercises, which seemed scarce reconcilable with mental imbecility, because it must have required patience and attention to attain them. He usually followed the Duke to the chase and to the fight; and at Montl'héry, when Charles was in considerable personal danger, wounded in the throat, and likely to be made prisoner by a French knight who had hold of his horse's rein, Tiel Wetzweiler charged the assailant so forcibly as to overthrow him and disengage his master. Perhaps he was afraid of this being thought too serious a service for a person of his condition, and that it might excite him enemies among those knights and nobles who had left the care of their master's person to the court's fool. At any rate, he chose rather to be laughed at than praised for his achievement, and made such gasconading boasts of his exploits in the battle that most men thought the rescue of Charles was as ideal as the rest of his tale; and it was on this

18. **Low Countries,** The Netherlands. 41. **fears,** etc., from "The Vanity of Human Wishes," by Samuel Johnson. 48. **Brantôme,** a French chronicler.

73. **Montl'héry,** a small town near Paris. 90. **gasconading.** The natives of Gascony (see note on line 20, page 128) were notorious boasters; hence the verb *gasconade*, to brag.

occasion he acquired the title of Le Glorieux, or the boastful, by which he was ever afterward distinguished.

Le Glorieux was dressed very richly, but with little of the usual distinction of his profession, and that little rather of a symbolical than a very literal character. His head was not shorn; on the contrary, he wore a profusion of long, curled hair, which descended from under his cap, and joining with a well-arranged and handsomely trimmed beard, set off features which, but for a wild lightness of eye, might have been termed handsome. A ridge of scarlet velvet, carried across the top of his cap, indicated, rather than positively represented, the professional cock's-comb, which distinguished the headgear of a fool in right of office. His bauble, made of ebony, was crested, as usual, with a fool's head, with ass's ears formed of silver; but so small, and so minutely carved, that, till very closely examined, it might have passed for an official baton of a more solemn character. These were the only badges of his office which his dress exhibited. In other respects, it was such as to match with that of the most courtly nobles. His bonnet displayed a medal of gold; he wore a chain of the same metal around his neck; and the fashion of his rich garments was not much more fantastic than those of young gallants who have their clothes made in the extremity of the existing fashion.

To this personage Charles, and Louis, in imitation of his host, often addressed themselves during the entertainment; and both seemed to manifest, by hearty laughter, their amusement at the answers of Le Glorieux.

"Whose seats be those that are vacant?" said Charles to the jester.

"One of those at least should be mine by right of succession, Charles," replied Le Glorieux.

"Why so, knave?" said Charles.

"Because they belong to the Sieur D'Hymbercourt and De Comines, who are gone so far to fly their falcons that they have forgot their supper. They who would rather look at a kite on the wing than a pheasant on the board are of kin to the fool, and he should succeed to the stools, as a part of their movable estate."

"That is but a stale jest, my friend Tiel," said the Duke; "but, fools or wise men, here come the defaulters."

As he spoke, Comines and D'Hymbercourt entered the room, and, after having made their reverence to the two princes, assumed in silence the seats which were left vacant for them.

"What ho! sirs," exclaimed the Duke, addressing them, "your sport has been either very good or very bad, to lead you so far and so late. Sir Philip de Comines, you are dejected; hath D'Hymbercourt won so heavy a wager on you? You are a philosopher, and should not grieve at bad fortune. By St. George! D'Hymbercourt looks as sad as thou dost. How now, sirs? Have you found no game? or have you lost your falcons? or has a witch crossed your way? or has the Wild Huntsman met you in the forest? By my honor, you seem as if you were come to a funeral, not a festival."

While the Duke spoke, the eyes of the company were all directed toward D'Hymbercourt and De Comines; and the embarrassment and dejection of their countenances, neither being of that class of persons to whom such expression of anxious melancholy was natural, became so remarkable that the mirth and laughter of the company, which the rapid circulation of goblets of excellent wine had raised to a considerable height, was gradually hushed, and, without being able to assign any

79. **Wild Huntsman.** Scott borrows this idea from Bürger's *Der Wilde Jäger*, a poem which he translated from the German.

reason for such a change in their spirits, men spoke in whispers to each other, as on the eve of expecting some strange and important tidings.

"What means this silence, Messires?" said the Duke, elevating his voice, which was naturally harsh. "If you bring these strange looks, and this stranger silence, into festivities, we shall wish you had abode in the marshes seeking for herons, or rather for woodcocks and howlets."

"My gracious lord," said De Comines, "as we were about to return hither from the forest, we met the Count of Crèvecœur."

"How!" said the Duke; "already returned from Brabant? but he found all well there, doubtless?"

"The Count himself will presently give your Grace an account of his news," said D'Hymbercourt, "which we have heard but imperfectly."

"Body of me, where is the Count?" said the Duke.

"He changes his dress, to wait upon your Highness," answered D'Hymbercourt.

"His dress! *Saint-bleau!*" exclaimed the impatient prince, "what care I for his dress? I think you have conspired with him to drive me mad."

"Or rather, to be plain," said De Comines, "he wishes to communicate these news at a private audience."

"*Teste-dieu!* my lord King," said Charles, "this is ever the way our counselors serve us. If they have got hold of aught which they consider as important for our ear, they look as grave upon the matter, and are as proud of their burden as an ass of a new pack-saddle. Someone bid Crèvecœur come to us directly! He comes from the frontiers of Liége, and *we*, at least (he laid some emphasis on the pronoun), have no secrets in that quarter which we would shun to have proclaimed before the assembled world."

All perceived that the Duke had drunk so much wine as to increase the native obstinacy of his disposition; and though many would willingly have suggested that the present was neither a time for hearing news nor for taking counsel, yet all knew the impetuosity of his temper too well to venture on further interference, and sat in anxious expectation of the tidings which the Count might have to communicate.

A brief interval intervened, during which the Duke remained looking eagerly to the door, as if in a transport of impatience, whilst the guests sat with their eyes bent on the table, as if to conceal their curiosity and anxiety. Louis alone maintaining perfect composure, continued his conversation alternately with the grand carver and with the jester.

At length Crèvecœur entered, and was presently saluted by the hurried question of his master, "What news from Liége and Brabant, Sir Count? The report of your arrival has chased mirth from our table; we hope your actual presence will bring it back to us."

"My liege and master," answered the Count, in a firm but melancholy tone, "the news which I bring you are fitter for the council-board than the feasting-table."

"Out with them, man, if they were tidings from Antichrist!" said the Duke; "but I can guess them: the Liégeois are again in mutiny."

"They are, my lord," said Crèvecœur, very gravely.

"Look there, man," said the Duke, "I have hit at once on what you have been so much afraid to mention to me: the harebrained burghers are again in arms. It could not be in better time, for we may at present have the advice

29. Saint-bleau, good heavens! 36. Teste-dieu, God's head.

of our own suzerain," bowing to King Louis, with eyes which spoke the most bitter, though suppressed, resentment, "to teach us how such mutineers should be dealt with. Hast thou more news in thy packet? Out with them, and then answer for yourself why you went not forward to assist the bishop."

"My lord, the further tidings are heavy for me to tell, and will be afflicting to you to hear. No aid of mine, or of living chivalry, could have availed the excellent prelate. William de la Marck, united with the insurgent Liégeois, has taken his castle of Schonwaldt, and murdered him in his own hall."

"*Murdered him!*" repeated the Duke in a deep and low tone, but which nevertheless was heard from the one end of the hall in which they were assembled to the other; "thou hast been imposed upon, Crèvecœur, by some wild report; it is impossible!"

"Alas, my lord!" said the Count, "I have it from an eye-witness, an archer of the King of France's Scottish Guard, who was in the hall when the murder was committed by William de la Marck's order."

"And who was doubtless aiding and abetting in the horrible sacrilege!" exclaimed the Duke, starting up and stamping with his foot with such fury that he dashed in pieces the footstool which was placed before him. "Bar the doors of this hall, gentlemen—secure the windows—let no stranger stir from his seat, upon pain of instant death! Gentlemen of my chamber, draw your swords." And turning upon Louis, he advanced his own hand slowly and deliberately to the hilt of his weapon; while the King, without either showing fear or assuming a defensive posture, only said—

"These news, fair cousin, have staggered your reason.'

"No!" replied the Duke, in a terrible tone, "but they have awakened a just resentment, which I have too long suffered to be stifled by trivial considerations of circumstance and place. Murderer of thy brother!—rebel against thy parent!—tyrant over thy subjects!—treacherous ally!—perjured King!—dishonored gentleman!—thou art in my power, and I thank God for it."

"Rather thank my folly," said the King; "for when we met on equal terms at Montl'héry, methinks you wished yourself farther from me than we are now."

The Duke still held his hand on the hilt of his sword, but refrained to draw his weapon or to strike a foe who offered no sort of resistance which could in anywise provoke violence.

Meanwhile, wild and general confusion spread itself through the hall. The doors were now fastened and guarded by order of the Duke; but several of the French nobles, few as they were in number, started from their seats, and prepared for the defense of their sovereign. Louis had spoken not a word either to Orleans or Dunois since they were liberated from restraint at the Castle of Loches, if it could be termed liberation to be dragged in King Louis's train, objects of suspicion evidently rather than of respect and regard; but, nevertheless, the voice of Dunois was first heard above the tumult addressing himself to the Duke of Burgundy. "Sir Duke, you have forgotten that you are a vassal of France, and that we, your guests, are Frenchmen. If you lift a hand against our monarch, prepare to sustain the utmost effects of our despair; for, credit me, we shall feast as high with the blood of Burgundy as we have done with its wine. Courage, my Lord of Orleans; and you, gentlemen of France, form yourselves round Dunois, and do as he does!"

It was in that moment when a king might see upon what tempers he could certainly rely. The few independent nobles and knights who attended Louis, most of whom had only received from him frowns or discountenance, unappalled by the display of infinitely superior force, and the certainty of destruction in case they came to blows, hastened to array themselves around Dunois, and, led by him, to press toward the head of the table, where the contending princes were seated.

On the contrary, the tools and agents, whom Louis had dragged forward out of their fitting and natural places into importance which was not due to them, showed cowardice and cold heart, and remaining still in their seats, seemed resolved not to provoke their fate by intermeddling, whatever might become of their benefactor.

The first of the more generous party was the venerable Lord Crawford, who, with an agility which no one would have expected at his years, forced his way through all opposition, which was the less violent, as many of the Burgundians, either from a point of honor or a secret inclination to prevent Louis's impending fate, gave way to him, and threw himself boldly between the King and the Duke. He then placed his bonnet, from which his white hair escaped in disheveled tresses, upon one side of his head; his pale cheek and withered brow colored, and his aged eye lightened with all the fire of a gallant who is about to dare some desperate action. His cloak was flung over one shoulder, and his action intimated his readiness to wrap it about his left arm, while he unsheathed his sword with his right.

"I have fought for his father and his grandsire," that was all he said; "and by St. Andrew, end the matter as it will, I will not fail him at this pinch."

What has taken some time to narrate happened, in fact, with the speed of light; for so soon as the Duke assumed his threatening posture, Crawford had thrown himself betwixt him and the object of his vengeance; and the French gentlemen, drawing together as fast as they could, were crowding to the same point.

The Duke of Burgundy still remained with his hand on his sword, and seemed in the act of giving the signal for a general onset, which must necessarily have ended in the massacre of the weaker party, when Crèvecœur rushed forward and exclaimed in a voice like a trumpet, "My liege Lord of Burgundy, beware what you do! This is *your* hall; you are the King's vassal; do not spill the blood of your guest on your hearth, the blood of your sovereign on the throne you have erected for him, and to which he came under your safeguard. For the sake of your house's honor, do not attempt to revenge one horrid murder by another yet worse!"

"Out of my road, Crèvecœur," answered the Duke, "and let my vengeance pass! Out of my path! The wrath of kings is to be dreaded like that of Heaven."

"Only when, like that of Heaven, it is *just*," answered Crèvecœur firmly. "Let me pray of you, my lord, to rein the violence of your temper, however justly offended. And for you, my lords of France, where resistance is unavailing, let me recommend you to forbear whatever may lead toward bloodshed."

"He is right," said Louis, whose coolness forsook him not in that dreadful moment, and who easily foresaw that if a brawl should commence, more violence would be dared and done in the heat of blood than was

47. **St. Andrew**, the patron saint of Scotland.

likely to be attempted if peace were preserved. "My cousin Orleans—kind Dunois—and you, my trusty Crawford—bring not on ruin and bloodshed by taking offense too hastily. Our cousin the Duke is chafed at the tidings of the death of a near and loving friend, the venerable Bishop of Liége, whose slaughter we lament as he does. Ancient and, unhappily, recent subjects of jealousy lead him to suspect us of having abetted a crime which our bosom abhors. Should our host murder us on this spot—us, his King and his kinsman, under a false impression of our being accessory to this unhappy accident, our fate will be little lightened, but, on the contrary, greatly aggravated, by your stirring. Therefore, stand back, Crawford. Were it my last word, I speak as a King to his officer, and demand obedience. Stand back, and, if it is required, yield up your sword. I command you to do so, and your oath obliges you to obey."

"True—true, my lord," said Crawford, stepping back, and returning to the sheath the blade he had half drawn. "It may be all very true; but by my honor, if I were at the head of threescore and ten of my brave fellows, instead of being loaded with more than the like number of years, I would try whether I could have some reason out of these fine gallants, with their golden chains and looped-up bonnets, with braw-warld dyes and devices on them."

The Duke stood with his eyes fixed on the ground for a considerable space, and then said, with bitter irony, "Crèvecœur, you say well; and it concerns our honor, that our obligations to this great King, our honored and loving guest, be not so hastily adjusted as in our hasty anger we had at first proposed. We will so act that all Europe shall acknowledge the justice of our proceedings. Gentlemen of France, you must render up your arms to my officers! Your master has broken the truce, and has no title to take further benefit of it. In compassion, however, to your sentiments of honor, and in respect to the rank which he hath disgraced, and the race from which he hath degenerated, we ask not our cousin Louis's sword."

"Not one of us," said Dunois, "will resign our weapon, or quit this hall, unless we are assured of at least our King's safety in life and limb."

"Nor will a man of the Scottish Guard," exclaimed Crawford, "lay down his arms, save at the command of the King of France, or his High Constable."

"Brave Dunois," said Louis, "and you, my trusty Crawford, your zeal will do me injury instead of benefit. I trust," he added with dignity, "in my rightful cause more than in a vain resistance, which would but cost the lives of my best and bravest. Give up your swords; the noble Burgundians who accept such honorable pledges will be more able than you are to protect both you and me. Give up your swords. It is I who command you."

It was thus that, in this dreadful emergency, Louis showed the promptitude of decision and clearness of judgment which alone could have saved his life. He was aware that until actual blows were exchanged he should have the assistance of most of the nobles present to moderate the fury of their prince; but that, were a *mêlée* once commenced, he himself and his few adherents must be instantly murdered. At the same time, his worst enemies confessed that his demeanor had in it nothing either of meanness or cowardice. He shunned to aggravate into frenzy the wrath of the Duke,

37. braw-warld, gaudy.

but he neither deprecated nor seemed to fear it, and continued to look on him with the calm and fixed attention with which a brave man eyes the menacing gestures of a lunatic, whilst conscious that his own steadiness and composure operate as an insensible and powerful check on the rage even of insanity.

Crawford, at the King's command, threw his sword to Crèvecœur, saying, "Take it, and the devil give you joy of it! It is no dishonor to the rightful owner who yields it, for we have had no fair play."

"Hold, gentlemen," said the Duke, in a broken voice, as one whom passion had almost deprived of utterance, "retain your swords; it is sufficient you promise not to use them. And you, Louis of Valois, must regard yourself as my prisoner, until you are cleared of having abetted sacrilege and murder. Have him to the castle. Have him to Earl Herbert's Tower. Let him have six gentlemen of his train to attend him, such as he shall choose. My Lord of Crawford, your guard must leave the castle, and shall be honorably quartered elsewhere. Up with every drawbridge, and down with every portcullis. Let the gates of the town be trebly guarded. Draw the floating-bridge to the right-hand side of the river. Bring round the castle my band of Black Walloons, and treble the sentinels on every post! You, D'Hymbercourt, look that patrols of horse and foot make the round of the town every half hour during the night, and every hour during the next day—if indeed such ward shall be necessary after daybreak, for it is like we may be sudden in this matter. Look to the person of Louis, as you love your life!"

He started from the table in fierce and moody haste, darted a glance of mortal enmity at the King, and rushed out of the apartment.

"Sirs," said the King, looking with dignity around him, "grief for the death of his ally hath made your prince frantic. I trust you know better your duty as knights and noblemen than to abet him in his treasonable violence against the person of his liege lord."

At this moment was heard in the streets the sound of drums beating and horns blowing to call out the soldiery in every direction.

"We are," said Crèvecœur, who acted as the marshal of the Duke's household, "subjects of Burgundy, and must do our duty as such. Our hopes and prayers, and our efforts, will not be wanting to bring about peace and union between your Majesty and our liege lord. Meantime, we must obey his commands. These other lords and knights will be proud to contribute to the convenience of the illustrious Duke of Orleans, of the brave Dunois, and the stout Lord Crawford. I myself must be your Majesty's chamberlain, and bring you to your apartments in other guise than would be my desire, remembering the hospitality of Plessis. You have only to choose your attendants, whom the Duke's commands limit to six."

"Then," said the King, looking around him, and thinking for a moment, "I desire the attendance of Oliver le Dain, of a private of my Life Guard, called Balafré, who may be unarmed if you will, of Tristan l'Hermite, with two of his people, and my right loyal and trusty philosopher, Martius Galeotti."

"Your Majesty's will shall be complied with in all points," said the Count de Crèvecœur. "Galeotti," he added, after a moment's inquiry, "is, I understand, at present supping in

36. **Black Walloons**, soldiers, in black uniforms, from parts of what is now Belgium.

some buxom company, but he shall instantly be sent for; the others will obey your Majesty's command upon the instant."

"Forward, then, to the new abode, which the hospitality of our cousin provides for us," said the King. "We know it is strong, and have only to hope it may be in a corresponding degree safe."

"Heard you the choice which King Louis has made of his attendants?" said Le Glorieux to Count Crèvecœur apart, as they followed Louis from the hall.

"Surely, my merry gossip," replied the Count. "What hast thou to object to them?"

"Nothing—nothing, only they are a rare election! A panderly barber, a Scottish hired cutthroat, a chief hangman and his two assistants, and a thieving charlatan. I will along with you, Crèvecœur, and take a lesson in the degrees of roguery, from observing your skill in marshaling them. The devil himself could scarce have summoned such a synod, or have been a better president amongst them."

Accordingly, the all-licensed jester, seizing the Count's arm familiarly, began to march along with him, while, under a strong guard, yet forgetting no semblance of respect, he conducted the King toward his new apartment.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

Chapter XXVII may be considered as closing one section of the story and preparing the way for the last division. It has an evident effect upon two threads of the plot; its connection with one of these is more easily seen than its relation with the other. But this latter becomes clear as the succeeding chapters are read. The events have been skillfully prepared for.

Crèvecœur was shown us quite early in the story, so that we know much of the sentiments of his master. The events of this chapter are based upon facts. Scott in a note cited his authorities. Philippe de Comines, an official of Burgundy, wrote an account of this period from which Scott drew much of his material.

Questions and Topics

1. Why is the chapter called The Explosion? Why might Burgundy have felt justified in taking any measures against Louis? What good points are there in Burgundy's character? How did Louis set to work to gain power? How did he act during the hunt? Did this help him later? How? Would we call his acts "conciliatory" or "corrupting"?

2. How does the dejection of the two newsbearers emphasize the significance of their tidings? What else contributes to this?

3. What feelings have you for Louis during his danger? Does his behavior here seem consistent with what the earlier chapters show? How do the other Frenchmen act? How is the danger of slaughter averted?

4. Whom did Louis choose as companions? Why these? Can you predict the outcome of this captivity? How will the experience end? In the meantime, what will happen to Quentin? What person must be punished?

Outside Reading. You will be able to finish the book in a very short time. As you are familiar with all the persons concerned, with their dispositions, and desires, with the life and practices of the period, you will not have to assimilate many new ideas. You will therefore be able to pay more attention to the arrangement and relation of details and the intention behind their choice and importance.

Chapter XXVIII to End

1. Why was the place of confinement so ominous to Louis? What did he depend upon for consolation? What did Galeotti tell him about Quentin's mission? About his own death and that of the King?

2. Why was Burgundy so affected by the murder of the Bishop? How is Quentin brought back into the story? On what earlier detail does his importance at this point depend?

3. How did the King decide to treat with Burgundy? What makes him especially grateful to Quentin? What was the opinion of Louis concerning De Comines?

4. What is the state of Quentin's love affair just before, during, and after the interview of the two princes? Are there any hints of possible happiness? On what does the outcome depend? What is the significance of Quentin's testimony at this conference? What change is

produced by the appearance of the Herald? This gives the King what chance? What plan is decided upon?

5. At what point do you think the climax occurs? From which point did you feel you could almost surely predict the ending?

6. Tell the fate of the Bohemian. What is its relation to Quentin? How does this link with the early events of the book? How does the remainder of the story spring from this execution?

7. At what place do Quentin's love prospects seem at their lowest? At what place are his prospects of physical safety at their lowest? How are changes in both kinds of prospects brought about? How are they made interdependent? How was the bestowal of Isabelle to be determined? What did you expect to happen when you read those terms? Has this any connection with the boasting of the Lady Hameline about tournaments? What do such connections indicate about plot construction?

8. Relate briefly the events of the sally from Liége. Detail Quentin's actions. What gave him his coveted chance to meet De la Marck? By what means is the outcome of the single combat delayed? What does such an interruption do to your interest? Make a list of all the details in the last chapter of the book which seem destined to cheat Quentin of his rewards. What is the conclusion of all of them?

9. Does the concluding chapter seem complete? Is anything omitted? Do you wish to know more of any of the characters? Should the wedding have been recounted in the book? Explain your answer.

10. Identify the following, telling how they are used in the story: De Comines, Dunois, Klepper, Le Glorieux, the Knights of the Smock Sleeve, the Maes.

11. Complete the list of words added to your vocabulary.

Oral or Written Compositions and Reports

Theme Topics. 1. A review of the book, pointing out its interest. Do not tell the story. (If written, limit by number of words; if spoken, by time.) 2. Compare the adventures with those in *Ivanhoe*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Men of Iron*, *Westward Ho!* or any other romance of adventure. 3. Explain your appreciation of the story. 4. Write a letter to a friend recounting your work in this book. 5. Courtly etiquette. 6. Life in a castle. 7. The real Louis XI. 8. Make a list, with identifying notes, of all the characters you can recall. 9. Which are more important in the story—characters or adventures? 10. Tell fully how Isabelle contrived to have the note delivered to Quentin before the troops marched toward Liége (Chapter XXXVI). 11. Recent books which reflect similar interests and treatment. 12. Scott's notes, showing how he manipulated historical material.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE ELIOT IN WARWICKSHIRE

GEORGE ELIOT AS A REALIST

AN INTRODUCTION TO "SILAS MARNER"

In reviewing the short stories in this book preparatory to reading *Quentin Durward*, you were acquainted with the distinction between realism and romance. Now that you are about to begin a famous realistic novel, it is well to think a little more closely on these two types of fiction. You remember that romance emphasizes the unusual, the extraordinary, the remote. You can easily recall events in both Scott and Hawthorne which aptly illustrate this statement. You freely give the romancer full permission to imagine as unrestrainedly as he pleases so long as he remains consistent with himself. The great art of the romantic story-teller is that while you are reading, he exercises almost a magic spell over you. There is a glorious thrill about it which is one of the delights of reading experienced by persons of all ages whose sympathies and imaginations are not hardened or dulled.

The romancer does not pretend to give an absolutely faithful reproduction of life. He colors it, magnifies it, stimulates it, for the purposes of his story. His material is not life as it really is, but life as it might be, life as we should like to have it. Literature of this kind—and there is a great deal of it, so that you need never feel a lack if you desire to read more—is described as romantic. This volume contains many pages of romance, in both prose and verse.

Sharply contrasted with this method of using material is the realistic, which, keeping very close to everyday occurrences, tries to show life exactly as it is. It is more interested in the present than in the past. It depicts the near at hand rather than the distant. It relates events of the author's own land, not of remote kingdoms. It tells of scenes he has observed, not of those he has imagined or dug up from old tomes of history. Its persons are men and women of his own race, engaged in ordinary pursuits of life, not in chivalric quests. They are merchants and factory workmen, farmers and bankers, not explorers and knights-errant, feudal lords and wandering minstrels. They are depicted, not for what they do, but for what they are. You, the reader, feel that they are not mere moving figures in an animated picture, but that they are persons like yourself. You might have to go through their experiences. It is easier to see yourself in a realistic novel than in a historical romance. Realism tries not to distort facts about life, it tries not to color its happiness with too rosy a glow, nor to darken its sadness with too gloomy a shadow.

When you stop to think of what realism has to avoid and what it tries to do, you may be tempted to declare, "Well, how can anything realistic ever expect to be interesting?" But in asking this question you forget what was told you about narrative art in the Introduction to short stories. The realistic writer can still crowd his pages with incidents and thus sweep you along on the current of his recital. He can arouse suspense about events yet to come and keep you looking forward eagerly for the outcome. He can introduce an engrossing conflict about such simple matters as choosing a dress for a party. He may even introduce mystery. Besides, he creates the satisfying illusion that you are reading a "true story." It is easier to recognize the open, palpable truth to fact in an O. Henry story than the deep truth to human nature in a Hawthorne tale. The realistic writer may now and then attain both kinds of truth. Indeed, realistic literature has as many supreme masterpieces as romanticism can show; one of these masterpieces is now to be the subject of your study.

The author of *Silas Marner* was a woman, Mary Ann Evans, who lived in England from 1819 until 1880. When she was ready to publish her first work of fiction she felt that it would be better to

use a pseudonym, so she chose a man's name, George Eliot. Until she was quite a grown woman she lived in rural England or in small towns, where her lack of regular schooling and variety of experience was made up for by vividness of observation and a strong personality. As you read her novels you are certain that at some time in her life the author actually saw the persons she is delineating, the scene she is describing, the event she is retelling. She says of her first fiction that it was based upon her "own observation of the clergy." The suggestion of *Adam Bede* came from an incident in the life of one of her aunts. Every reader believes that Maggie Tulliver in *The Mill on the Floss* is a portrait of George Eliot herself as a girl.

Silas Marner, too, came from the vivid recollection of that impressionable childhood. Its theme, though restricted in expanse, strikes down deep in human sympathy. It shows the softening influence of the love of a child upon the hardened heart of a lonely old man. Yet short though the novel is, it has both plot and sub-plot. Its exposition—or introductory explanation—arouses a keen interest in Silas, the weaver. The opening events of the story are as rapid, yet as quiet, as life itself. The increase in suspense is irresistible. Its climaxes—for there are two, one in each plot—occur as naturally as breathing. The approaches and separations of the two plots seem the result of fate rather than the result of a woman's deliberate planning to have them so. The abundant humor "belongs"—it is not dragged in for contrast merely. There is variety of classes from the outcast weaver to the red-faced Squire; variety of incident from the lonely treading of the loom to the New Year's party at the Red House. Crime, misery, agony, bewilderment, deceit, youth, sympathy, jollity, scorn, bitterness, humor, love, atonement —all the experiences of life are here. In short, you feel that the novel has both truth to fact and truth to life.

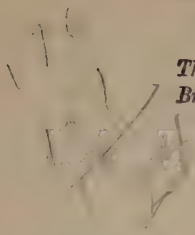
The characters are deserving of higher praise than the plot, admirable though that is. These people seem to live. You will get to know them so well that you will find yourself anticipating their replies; you will be quoting their remarks as applicable to persons and happenings in your daily life. This is true not only of the principal characters, but of the minor ones. Mr. Snell, the landlord, and old Mr. Macey, the frank tailor, are as alive as Silas and Eppie, or Godfrey and Nancy.

The most striking feature of this novel is the fact that the plot is strictly subordinate to the characterization. Unlike a short story, the novel presents character in process of development as it is confronted by the stern facts of life. Silas is not the same man when the story ends; he has passed through several stages of growth. To find out what these stages are, and to show how they were brought about, is part of the work you are to do in your study of this book. The same is true of Godfrey Cass. Both these studies in character remind us of George Eliot's statement, in another place, that "character is fate," meaning that external forces influence but do not absolutely determine one's lot in life. While there is plenty of incident in *Silas Marner*—it would not be a good story if there were not—the chief emphasis is upon showing us what kind of persons these people are, and how they are affected by the play of external circumstances upon them.

To sum up: In this novel we have a realistic picture of life in an English village before the modern industrial system came into existence. The main plot is very simple; you can state it in a sentence or two. The sub-plot is also simple, and is deftly interwoven with the main story. This simplicity leaves the author free to work out the thing that is most interesting and valuable in the novel—the development of character. The various settings, such as the description of Lantern Yard, of Raveloe, of the Cass house, of the cottage of Silas, are like the stage settings in drama. Plot, character, the scenes amid which the action moves—these are the subjects for you to study.

SILAS MARNER: THE WEAVER OF RAVELOE

GEORGE ELIOT



"A child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-
looking thoughts."

—Wordsworth.

PART I

CHAPTER I*

In the days when the spinning-wheels hummed busily in the farm-houses—and even great ladies, clothed in silk and thread lace, had their toy spinning-wheels of polished oak—there might be seen in districts far away among the lanes, or deep in the bosom of the hills, certain pallid, undersized men, who, by the side of the brawny countryfolk, looked like the remnants of a disinherited race. The shepherd's dog barked fiercely when one of these alien-looking men appeared on the upland, dark against the early winter sunset; for what dog likes a figure bent under a heavy bag?—and these pale men rarely stirred abroad without that mysterious burden. The shepherd himself, though he had good reason to believe that the bag held nothing but flaxen thread, or else the long rolls of strong linen spun from that thread, was not quite sure that this trade of weaving, indispensable though it was, could be carried on entirely without the help of the Evil One. In that far-off time superstition clung easily round every person or thing that was at all unwonted, or even intermittent and occasional merely, like the visits of the peddler or the knife-grinder. No one knew where wandering men had their homes or their origin; and how was a man to be explained unless you at least knew somebody who knew his father and mother? To the peasants of old times, the world outside their own direct experience was a region of vagueness and mystery; to their untraveled thought a state of wandering was a conception as dim as the winter life of the swallows that came back with the spring; and even a settler, if he came from distant parts, hardly ever ceased to be viewed with a remnant of distrust, which would have prevented any surprise if a long course of inoffensive conduct on his part had ended in the commission of a crime; especially if he had any reputation for knowledge, or showed any skill in handicraft. All cleverness, whether in the rapid use of that difficult instrument the tongue, or in some other art unfamiliar to villagers, was in itself suspicious; honest folk, born and bred in a visible manner, were mostly not overwise or clever—at least, not beyond such a matter as knowing the signs of the weather; and the process by which rapidity and dexterity of any kind were acquired was so wholly hidden that they partook of the nature

*Notes and Questions on the various chapters of *Silas Marner* appear at the end of the story, pages 269 to 273.

1. **In the days,** in the early part of the nineteenth century.

of conjuring. In this way it came to pass that those scattered linen-weavers —emigrants from the town into the country—were to the last regarded as aliens by their rustic neighbors, and usually contracted the eccentric habits which belong to a state of loneliness.

In the early years of this century, such a linen-weaver, named Silas Marner, worked at his vocation in a stone cottage that stood among the nutty hedgerows near the village of Raveloe, and not far from the edge of a deserted stone-pit. The questionable sound of Silas's loom, so unlike the natural cheerful trotting of the winnowing machine, or the simpler rhythm of the flail, had a half-fearful fascination for the Raveloe boys, who would often leave off their nutting or birds'-nesting to peep in at the window of the stone cottage, counterbalancing a certain awe at the mysterious action of the loom, by a pleasant sense of scornful superiority, drawn from the mockery of its alternating noises, along with the bent, treadmill attitude of the weaver. But sometimes it happened that Marner, pausing to adjust an irregularity in his thread, became aware of the small scoundrels, and, though chary of his time, he liked their intrusion so ill that he would descend from his loom, and, opening the door, would fix on them a gaze that was always enough to make them take to their legs in terror. For how was it possible to believe that those large, brown, protuberant eyes in Silas Marner's pale face really saw nothing very distinctly that was not close to them, and not rather that their dreadful stare could dart cramp, or rickets, or a wry mouth at any boy who happened to be in the rear? They had, perhaps, heard their fathers and mothers hint that Silas Marner could cure folks' rheumatism if he had a mind, and add, still more darkly, that if you could only speak the devil fair enough, he might save you the cost of the doctor. Such strange lingering echoes of the old demon-worship might perhaps even now be caught by the diligent listener among the gray-haired peasantry; for the rude mind with difficulty associates the ideas of power and benignity. A shadowy conception of power that by much persuasion can be induced to refrain from inflicting harm is the shape most easily taken by the sense of the Invisible in the minds of men who have always been pressed close by primitive wants, and to whom a life of hard toil has never been illuminated by any enthusiastic religious faith. To them pain and mishap present a far wider range of possibilities than gladness and enjoyment; their imagination is almost barren of the images that feed desire and hope, but is all overgrown by recollections that are a perpetual pasture to fear. "Is there anything you can fancy that you would like to eat?" I once said to an old laboring man who was in his last illness and who had refused all the food his wife had offered him. "No," he answered, "I've never been used to nothing but common victual, and I can't eat that." Experience had bred no fancies in him that could raise the phantasm of appetite.

And Raveloe was a village where many of the old echoes lingered, undrowned by new voices. Not that it was one of those barren parishes lying on the outskirts of civilization—inhabited by meager sheep and thinly-scattered shepherds; on the contrary, it lay in the rich central plain of what we are pleased to call Merry England, and held farms which, speaking from a spiritual point of view, paid highly-desirable tithes. But it was nestled

96. tithe, the tenth part of a man's income, paid to the church.

in a snug, well-wooded hollow, quite an hour's journey on horseback from any turnpike, where it was never reached by the vibrations of the coach-horn, or of public opinion. It was an important-looking village, with a fine old church and large churchyard in the heart of it, and two or three large brick-and-stone homesteads, with well-walled orchards and ornamental weather-cocks, standing close upon the road and lifting more imposing fronts than the rectory, which peeped from among the trees on the other side of the churchyard—a village which showed at once the summits of its social life, and told the practiced eye that there was no great park and manor-house in the vicinity, but that there were several chiefs in Raveloe who could farm badly quite at their ease, drawing enough money from their bad farming, in those war times, to live in a rollicking fashion, and keep a jolly Christmas, Whitsun, and Easter tide.

It was fifteen years since Silas Marner had first come to Raveloe; he was then simply a pallid young man, with prominent, short-sighted brown eyes, whose appearance would have had nothing strange for people of average culture and experience, but for the villagers near whom he had come to settle, it had mysterious peculiarities which corresponded with the exceptional nature of his occupation, and his advent from an unknown region called "North'ard." So had his way of life—he invited no comer to step across his doorsill, and he never strolled into the village to drink a pint at the Rainbow, or to gossip at the wheelwright's; he sought no man or woman, save for the purposes of his calling, or in order to supply himself with necessaries; and it was soon clear to the Raveloe lasses that he would never urge one of them to accept him against her will—quite as if he had heard them declare that they would never marry a dead man come to life again. This view of Marner's personality was not without another ground than his pale face and unexampled eyes; for Jem Rodney, the mole-catcher, averred that one evening as he was returning homeward he saw Silas Marner leaning against a stile with a heavy bag on his back, instead of resting the bag on the stile as a man in his senses would have done; and that, on coming up to him, he saw that Marner's eyes were set like a dead man's, and he spoke to him, and shook him, and his limbs were stiff, and his hands clutched the bag as if they'd been made of iron; but just as he had made up his mind that the weaver was dead, he came all right again, like, as you might say, in the winking of an eye, and said "Good night," and walked off. All this Jem swore he had seen, more by token that it was the very day he had been mole-catching on Squire Cass's land, down by the old saw-pit. Some said Marner must have been in a "fit," a word which seemed to explain things otherwise incredible; but the argumentative Mr. Macey, clerk of the parish, shook his head and asked if anybody was ever known to go off in a fit and not fall down. A fit was a stroke, wasn't it? and it was in the nature of a stroke to partly take away the use of a man's limbs and throw him on the parish, if he'd got no children to look to. No, no, it was no stroke that would let a man stand on his legs, like a horse between the shafts, and then walk off as soon as you can say "Gee!" But there might be such a thing as a man's soul being loose from his body, and going out and

23. **war times**, the Napoleonic wars (1796-1815). 25. **Whitsun**, Whitsunday, a church festival, the seventh Sunday after Easter.

in, like a bird out of its nest and back; and that was how folks got overwise, for they went to school in this shell-less state to those who could teach them more than their neighbors could learn with their five senses and the parson. And where did Master Marner get his knowledge of herbs from—and charms too, if he liked to give them away? Jem Rodney's story was no more than what might have been expected by anybody who had seen how Marner had cured Sally Oates, and made her sleep like a baby, when her heart had been beating enough to burst her body, for two months and more, while she had been under the doctor's care. He might cure more folks if he would; but he was worth speaking fair, if it was only to keep him from doing you a mischief.

It was partly to this vague fear that Marner was indebted for protecting him from the persecution that his singularities might have drawn upon him, but still more to the fact that, the old linen-weaver in the neighboring parish of Tarley being dead, his handicraft made him a highly welcome settler to the richer housewives of the district, and even to the more provident cottagers, who had their little stock of yarn at the year's end. Their sense of his usefulness would have counteracted any repugnance or suspicion which was not confirmed by a deficiency in the quality or the tale of the cloth he wove for them. And the years had rolled on without producing any change in the impressions of the neighbors concerning Marner, except the change from novelty to habit. At the end of fifteen years the Raveloe men said just the same things about Silas Marner as at the beginning; they did not say them quite so often, but they believed them much more strongly when they did say them. There was only one important addition which the years had brought: it was that Master Marner had laid by a fine sight of money somewhere, and that he could buy up "bigger men" than himself.

But while opinion concerning him had remained nearly stationary, and his daily habits had presented scarcely any visible change, Marner's inward life had been a history and a metamorphosis, as that of every fervid nature must be when it has fled, or been condemned to solitude. His life, before he came to Raveloe, had been filled with the movement, the mental activity, and the close fellowship which, in that day as in this, marked the life of an artisan early incorporated in a narrow religious sect, where the poorest layman has the chance of distinguishing himself by gifts of speech, and has, at the very least, the weight of a silent voter in the government of his community. Marner was highly thought of in that little hidden world, known to itself as the church assembling in Lantern Yard; he was believed to be a young man of exemplary life and ardent faith; and a peculiar interest had been centered in him ever since he had fallen, at a prayer-meeting, into a mysterious rigidity, and suspension of consciousness, which, lasting for an hour or more, had been mistaken for death. To have sought a medical explanation for this phenomenon would have been held by Silas himself, as well as by his minister and fellow members, a willful self-exclusion from the spiritual significance that might lie therein. Silas was evidently a brother selected for a peculiar discipline; and though the effort to interpret this discipline was discouraged by the absence, on his part, of any spiritual vision during his outward trance, yet it was believed by

38. tale, measure, length.

himself and others that its effect was seen in an accession of light and fervor. A less truthful man than he might have been tempted into the subsequent creation of a vision in the form of resurgent memory; a less sane man might have believed in such a creation; but Silas was both sane and honest, though, as with many honest and fervent men, culture had not defined any channels for his sense of mystery, and so it spread itself over the proper pathway of inquiry and knowledge. He had inherited from his mother some acquaintance with medicinal herbs and their preparation—a little store of wisdom which she had imparted to him as a solemn bequest—but of late years he had had doubts about the lawfulness of applying this knowledge, believing that herbs could have no efficacy without prayer, and that prayer might suffice without herbs; so that his inherited delight to wander through the fields in search of foxglove and dandelion and coltsfoot began to wear to him the character of a temptation.

Among the members of his church there was one young man, a little older than himself, with whom he had long lived in such close friendship that it was the custom of their Lantern Yard brethren to call them David and Jonathan. The real name of the friend was William Dane, and he, too, was regarded as a shining instance of youthful piety, though somewhat given to over-severity toward weaker brethren, and to be so dazzled by his own light as to hold himself wiser than his teachers. But whatever blemishes others might discern in William, to his friend's mind he was faultless; for Marner had one of those impressible, self-doubting natures which, at an inexperienced age, admire imperativeness and lean on contradiction. The expression of trusting simplicity in Marner's face, heightened by that absence of special observation, that defenseless, deer-like gaze which belongs to large, prominent eyes, was strongly contrasted by the self-complacent suppression of inward triumph that lurked in the narrow, slanting eyes and compressed lips of William Dane. One of the most frequent topics of conversation between the two friends was Assurance of Salvation; Silas confessed that he could never arrive at anything higher than hope mingled with fear, and listened with longing wonder when William declared that he had possessed unshaken assurance ever since, in the period of his conversion, he had dreamed that he saw the words "calling and election sure" standing by themselves on a white page in the open Bible. Such colloquies have occupied many a pair of pale-faced weavers, whose unnurtured souls have been like young winged things, fluttering forsaken in the twilight.

It had seemed to the unsuspecting Silas that the friendship had suffered no chill even from his formation of another attachment of a closer kind. For some months he had been engaged to a young servant-woman, waiting only for a little increase in their mutual savings in order to their marriage; and it was a great delight to him that Sarah did not object to William's occasional presence in their Sunday interviews. It was at this point in their history that Silas's cataleptic fit occurred during the prayer meeting; and amidst the various queries and expressions of interest addressed to him by his fellow members, William's suggestion alone jarred with the general sympathy toward a brother thus singled out for special dealings. He observed that, to him,

34. **David and Jonathan,** see I *Samuel* xviii, 1-4.

this trance looked more like a visitation of Satan than a proof of divine favor, and exhorted his friend to see that he hid no accursed thing within his soul. Silas, feeling bound to accept rebuke and admonition as a brotherly office, felt no resentment, but only pain, at his friend's doubts concerning him; and to this was soon added some anxiety at the perception that Sarah's manner toward him began to exhibit a strange fluctuation between an effort at an increased manifestation of regard and involuntary signs of shrinking and dislike. He asked her if she wished to break off their engagement; but she denied this—their engagement was known to the church, and had been recognized in the prayer meetings; it could not be broken off without strict investigation, and Sarah could render no reason that would be sanctioned by the feeling of the community. At this time the senior deacon was taken dangerously ill, and, being a childless widower, he was tended night and day by some of the younger brethren or sisters. Silas frequently took his turn in the night-watching with William, the one relieving the other at two in the morning. The old man, contrary to expectation, seemed to be on the way to recovery, when one night Silas, sitting up by his bedside, observed that his usual audible breathing had ceased. The candle was burning low, and he had to lift it to see the patient's face distinctly. Examination convinced him that the deacon was dead—had been dead some time, for the limbs were rigid. Silas asked himself if he had been asleep, and looked at the clock; it was already four in the morning. How was it that William had not come? In much anxiety he went to seek for help, and soon there were several friends assembled in the house, the minister among them, while Silas went away to his work, wishing he could have met William to know the reason of his non-appearance. But at six o'clock, as he was thinking of going to seek his friend, William came, and with him the minister. They came to summon him to Lantern Yard, to meet the church members there; and to his inquiry concerning the cause of the summons the only reply was, "You will hear." Nothing further was said until Silas was seated in the vestry, in front of the minister, with the eyes of those who to him represented God's people fixed solemnly upon him. Then the minister, taking out a pocketknife, showed it to Silas, and asked him if he knew where he had left that knife. Silas said he did not know that he had left it anywhere out of his own pocket—but he was trembling at this strange interrogation. He was then exhorted not to hide his sin but to confess and repent. The knife had been found in the bureau by the departed deacon's bedside—found in the place where the little bag of church money had lain, which the minister himself had seen the day before. Some hand had removed that bag; and whose hand could it be, if not that of the man to whom the knife belonged? For some time Silas was mute with astonishment; then he said, "God will clear me; I know nothing about the knife being there, or the money being gone. Search me and my dwelling; you will find nothing but three pound five of my own savings, which William Dane knows I have had these six months." At this William groaned, but the minister said, "The proof is heavy against you, brother Marner. The money was taken in the night last past, and no man was with our departed brother but you, for William Dane declares to us that he was hindered by sudden sickness from going to take his place

as usual, and you yourself said that he had not come; and, moreover, you neglected the dead body."

"I must have slept," said Silas. Then after a pause, he added, "Or I must have had another visitation like that which you have all seen me under, so that the thief must have come and gone while I was not in the body, but out of the body. But, I say again, search me and my dwelling, for I have been nowhere else."

The search was made, and it ended —in William Dane's finding the well-known bag, empty, tucked behind the chest of drawers in Silas's chamber! On this William exhorted his friend to confess, and not to hide his sin any longer. Silas turned a look of keen reproach on him, and said, "William, for nine years that we have gone in and out together, have you ever known me tell a lie? But God will clear me."

"Brother," said William, "how do I know what you may have done in the secret chambers of your heart, to give Satan an advantage over you?"

Silas was still looking at his friend. Suddenly a deep flush came over his face, and he was about to speak impetuously, when he seemed checked again by some inward shock, that sent the flush back and made him tremble. But at last he spoke feebly, looking at William.

"I remember now—the knife wasn't in my pocket."

William said, "I know nothing of what you mean." The other persons present, however, began to inquire where Silas meant to say that the knife was, but he would give no further explanation; he only said, "I am sore stricken; I can say nothing. God will clear me."

On their return to the vestry there was further deliberation. Any resort to legal measures for ascertaining the culprit was contrary to the principles of the church in Lantern Yard, according to which prosecution was forbidden to Christians, even had the case held less scandal to the community. But the members were bound to take other measures for finding out the truth, and they resolved on praying and drawing lots. This resolution can be a ground of surprise only to those who are unacquainted with that obscure religious life which has gone on in the alleys of our towns. Silas knelt with his brethren, relying on his own innocence being certified by immediate divine interference, but feeling that there was sorrow and mourning behind for him even then—that his trust in man had been cruelly bruised. *The lots declared that Silas Marner was guilty.* He was solemnly suspended from church-membership, and called upon to render up the stolen money; only on confession, as the sign of repentance, could he be received once more within the folds of the church. Marner listened in silence. At last, when everyone rose to depart, he went toward William Dane and said, in a voice shaken by agitation:

"The last time I remember using my knife was when I took it out to cut a strap for you. I don't remember putting it in my pocket again. *You* stole the money, and you have woven a plot to lay the sin at my door. But you may prosper, for all that; there is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent."

There was a general shudder at this blasphemy.

William said meekly, "I leave our brethren to judge whether this is the voice of Satan or not. I can do nothing but pray for you, Silas."

Poor Marner went out with that despair in his soul—that shaken trust in God and man, which is little short

of madness to a loving nature. In the bitterness of his wounded spirit, he said to himself, "*She* will cast me off, too." And he reflected that, if she did not believe the testimony against him, her whole faith must be upset as his was. To people accustomed to reason about the forms in which their religious feeling has incorporated itself, it is difficult to enter into that simple, untaught state of mind in which the form and the feeling have never been severed by an act of reflection. We are apt to think it inevitable that a man in Marner's position should have begun to question the validity of an appeal to the divine judgment by drawing lots; but to him this would have been an effort of independent thought such as he had never known; and he must have made the effort at a moment when all his energies were turned into the anguish of disappointed faith. If there is an angel who records the sorrows of men as well as their sins, he knows how many and deep are the sorrows that spring from false ideas for which no man is culpable.

Marner went home, and for a whole day sat alone, stunned by despair, without any impulse to go to Sarah and attempt to win her belief in his innocence. The second day he took refuge from benumbing unbelief by getting into his loom and working away as usual; and before many hours were past, the minister and one of the deacons came to him with the message from Sarah, that she held her engagement to him at an end. Silas received the message mutely, and then turned away from the messengers to work at his loom again. In little more than a month from that time, Sarah was married to William Dane; and not long afterwards it was known to the brethren in Lantern Yard that Silas Marner had departed from the town.

CHAPTER II

Even people whose lives have been made various by learning sometimes find it hard to keep a fast hold on their habitual views of life, on their faith in the Invisible, nay, on the sense that their past joys and sorrows are a real experience, when they are suddenly transported to a new land where the beings around them know nothing of their history and share none of their ideas—where their mother earth shows another lap, and human life has other forms than those on which their souls have been nourished. Minds that have been unhinged from their old faith and love have perhaps sought this Lethean influence of exile, in which the past becomes dreamy because its symbols have all vanished, and the present too is dreamy because it is linked with no memories. But even *their* experience may hardly enable them thoroughly to imagine what was the effect on a simple weaver like Silas Marner, when he left his own country and people and came to settle in Raveloe. Nothing could be more unlike his native town, set within sight of the widespread hillsides, than this low, wooded region, where he felt hidden even from the heavens by the screening trees and hedgerows. There was nothing here, when he rose in the deep morning quiet and looked out on the dewy brambles and rank tufted grass, that seemed to have any relation with the life centering in Lantern Yard, which had once been to him the altar-place of high dispensations. The whitewashed walls; the little pews where well-known figures entered with a subdued rustling, and where first one well-known voice and then another, pitched in a peculiar key of

66. **Lethean**, from Lethe, a river of Hades, the drinking of whose waters produced forgetfulness of the past. 88. **altar-place**, etc., inspiration of his religious life, and monitor of his moral actions.

petition, uttered phrases at once occult and familiar, like the amulet worn on the heart; the pulpit where the minister delivered unquestioned doctrine, and swayed to and fro, and handled the book in a long-accustomed manner; the very pauses between the couplets of the hymn, as it was given out, and the recurrent swell of voices in song—these things had been the channel of divine influences to Marner—they were the fostering home of his religious emotions—they were Christianity and God's kingdom upon earth. A weaver who finds hard words in his hymn book knows nothing of abstractions; as the little child knows nothing of parental love, but only knows one face and one lap toward which it stretches its arms for refuge and nurture.

And what could be more unlike that Lantern Yard world than the world in Raveloe?—orchards looking lazy with neglected plenty; the large church in the wide churchyard, which men gazed at, lounging at their own doors in service-time; the purple-faced farmers jogging along the lanes or turning in at the Rainbow; homesteads, where men supped heavily and slept in the light of the evening hearth, and where women seemed to be laying up a stock of linen for the life to come. There were no lips in Raveloe from which a word could fall that would stir Silas Marner's benumbed faith to a sense of pain. In the early ages of the world, we know, it was believed that each territory was inhabited and ruled by its own divinities, so that a man could cross the bordering heights and be out of the reach of his native gods, whose presence was confined to the streams and the groves and the hills among which he had lived from his birth. And poor Silas was vaguely conscious of something not unlike the feeling of primitive men when they fled thus, in fear or in sullenness, from the face of an unpropitious deity. It seemed to him that the Power he had vainly trusted in, among the streets and at the prayer-meetings, was very far away from this land in which he had taken refuge, where men lived in careless abundance, knowing and needing nothing of that trust which, for him, had been turned to bitterness. The little light he possessed spread its beams so narrowly that frustrated belief was a curtain broad enough to create for him the blackness of night.

His first movement after the shock had been to work in his loom; and he went on with this unremittingly, never asking himself why, now he was come to Raveloe, he worked far on into the night to finish the tale of Mrs. Osgood's table-linen sooner than she expected—without contemplating beforehand the money she would put into his hand for the work. He seemed to weave, like the spider, from pure impulse, without reflection. Every man's work, pursued steadily, tends in this way to become an end in itself, and so to bridge over the loveless chasms of his life. Silas's hand satisfied itself with throwing the shuttle, and his eye with seeing the little squares in the cloth complete themselves under his effort. Then there were the calls of hunger; and Silas, in his solitude, had to provide his own breakfast, dinner, and supper, to fetch his own water from the well, and put his own kettle on the fire; and all these immediate promptings helped, along with the weaving, to reduce his life to the unquestioning activity of a spinning insect. He hated the thought of the past; there was nothing that called out his love and fellowship toward the strangers he had come amongst; and the future was all dark, for there was no Unseen Love that cared for him. Thought was arrested

by utter bewilderment, now its old narrow pathway was closed, and affection seemed to have died under the bruise that had fallen on its keenest nerves.

But at last Mrs. Osgood's table-linen was finished, and Silas was paid in gold. His earnings in his native town, where he worked for a wholesale dealer, had been after a lower rate; he had been paid weekly, and of his weekly earnings a large proportion had gone to objects of piety and charity. Now, for the first time in his life, he had five bright guineas put into his hand; no man expected a share of them, and he loved no man that he should offer him a share. But what were the guineas to him who saw no vista beyond countless days of weaving? It was needless for him to ask that, for it was pleasant to him to feel them in his palm, and to look at their bright faces, which were all his own; it was another element of life, like the weaving and the satisfaction of hunger, subsisting quite aloof from the life of belief and love from which he had been cut off. The weaver's hand had known the touch of hard-won money even before the palm had grown to its full breadth; for twenty years, mysterious money had stood to him as the symbol of earthly good, and the immediate object of toil. He had seemed to love it little in the years when every penny had its purpose for him; for he loved the *purpose* then. But now, when all purpose was gone, that habit of looking toward the money and grasping it with a sense of fulfilled effort made a loam that was deep enough for the seeds of desire; and as Silas walked homeward across the fields in the twilight, he drew out the money and thought it was brighter in the gathering gloom.

About this time an incident happened which seemed to open a possibility of some fellowship with his neighbors. One day, taking a pair of shoes to be mended, he saw the cobbler's wife seated by the fire, suffering from the terrible symptoms of heart disease and dropsy, which he had witnessed as the precursors of his mother's death. He felt a rush of pity at the mingled sight and remembrance, and, recalling the relief his mother had found from a simple preparation of foxglove, he promised Sally Oates to bring her something that would ease her, since the doctor did her no good. In this office of charity, Silas felt, for the first time since he had come to Raveloe, a sense of unity between his past and present life, which might have been the beginning of his rescue from the insect-like existence into which his nature had shrunk. But Sally Oates's disease had raised her into a personage of much interest and importance among the neighbors, and the fact of her having found relief from drinking Silas Marner's "stuff" became a matter of general discourse. When Doctor Kimble gave physic, it was natural that it should have an effect; but when a weaver, who came from nobody knew where, worked wonders with a bottle of brown waters, the occult character of the process was evident. Such a sort of thing had not been known since the Wise Woman at Tarley died; and she had charms as well as "stuff"; everybody went to her when their children had fits. Silas Marner must be a person of the same sort, for how did he know what would bring back Sally Oates's breath, if he didn't know a fine sight more than that? The Wise Woman had words that she muttered to herself so that you couldn't hear what they

86. **Wise Woman**, so called because she played upon the superstitions of those to whom she gave her medicines.

A RAVELOE COTTAGE

until the fifteenth year after he came to Raveloe. The livelong day he sat in his loom, his ear filled with its monotony, his eyes bent close down on the slow growth of sameness in the brownish web, his muscles moving with such even repetition that their pause seemed almost as much a constraint as the holding of his breath. But at night came his revelry; at night he closed his shutters, and made fast his doors, and drew forth his gold. Long ago the heap of coins had become too large for the iron pot to hold them, and he had made for them two thick leather bags, which wasted no room in their resting-place, but lent themselves flexibly to every corner. How the guineas shone as they came pouring out of the dark leather mouths! The silver bore no large proportion in amount to the gold, because the long pieces of linen which formed his chief work were always partly paid for in gold, and out of the silver he supplied his own bodily wants, choosing always the shillings and sixpences to spend in this way. He loved the guineas best, but he would not change the silver—the crowns and half-crowns that were his own earnings, begotten by his labor; he loved them all. He spread them out in heaps and bathed his hands in them; then he counted them and set them up in regular piles, and felt their rounded outline between his thumb and fingers, and thought fondly of the guineas that were only half earned by the work in his loom, as if they had been unborn children—thought of the guineas that were coming slowly through the coming years, through all his life, which spread far away before him, the end quite hidden by countless days of weaving. No wonder his thoughts were still with his loom and his money when he made his journeys through the fields and the lanes to fetch and carry home his work, so that his steps never wandered to the hedge-banks and the lane-side in search of the once

familiar herbs; these too belonged to the past, from which his life had shrunk away, like a rivulet that has sunk far down from the grassy fringe of its old breadth into a little shivering thread that cuts a groove for itself in the barren sand.

But about the Christmas of that fifteenth year a second great change came over Marner's life, and his history became blended in a singular manner with the life of his neighbors.

CHAPTER III

The greatest man in Raveloe was Squire Cass, who lived in the large red house with the handsome flight of stone steps in front and the high stables behind it, nearly opposite the church. He was only one among several landed parishioners, but he alone was honored with the title of Squire; for though Mr. Osgood's family was also understood to be of timeless origin—the Raveloe imagination having never ventured back to that fearful blank when there were no Osgoods—still, he merely owned the farm he occupied; whereas Squire Cass had a tenant or two, who complained of the game to him quite as if he had been a lord.

It was still that glorious war time which was felt to be a peculiar favor of Providence toward the landed interest, and the fall of prices had not yet come to carry the race of small squires and yeomen down that road to ruin for which extravagant habits and bad husbandry were plentifully anointing their wheels. I am speaking now in relation to Raveloe and the parishes that resembled it; for our old-fashioned country life had many different aspects, as all life must have when it is spread over a various surface, and breathed on variously by multitudinous currents, from the winds of heaven to the thoughts of men, which are forever moving and crossing each other with incalculable results. Raveloe lay low among the bushy trees and the rutted lanes, aloof from the currents of industrial energy and Puritan earnestness; the rich ate and drank freely, accepting gout and apoplexy as things that ran mysteriously in respectable families, and the poor thought that the rich were entirely in the right of it to lead a jolly life; besides, their feasting caused a multiplication of orts, which were the heirlooms of the poor. Betty Jay scented the boiling of Squire Cass's hams, but her longing was arrested by the unctuous liquor in which they were boiled; and when the seasons brought round the great merrymakings, they were regarded on all hands as a fine thing for the poor. For the Raveloe feasts were like the rounds of beef and the barrels of ale—they were on a large scale, and lasted a good while, especially in the wintertime. After ladies had packed up their best gowns and topknots in bandboxes, and had incurred the risk of fording streams on pillions with the precious burden in rainy or snowy weather, when there was no knowing how high the water would rise, it was not to be supposed that they looked forward to a brief pleasure. On this ground it was always contrived in the dark seasons, when there was little work to be done, and the hours were long, that several neighbors should keep open house in succession. So soon as Squire Cass's standing dishes diminished in plenty and freshness, his guests had nothing to do but to walk a little higher up the village to Mr. Osgood's,

28. **complained of the game,** made complaint to him if his game birds or animals damaged their crops. 31. **war time,** see note on line 28, page 153. 36. **squires, yeomen.** A squire was a country gentleman who owned considerable land; a yeoman, though not of gentle blood, owned his land and was an independent farmer.

60. **orts,** left-over food. 75. **pillion,** a pad on which a woman rode horseback behind the man rider.

at the Orchards, and they found hams and chines uncut, pork pies with the scent of the fire in them, spun butter in all its freshness—everything, in fact, that appetites at leisure could desire, in perhaps greater perfection, though not in greater abundance, than at Squire Cass's.

For the Squire's wife had died long ago, and the Red House was without that presence of the wife and mother which is the fountain of wholesome love and fear in parlor and kitchen; and this helped to account not only for there being more profusion than finished excellence in the holiday provisions, but also for the frequency with which the proud Squire condescended to preside in the parlor of the Rainbow rather than under the shadow of his own dark wainscot; perhaps, also, for the fact that his sons had turned out rather ill. Raveloe was not a place where moral censure was severe, but it was thought a weakness in the Squire that he had kept all his sons at home in idleness; and though some license was to be allowed to young men whose fathers could afford it, people shook their heads at the courses of the second son, Dunstan, commonly called Dunsey Cass, whose taste for swapping and betting might turn out to be a sowing of something worse than wild oats. To be sure, the neighbors said, it was no matter what became of Dunsey—a spiteful, jeering fellow, who seemed to enjoy his drink the more when other people went dry—always provided that his doings did not bring trouble on a family like Squire Cass's, with a monument in the church, and tankards older than King George. But it would be a thousand pities if Mr. Godfrey, the eldest, a fine, open-faced, good-natured young man who was to come into the land some day, should take to going along the same road with his brother, as he had seemed to do of late. If he went on in that way, he would lose Miss Nancy Lammeter; for it was well known that she had looked very shyly on him ever since last Whitsuntide twelvemonth, when there was so much talk about his being away from home days and days together. There was something wrong, more than common—that was quite clear; for Mr. Godfrey didn't look half so fresh-colored and open as he used to do. At one time everybody was saying what a handsome couple he and Miss Nancy Lammeter would make, and if she could come to be mistress at the Red House, there would be a fine change, for the Lammeters had been brought up in that way that they never suffered a pinch of salt to be wasted, and yet everybody in their household had of the best, according to his place. Such a daughter-in-law would be a saving to the old Squire, if she never brought a penny to her fortune; for it was to be feared that, notwithstanding his incomings, there were more holes in his pocket than the one where he put his own hand in. But if Mr. Godfrey didn't turn over a new leaf, he might say good-by to Miss Nancy Lammeter.

It was the once hopeful Godfrey who was standing, with his hands in his side-pockets and his back to the fire, in the dark, wainscoted parlor, one late November afternoon in that fifteenth year of Silas Marner's life at Raveloe. The fading gray light fell dimly on the walls decorated with guns, whips, and foxes' brushes, on coats and hats flung on the chairs, on tankards sending forth a scent of flat ale, and on a half-choked fire,

2. **chine**, a part of the meat along the backbone for roasting. 3. **spun**, that has been worked until smooth and fine-grained. 44. **King George**, George III of England (1738-1820).

90. **brush**, tail.

with pipes propped up in the chimney-corners; signs of a domestic life destitute of any hallowing charm, with which the look of gloomy vexation on Godfrey's blond face was in sad accordance. He seemed to be waiting and listening for someone's approach, and presently the sound of a heavy step, with an accompanying whistle, was heard across the large empty entrance-hall.

The door opened, and a thickset, heavy-looking young man entered, with the flushed face and the gratuitously elated bearing which mark the first stage of intoxication. It was Dunsey, and at the sight of him Godfrey's face parted with some of its gloom to take on the more active expression of hatred. The handsome brown spaniel that lay on the hearth retreated under the chair in the chimney-corner.

"Well, Master Godfrey, what do you want with me?" said Dunsey, in a mocking tone. "You're my elders and betters, you know; I was obliged to come when you sent for me."

"Why, this is what I want—and just shake yourself sober and listen, will you?" said Godfrey, savagely. He had himself been drinking more than was good for him, trying to turn his gloom into uncalculating anger. "I want to tell you, I must hand over that rent of Fowler's to the Squire, or else tell him I gave it you; for he's threatening to distrain for it, and it'll all be out soon, whether I tell him or not. He said, just now, before he went out, he should send word to Cox to distrain, if Fowler didn't come and pay up his arrears this week. The Squire's short o' cash, and in no humor to stand any nonsense; and you know what he threatened, if ever he found you making away with his money again. So, see and get the money, and pretty quickly, will you?"

"Oh!" said Dunsey, sneeringly, coming nearer to his brother and looking in his face. "Suppose, now, you get the money yourself, and save me the trouble, eh? Since you was so kind as to hand it over to me, you'll not refuse me the kindness to pay it back for me; it was your brotherly love made you do it, you know."

Godfrey bit his lip and clenched his fist. "Don't come near me with that look, else I'll knock you down."

"Oh, no, you won't," said Dunsey, turning away on his heel, however. "Because I'm such a good-natured brother, you know. I might get you turned out of house and home, and cut off with a shilling any day. I might tell the Squire how his handsome son was married to that nice young woman, Molly Farren, and was very unhappy because he couldn't live with his drunken wife, and I should slip into your place as comfortable as could be. But you see, I don't do it—I'm so easy and good-natured. You'll take any trouble for me. You'll get the hundred pounds for me—I know you will."

"How can I get the money?" said Godfrey, quivering. "I haven't a shilling to bless myself with. And it's a lie that you'd slip into my place; you'd get yourself turned out, too, that's all. For if you begin telling tales, I'll follow. Bob's my father's favorite—you know that very well. He'd only think himself well rid of you."

"Never mind," said Dunsey, nodding his head sideways as he looked out of the window. "It 'ud be very pleasant to me to go in your company—you're such a handsome brother, and we've always been so fond of quarreling with one another, I shouldn't know what to do without you. But you'd

38. **distrain for it**, seize property to enforce payment of rent.

like better for us both to stay at home together; I know you would. So you'll manage to get that little sum o' money, and I'll bid you good-by, though I'm sorry to part."

Dunstan was moving off, but Godfrey rushed after him and seized him by the arm, saying, with an oath,

"I tell you I have no money; I can get no money."

"Borrow of old Kimble."

"I tell you, he won't lend me any more, and I shan't ask him."

"Well, then, sell Wildfire."

"Yes, that's easy talking. I must have the money directly."

"Well, you've only got to ride him to the hunt tomorrow. There'll be Bryce and Keating there, for sure. You'll get more bids than one."

"I daresay, and get back home at eight o'clock, splashed up to the chin. I'm going to Mrs. Osgood's birthday dance."

"Oho!" said Dunsey, turning his head on one side, and trying to speak in a small, mincing treble. "And there's sweet Miss Nancy coming; and we shall dance with her, and promise never to be naughty again, and be taken into favor, and——"

"Hold your tongue about Miss Nancy, you fool," said Godfrey, turning red, "else I'll throttle you."

"What for?" said Dunsey, still in an artificial tone, but taking a whip from the table and beating the butt end of it on his palm. "You've a very good chance. I'd advise you to creep up her sleeve again; it 'ud be saving time, if Molly should happen to take a drop too much laudanum some day, and make a widower of you. Miss Nancy wouldn't mind being a second, if she didn't know it. And you've got a good-natured brother, who'll keep your secret well, because you'll be so very obliging to him."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Godfrey, quivering, and pale again, "my patience is pretty near at an end. If you'd a little more sharpness in you, you might know that you may urge a man a bit too far, and make one leap as easy as another. I don't know but what it is so now; I may as well tell the Squire everything myself—I should get you off my back, if I got nothing else. And, after all, he'll know sometime. She's been threatening to come herself and tell him. So, don't flatter yourself that your secrecy's worth any price you choose to ask. You drain me of money till I have got nothing to pacify *her* with, and she'll do as she threatens some day. It's all one. I'll tell my father everything myself, and you may go to the devil."

Dunsey perceived that he had overshot his mark, and that there was a point at which even the hesitating Godfrey might be driven into decision. But he said, with an air of unconcern, "As you please; but I'll have a draft of ale first." And ringing the bell, he threw himself across two chairs, and began to rap the window-seat with the handle of his whip.

Godfrey stood, still with his back to the fire, uneasily moving his fingers among the contents of his side-pockets, and looking at the floor. That big muscular frame of his held plenty of animal courage, but helped him to no decision when the dangers to be braved were such as could neither be knocked down nor throttled. His natural irresolution and moral cowardice were exaggerated by a position in which dreaded consequences seemed to press equally on all sides, and his irritation had no sooner provoked him to defy Dunstan and anticipate all possible betrayals, than the miseries he must

40, **creep up her sleeve**, get into her good graces.

bring on himself by such a step seemed more unendurable to him than the present evil. The results of confession were not contingent, they were certain; whereas betrayal was not certain. From the near vision of that certainty he fell back on suspense and vacillation with a sense of repose. The disinherited son of a small squire, equally disinclined to dig and to beg, was almost as helpless as an uprooted tree, which, by the favor of earth and sky, has grown to a handsome bulk on the spot where it first shot upward. Perhaps it would have been possible to think of digging with some cheerfulness if Nancy Lammeter were to be won on those terms; but, since he must irrevocably lose *her* as well as the inheritance, and must break every tie but the one that degraded him and left him without motive for trying to recover his better self, he could imagine no future for himself on the other side of confession but that of " 'listing for a soldier"—the most desperate step, short of suicide, in the eyes of respectable families. No! he would rather trust to casualties than to his own resolve—rather go on sitting at the feast, and sipping the wine he loved, though with the sword hanging over him and terror in his heart, than rush away into the cold darkness where there was no pleasure left. The utmost concession to Dunstan about the horse began to seem easy, compared with the fulfillment of his own threat. But his pride would not let him recommence the conversation otherwise than by continuing the quarrel. Dunstan was waiting for this, and took his ale in shorter drafts than usual.

"It's just like you," Godfrey burst out, in a bitter tone, "to talk about my selling Wildfire in that cool way—the last thing I've got to call my own, and the best bit of horseflesh I ever had in my life. And if you'd got a spark of pride in you, you'd be ashamed to see the stables emptied, and everybody sneering about it. But it's my belief you'd sell yourself, if it was only for the pleasure of making somebody feel he'd got a bad bargain."

"Aye, aye," said Dunstan, very placably, "you do me justice, I see. You know I'm a jewel for 'ticing people into bargains. For which reason I advise you to let *me* sell Wildfire. I'd ride him to the hunt tomorrow for you, with pleasure. I shouldn't look so handsome as you in the saddle, but it's the horse they'll bid for, and not the rider."

"Yes, I daresay—trust my horse to you!"

"As you please," said Dunstan, rapping the window-seat again with an air of great unconcern. "It's *you* have got to pay Fowler's money; it's none of my business. You received the money from him when you went to Bramcote, and *you* told the Squire it wasn't paid. I'd nothing to do with that; you chose to be so obliging as to give it to me, that was all. If you don't want to pay the money, let it alone; it's all one to me. But I was willing to accommodate you by undertaking to sell the horse, seeing it's not convenient to you to go so far tomorrow."

Godfrey was silent for some moments. He would have liked to spring on Dunstan, wrench the whip from his hand, and flog him to within an inch of his life; and no bodily fear could have deterred him; but he was mastered by another sort of fear, which was fed by feelings stronger even than his resentment. When he spoke again it was in a half-conciliatory tone.

"Well, you mean no nonsense about

32. **sword hanging over him**, from the story of the sword of Damocles, which see in an encyclopedia.

the horse, eh? You'll sell him all fair, and hand over the money? If you don't, you know, everything 'ull go to smash, for I've got nothing else to trust to. And you'll have less pleasure in pulling the house over my head, when your own skull's to be broken, too."

"Aye, aye," said Dunstan, rising; "all right. I thought you'd come round. I'm the fellow to bring old Bryce up to the scratch. I'll get you a hundred and twenty for him, if I get you a penny."

"But it'll perhaps rain cats and dogs tomorrow, as it did yesterday, and then you can't go," said Godfrey, hardly knowing whether he wished for that obstacle or not.

"Not *it*," said Dunstan. "I'm always lucky in my weather. It might rain if you wanted to go yourself. You never hold trumps, you know—I always do. You've got the beauty, you see, and I've got the luck, so you must keep me by you for your crooked sixpence; you'll *ne*-ver get along without me."

"Confound you, hold your tongue!" said Godfrey, impetuously. "And take care to keep sober tomorrow, else you'll get pitched on your head coming home, and Wildfire might be the worse for it."

"Make your tender heart easy," said Dunstan, opening the door. "You never knew me see double when I'd got a bargain to make; it 'ud spoil the fun. Besides, whenever I fall, I'm warranted to fall on my legs."

With that, Dunstan slammed the door behind him, and left Godfrey to that bitter rumination on his personal circumstances which was now unbroken from day to day save by the excitement of sporting, drinking, card playing, or the rarer and less oblivious pleasure of seeing Miss Nancy Lammeter. The subtle and varied pains springing from the higher sensibility that accompanies higher culture are perhaps less pitiable than that dreary absence of impersonal enjoyment and consolation which leaves ruder minds to the perpetual urgent companionship of their own griefs and discontents. The lives of those rural forefathers, whom we are apt to think very prosaic figures—men whose only work was to ride round their land, getting heavier and heavier in their saddles, and who passed the rest of their days in the half-listless gratification of senses dulled by monotony—had a certain pathos in them, nevertheless. Calamities came to *them* too, and their early errors carried hard consequences; perhaps the love of some sweet maiden, the image of purity, order, and calm, had opened their eyes to the vision of a life in which the days would not seem too long, even without rioting; but the maiden was lost, and the vision passed away, and then what was left to them, especially when they had become too heavy for the hunt, or for carrying a gun over the furrows, but to drink and get merry, or to drink and get angry, so that they might be independent of variety, and say over again with eager emphasis the things they had said already any time that twelvemonth? Assuredly, among these flushed and dull-eyed men there were some whom—thanks to their native human kindness—even riot could never drive into brutality; men who, when their cheeks were fresh, had felt the keen point of sorrow or remorse, had been pierced by the reeds they leaned on, or had lightly put their limbs in fetters from which no struggle could loose them; and under these sad circumstances, common to us all, their thoughts could find no resting-place outside the ever trodden round of their own petty history.

26. **crooked sixpence**, a mutilated coin carried for luck.

That, at least, was the condition of Godfrey Cass in this six-and-twentieth year of his life. A movement of compunction, helped by those small, indefinable influences which every personal relation exerts on a pliant nature, had urged him into a secret marriage, which was a blight on his life. It was an ugly story of low passion, delusion, and waking from delusion, which needs not to be dragged from the privacy of Godfrey's bitter memory. He had long known that the delusion was partly due to a trap laid for him by Dunstan, who saw in his brother's degrading marriage the means of gratifying at once his jealous hate and his cupidity. And if Godfrey could have felt himself simply a victim, the iron bit that destiny had put into his mouth would have chafed him less intolerably. If the curses he muttered half aloud when he was alone had had no other object than Dunstan's diabolical cunning, he might have shrunk less from the consequences of avowal. But he had something else to curse—his own vicious folly, which now seemed as mad and unaccountable to him as almost all our follies and vices do when their promptings have long passed away. For four years he had thought of Nancy Lammeter, and wooed her with tacit, patient worship, as the woman who made him think of the future with joy; she would be his wife, and would make home lovely to him, as his father's home had never been; and it would be easy, when she was always near, to shake off those foolish habits that were no pleasures, but only a feverish way of annulling vacancy. Godfrey's was an essentially domestic nature, bred up in a home where the hearth had no smiles, and where the daily habits were not chastised by the presence of household order. His easy disposition made him fall in unresistingly with the family courses, but the need of some tender, permanent affection, the longing for some influence that would make the good he preferred easy to pursue, caused the neatness, purity, and liberal orderliness of the Lammeter household, sunned by the smile of Nancy, to seem like those fresh, bright hours of the morning when temptations go to sleep and leave the ear open to the voice of the good angel, inviting to industry, sobriety, and peace. And yet the hope of this paradise had not been enough to save him from a course which shut him out of it forever. Instead of keeping fast hold of the strong silken rope by which Nancy would have drawn him safe to the green banks where it was easy to step firmly, he had let himself be dragged back into mud and slime, in which it was useless to struggle. He had made ties for himself which robbed him of all wholesome motive and were a constant exasperation.

Still, there was one position worse than the present: it was the position he would be in when the ugly secret was disclosed; and the desire that continually triumphed over every other was that of warding off the evil day when he would have to bear the consequences of his father's violent resentment for the wound inflicted on his family pride—would have, perhaps, to turn his back on that hereditary ease and dignity which, after all, was a sort of reason for living, and would carry with him the certainty that he was banished forever from the sight and esteem of Nancy Lammeter. The longer the interval, the more chance there was of deliverance from some, at least, of the hateful consequences to which he had sold himself; the more opportunities remained for him to snatch the strange gratification of seeing Nancy, and gathering some faint indications of her lingering re-

gard. Toward this gratification he was impelled, fitfully, every now and then, after having passed weeks in which he had avoided her as the far-off, bright-winged prize that only made him spring forward and find his chain all the more galling. One of those fits of yearning was on him now, and it would have been strong enough to have persuaded him to trust Wildfire to Dunstan rather than disappoint the yearning, even if he had not had another reason for his disinclination toward the morrow's hunt. That other reason was the fact that the morning's meet was near Batherley, the market-town where the unhappy woman lived whose image became more odious to him every day; and to his thought the whole vicinage was haunted by her. The yoke a man creates for himself by wrongdoing will breed hate in the kindliest nature; and the good-humored, affectionate-hearted Godfrey Cass was fast becoming a bitter man, visited by cruel wishes, that seemed to enter, and depart, and enter again, like demons who had found in him a ready-garnished home.

What was he to do this evening to pass the time? He might as well go to the Rainbow, and hear the talk about the cock-fighting; everybody was there, and what else was there to be done? Though, for his own part, he did not care a button for cock-fighting. Snuff, the brown spaniel, who had placed herself in front of him, and had been watching him for some time, now jumped up in impatience for the expected caress. But Godfrey thrust her away without looking at her, and left the room, followed humbly by the unresenting Snuff—perhaps because she saw no other career open to her.

20. **vicinage**, neighborhood.

CHAPTER IV

Dunstan Cass, setting off in the raw morning, at the judiciously quiet pace of a man who is obliged to ride to cover on his hunter, had to take his way along the lane which, at its farther extremity, passed by the piece of unenclosed ground called the Stone-pit, where stood the cottage, once a stonecutter's shed, now for fifteen years inhabited by Silas Marner. The spot looked very dreary at this season, with the moist, trodden clay about it, and the red, muddy water high up in the deserted quarry. That was Dunstan's first thought as he approached it; the second was that the old fool of a weaver, whose loom he heard rattling already, had a great deal of money hidden somewhere. How was it that he, Dunstan Cass, who had often heard talk of Marner's miserliness, had never thought of suggesting to Godfrey that he should frighten or persuade the old fellow into lending the money on the excellent security of the young Squire's prospects? The resource occurred to him now as so easy and agreeable, especially as Marner's hoard was likely to be large enough to leave Godfrey a handsome surplus beyond his immediate needs, and enable him to accommodate his faithful brother, that he had almost turned the horse's head toward home again. Godfrey would be ready enough to accept the suggestion; he would snatch eagerly at a plan that might save him from parting with Wildfire. But when Dunstan's meditation reached this point, the inclination to go on grew strong and prevailed. He didn't want to give Godfrey that pleasure; he preferred that Master Godfrey should be vexed. Moreover,

51. **cover**, the underbrush where the game is concealed and the chase begins. **hunter**, hunting-horse, which was often led to cover by an attendant, to keep it fresh.

Dunstan enjoyed the self-important consciousness of having a horse to sell, and the opportunity of driving a bargain, swaggering, and possibly taking somebody in. He might have all the satisfaction attendant on selling his brother's horse, and not the less have the further satisfaction of setting Godfrey to borrow Marner's money. So he rode on to cover.

Bryce and Keating were there, as Dunstan was quite sure they would be—he was such a lucky fellow.

"Heyday!" said Bryce, who had long had his eye on Wildfire, "you're on your brother's horse today; how's that?"

"Oh, I've swapped with him," said Dunstan, whose delight in lying, grandly independent of utility, was not to be diminished by the likelihood that his hearer would not believe him—"Wildfire's mine now."

"What! has he swapped with you for that big-boned hack of yours?" said Bryce, quite aware that he should get another lie in answer.

"Oh, there was a little account between us," said Dunsey, carelessly, "and Wildfire made it even. I accommodated him by taking the horse, though it was against my will, for I'd got an itch for a mare o' Jortin's—as rare a bit o' blood as ever you threw your leg across. But I shall keep Wildfire, now I've got him, though I'd a bid of a hundred and fifty for him the other day, from a man over at Flitton—he's buying for Lord Cromleck—a fellow with a cast in his eye, and a green waistcoat. But I mean to stick to Wildfire; I shan't get a better at a fence in a hurry. The mare's got more blood, but she's a bit too weak in the hindquarters."

Bryce of course divined that Dunstan wanted to sell the horse, and Dunstan knew that he divined it (horse-dealing is only one of many human transactions carried on in this ingenious manner); and they both considered that the bargain was in its first stage, when Bryce replied, ironically:

"I wonder at that now; I wonder you mean to keep him; for I never heard of a man who didn't want to sell his horse getting a bid of half as much again as the horse is worth. You'll be lucky if you get a hundred."

Keating rode up now, and the transaction became more complicated. It ended in the purchase of the horse by Bryce for a hundred and twenty, to be paid on the delivery of Wildfire, safe and sound, at the Batherley stables. It did occur to Dunsey that it might be wise for him to give up the day's hunting, proceed at once to Batherley, and, having waited for Bryce's return, hire a horse to carry him home with the money in his pocket. But the inclination for a run, encouraged by confidence in his luck, and by a draft of brandy from his pocket-pistol at the conclusion of the bargain, was not easy to overcome, especially with a horse under him that would take the fences to the admiration of the field. Dunstan, however, took one fence too many, and got his horse pierced with a hedge-stake. His own ill-favored person, which was quite unmarketable, escaped without injury; but poor Wildfire, unconscious of his price, turned on his flank and painfully panted his last. It happened that Dunstan, a short time before, having had to get down to arrange his stirrup, had muttered a good many curses at this interruption, which had thrown him in the rear of the hunt near the moment of glory, and under this exasperation had taken the fences more blindly. He would soon have been up with the hounds again, when

76. **pocket-pistol**, liquor flask carried in the pistol pocket.

the fatal accident happened; and hence he was between eager riders in advance, not troubling themselves about what happened behind them, and far-off stragglers who were as likely as not to pass quite aloof from the line of road in which Wildfire had fallen. Dunstan, whose nature it was to care more for immediate annoyances than for remote consequences, no sooner recovered his legs, and saw that it was all over with Wildfire, than he felt a satisfaction at the absence of witnesses to a position which no swaggering could make enviable. Reënforcing himself, after his shake, with a little brandy and much swearing, he walked as fast as he could to a coppice on his right hand, through which it occurred to him that he could make his way to Batherley without danger of encountering any member of the hunt. His first intention was to hire a horse there and ride home forthwith, for to walk many miles without a gun in his hand and along an ordinary road, was as much out of the question to him as to other spirited young men of his kind. He did not much mind about taking the bad news to Godfrey, for he had to offer him at the same time the resource of Marner's money; and if Godfrey kicked, as he always did, at the notion of making a fresh debt from which he himself got the smallest share of advantage, why, he wouldn't kick long; Dunstan felt sure he could worry Godfrey into anything. The idea of Marner's money kept growing in vividness, now the want of it had become immediate; the prospect of having to make his appearance with the muddy boots of a pedestrian at Batherley and to encounter the grinning queries of stablemen, stood unpleasantly in the way of his impatience to be back at Raveloe and carry out his felicitous plan; and a casual visitation of his waistcoat-pocket, as he was ruminating, awakened his memory to the fact that the two or three small coins his forefinger encountered there were of too pale a color to cover that small debt without payment of which the stable-keeper had declared he would never do any more business with Dunsey Cass. After all, according to the direction in which the run had brought him, he was not so very much farther from home than he was from Batherley; but Dunsey, not being remarkable for clearness of head, was only led to this conclusion by the gradual perception that there were other reasons for choosing the unprecedented course of walking home. It was now nearly four o'clock, and a mist was gathering; the sooner he got into the road the better. He remembered having crossed the road and seen the finger-post only a little while before Wildfire broke down; so, buttoning his coat, twisting the lash of his hunting-whip compactly round the handle, and rapping the tops of his boots with a self-possessed air, as if to assure himself that he was not at all taken by surprise, he set off with the sense that he was undertaking a remarkable feat of bodily exertion, which somehow and at some time he should be able to dress up and magnify to the admiration of a select circle at the Rainbow. When a young gentleman like Dunsey is reduced to so exceptional a mode of locomotion as walking, a whip in his hand is a desirable corrective to a too bewildering dreamy sense of unwontedness in his position; and Dunstan, as he went along through the gathering mist, was always rapping his whip somewhere. It was Godfrey's whip, which he had chosen to take without leave because it had a gold handle; of course no one could see, when Dunstan held it, that the name *Godfrey Cass* was cut in deep letters on that gold handle—they

could only see that it was a very handsome whip. Dunsey was not without fear that he might meet some acquaintance in whose eyes he would cut a pitiable figure, for mist is no screen when people get close to each other; but when he at last found himself in the well-known Raveloe lanes without having met a soul, he silently remarked that that was part of his usual good luck. But now the mist, helped by the evening darkness, was more of a screen than he desired, for it hid the ruts into which his feet were liable to slip—hid everything, so that he had to guide his steps by dragging his whip along the low bushes in advance of the hedgerow. He must soon, he thought, be getting near the opening at the Stone-pits; he should find it out by the break in the hedgerow. He found it out, however, by another circumstance which he had not expected—namely, by certain gleams of light, which he presently guessed to proceed from Silas Marner's cottage. That cottage and the money hidden within it had been in his mind continually during his walk, and he had been imagining ways of cajoling and tempting the weaver to part with the immediate possession of his money for the sake of receiving interest. Dunstan felt as if there must be a little frightening added to the cajolery, for his own arithmetical convictions were not clear enough to afford him any forcible demonstration as to the advantages of interest; and as for security, he regarded it vaguely as a means of cheating a man by making him believe that he would be paid. Altogether, the operation on the miser's mind was a task that Godfrey would be sure to hand over to his more daring and cunning brother—Dunstan had made up his mind to that; and by the time he saw the light gleaming through the chinks of Marner's shutters, the idea of a dialogue with the weaver had become so familiar to him that it occurred to him as quite a natural thing to make the acquaintance forthwith. There might be several conveniences attending this course; the weaver had possibly got a lantern, and Dunstan was tired of feeling his way. He was still nearly three-quarters of a mile from home, and the lane was becoming unpleasantly slippery, for the mist was passing into rain. He turned up the bank, not without some fear lest he might miss the right way, since he was not certain whether the light were in front or on the side of the cottage. But he felt the ground before him cautiously with his whip-handle, and at last arrived safely at the door. He knocked loudly, rather enjoying the idea that the old fellow would be frightened at the sudden noise. He heard no movement in reply; all was silence in the cottage. Was the weaver gone to bed, then? If so, why had he left a light? That was a strange forgetfulness in the miser. Dunstan knocked still more loudly, and, without pausing for a reply, pushed his fingers through the latchhole, intending to shake the door and pull the latchstring up and down, not doubting that the door was fastened. But, to his surprise, at this double motion the door opened, and he found himself in front of a bright fire which lit up every corner of the cottage—the bed, the loom, the three chairs, and the table—and showed him that Marner was not there.

Nothing at that moment could be much more inviting to Dunsey than the bright fire on the brick hearth; he walked in and seated himself by it at once. There was something in front of the fire, too, that would have been inviting to a hungry man, if it had been in a different stage of cooking. It was a small bit of pork suspended

from the kettle-hanger by a string passed through a large door-key, in a way known to primitive housekeepers unpossessed of jacks. But the pork had been hung at the farthest extremity of the hanger, apparently to prevent the roasting from proceeding too rapidly during the owner's absence. The old staring simpleton had hot meat for his supper, then, thought Dunstan. People had always said he lived on moldy bread, on purpose to check his appetite. But where could he be at this time, and on such an evening, leaving his supper in this stage of preparation, and his door unfastened? Dunstan's own recent difficulty in making his way suggested to him that the weaver had perhaps gone outside his cottage to fetch in fuel, or for some such brief purpose, and had slipped into the Stone-pit. That was an interesting idea to Dunstan, carrying consequences of entire novelty. If the weaver was dead, who had a right to his money? Who would know where his money was hidden? *Who would know that anybody had come to take it away?* He went no farther into the subtleties of evidence; the pressing question, "Where *is* the money?" now took such entire possession of him as to make him quite forget that the weaver's death was not a certainty. A dull mind, once arriving at an inference that flatters a desire, is rarely able to retain the impression that the notion from which the inference started was purely problematic. And Dunstan's mind was as dull as the mind of a possible felon usually is. There were only three hiding-places where he had ever heard of cottagers' hoards being found: the thatch, the bed, and a hole in the floor. Marner's cottage had no thatch; and Dunstan's first act, after a train of thought made rapid by the stimulus of cupidity, was to go up to the bed; but while he did so, his eyes traveled eagerly over the floor, where the bricks, distinct in the firelight, were discernible under the sprinkling of sand. But not everywhere; for there was one spot, and only one, which was quite covered with sand, and sand showing the marks of fingers, which had apparently been careful to spread it over a given space. It was near the treddles of the loom. In an instant Dunstan darted to that spot, swept away the sand with his whip, and, inserting the thin end of the hook between the bricks, found that they were loose. In haste he lifted up two bricks, and saw what he had no doubt was the object of his search; for what could there be but money in those two leather bags? And, from their weight, they must be filled with guineas. Dunstan felt around the hole, to be certain that it held no more; then hastily replaced the bricks, and spread the sand over them. Hardly more than five minutes had passed since he entered the cottage, but it seemed to Dunstan like a long while; and though he was without any distinct recognition of the possibility that Marner might be alive, and might reënter the cottage at any moment, he felt an undefinable dread laying hold on him, as he rose to his feet with the bags in his hand. He would hasten out into the darkness, and then consider what he should do with the bags. He closed the door behind him immediately, that he might shut in the stream of light; a few steps would be enough to carry him beyond betrayal by the gleams from the shutter-chinks and the latchhole. The rain and darkness had got thicker, and he was glad of it; though it was awkward walking with both hands

1. **kettle-hanger**, iron rod over the fire, on which kettles were hung. 4. **jack**, a mechanical device for turning roasting meat before the fire.

filled, so that it was as much as he could do to grasp his whip along with one of the bags. But when he had gone a yard or two, he might take his time. So he stepped forward into the darkness.

CHAPTER V

When Dunstan Cass turned his back on the cottage, Silas Marner was not more than a hundred yards away from it, plodding along from the village with a sack thrown round his shoulders as an overcoat, and with a horn lantern in his hand. His legs were weary, but his mind was at ease, free from the presentiment of change. The sense of security more frequently springs from habit than from conviction, and for this reason it often subsists after such a change in the conditions as might have been expected to suggest alarm. The lapse of time during which a given event has not happened is, in this logic of habit, constantly alleged as a reason why the event should never happen, even when the lapse of time is precisely the added condition which makes the event imminent. A man will tell you that he has worked in a mine for forty years unhurt by an accident as a reason why he should apprehend no danger, though the roof is beginning to sink; and it is often observable that the older a man gets, the more difficult it is to him to retain a believing conception of his own death. This influence of habit was necessarily strong in a man whose life was so monotonous as Marner's—who saw no new people and heard of no new events to keep alive in him the idea of the unexpected and the changeful; and it explains simply enough why his mind could be at ease, though he had left his house and his treasure more defenseless than usual. Silas was thinking with double complacency of his supper; first, because it would be hot and savory, and secondly, because it would cost him nothing. For the little bit of pork was a present from that excellent housewife, Miss Priscilla Lammeter, to whom he had this day carried home a handsome piece of linen; and it was only on occasion of a present like this, that Silas indulged himself with roast meat. Supper was his favorite meal, because it came at his time of revelry, when his heart warmed over his gold; whenever he had roast meat, he always chose to have it for supper. But this evening, he had no sooner ingeniously knotted his string fast round his bit of pork, twisted the string according to rule over his door-key, passed it through the handle, and made it fast on the hanger than he remembered that a piece of very fine twine was indispensable to his "setting up" a new piece of work in his loom early in the morning. It had slipped his memory, because, in coming from Mr. Lammeter's he had not had to pass through the village; but to lose time by going on errands in the morning was out of the question. It was a nasty fog to turn out into, but there were things Silas loved better than his own comfort; so, drawing his pork to the extremity of the hanger, and arming himself with his lantern and his old sack, he set out on what, in ordinary weather, would have been a twenty minutes' errand. He could not have locked his door without undoing his well-knotted string and retarding his supper; it was not worth his while to make that sacrifice. What thief would find his way to the Stone-pits on such a night as this, and why should he come on this particular night, when he had never come through all the fifteen years before?

12. **horn**, formerly lanterns were made of thin pieces of horn.

These questions were not distinctly present in Silas's mind; they merely serve to represent the vaguely-felt foundation of his freedom from anxiety.

He reached his door in much satisfaction that his errand was done; he opened it, and to his short-sighted eyes everything remained as he had left it, except that the fire sent out a welcome increase of heat. He trod about the floor while putting by his lantern and throwing aside his hat and sack, so as to merge the marks of Dunstan's feet on the sand in the marks of his own nailed boots. Then he moved his pork nearer to the fire, and sat down to the agreeable business of tending the meat and warming himself at the same time.

Anyone who had looked at him, as the red light shone upon his pale face, strange straining eyes, and meager form, would perhaps have understood the mixture of contemptuous pity, dread, and suspicion with which he was regarded by his neighbors in Raveloe. Yet few men could be more harmless than poor Marner. In his truthful, simple soul, not even the growing greed and worship of gold could beget any vice directly injurious to others. The light of his faith quite put out, and his affections made desolate, he had clung with all the force of his nature to his work and his money; and like all objects to which a man devotes himself, they had fashioned him into correspondence with themselves. His loom, as he wrought in it without ceasing, had in its turn wrought on him, and confirmed more and more the monotonous craving for its monotonous response. His gold, as he hung over it and saw it grow, gathered his power of loving together into a hard isolation like its own.

As soon as he was warm he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper before he drew out his guineas, and it would be pleasant to see them on the table before him as he ate his unwonted feast. For joy is the best of wine, and Silas's guineas were a golden wine of that sort.

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once—only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself, that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? A man falling into dark waters seeks a momentary footing even on sliding stones; and Silas, by acting as if he believed in false hopes, warded off the moment of despair. He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it, and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he kneeled down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth.

Yes, there was a sort of refuge which always comes with the prostration of thought under an overpowering passion; it was that expectation of impossibilities, that belief in contradictory images, which is still distinct from madness, because it is capable of being dissipated by the

external fact. Silas got up from his knees trembling, and looked round at the table; didn't the gold lie there after all? The table was bare. Then he turned and looked behind him—looked all round his dwelling, seeming to strain his brown eyes after some possible appearance of the bags where he had already sought them in vain. He could see every object in his cottage—and his gold was not there.

Again he put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild, ringing scream, the cry of desolation. For a few moments after, he stood motionless; but the cry had relieved him from the first maddening pressure of the truth. He turned, and tottered toward his loom, and got into the seat where he worked, instinctively seeking this as the strongest assurance of reality.

And now that all the false hopes had vanished, and the first shock of certainty was past, the idea of a thief began to present itself, and he entertained it eagerly, because a thief might be caught and made to restore the gold. The thought brought some new strength with it, and he started from his loom to the door. As he opened it the rain beat in upon him, for it was falling more and more heavily. There were no footsteps to be tracked on such a night—footsteps? When had the thief come? During Silas's absence in the daytime the door had been locked, and there had been no marks of any inroad on his return by daylight. And in the evening, too, he said to himself, everything was the same as when he had left it. The sand and bricks looked as if they had not been moved. *Was* it a thief who had taken the bags, or was it a cruel power that no hands could reach which had delighted in making him a second time desolate? He shrank from this vaguer dread, and fixed his mind with struggling effort on the robber with hands, who could be reached by hands. His thoughts glanced at all the neighbors who had made any remarks, or asked any questions which he might now regard as a ground of suspicion. There was Jem Rodney, a known poacher, and otherwise disreputable; he had often met Marner in his journeys across the fields, and had said something jestingly about the weaver's money; nay, he had once irritated Marner by lingering at the fire when he called to light his pipe, instead of going about his business. Jem Rodney was the man—there was ease in the thought. Jem could be found and made to restore the money; Marner did not want to punish him, but only to get back his gold which had gone from him, and left his soul like a forlorn traveler on an unknown desert. The robber must be laid hold of. Marner's ideas of legal authority were confused, but he felt that he must go and proclaim his loss; and the great people in the village—the clergyman, the constable, and Squire Cass—would make Jem Rodney, or somebody else, deliver up the stolen money. He rushed out in the rain, under the stimulus of this hope, forgetting to cover his head, not caring to fasten his door; for he felt as if he had nothing left to lose. He ran swiftly, till want of breath compelled him to slacken his pace as he was entering the village at the turning close to the Rainbow.

The Rainbow, in Marner's view, was a place of luxurious resort for rich and stout husbands, whose wives had superfluous stores of linen; it was the place where he was likely to find the powers and dignities of Raveloe, and where he could most speedily make his loss public. He lifted the latch, and turned into the

bright bar, or kitchen, on the right hand, where the less lofty customers of the house were in the habit of assembling, the parlor on the left being reserved for the more select society in which Squire Cass frequently enjoyed the double pleasure of conviviality and condescension. But the parlor was dark tonight, the chief personages who ornamented its circle being all at Mrs. Osgood's birthday dance, as Godfrey Cass was. And in consequence of this, the party on the high-screened seats in the kitchen was more numerous than usual; several personages, who would otherwise have been admitted into the parlor and enlarged the opportunity of hectoring and condescension for their betters, being content this evening to vary their enjoyment by taking their spirits-and-water where they could themselves hector and condescend in company that called for beer.

CHAPTER VI

The conversation, which was at a high pitch of animation when Silas approached the door of the Rainbow, had, as usual, been slow and intermittent when the company first assembled. The pipes began to be puffed in a silence which had an air of severity; the more important customers, who drank spirits and sat nearest the fire, staring at each other as if a bet were depending on the first man who winked; while the beer-drinkers, chiefly men in fustian jackets and smock-frocks, kept their eyelids down and rubbed their hands across their mouths, as if their drafts of beer were a funereal duty attended with embarrassing sadness. At last, Mr. Snell, the landlord, a man of a neutral disposition, accustomed to stand aloof from human differences as those of beings who were all alike in need of liquor, broke silence, by saying in a doubtful tone to his cousin the butcher,

"Some folks 'ud say that was a fine beast you druv in yesterday, Bob?"

The butcher, a jolly, smiling, red-haired man, was not disposed to answer rashly. He gave a few puffs before he spat and replied, "And they wouldn't be fur wrong, John."

After this feeble delusive thaw, the silence set in as severely as before.

"Was it a red Durham?" said the farrier, taking up the thread of discourse after the lapse of a few minutes.

The farrier looked at the landlord, and the landlord looked at the butcher, as the person who must take the responsibility of answering.

"Red it was," said the butcher, in his good-humored husky treble—"and a Durham it was."

"Then you needn't tell *me* who you bought it of," said the farrier, looking round with some triumph; "I know who it is has got the red Durhams o' this countryside. And she'd a white star on her brow, I'll bet a penny?" The farrier leaned forward with his hands on his knees as he put this question, and his eyes twinkled knowingly.

"Well! yes—she might," said the butcher, slowly, considering that he was giving a decided affirmative. "I don't say contrairy."

"I knew that very well," said the farrier, throwing himself backward again, and speaking defiantly; "if *I* don't know Mr. Lammeter's cows, I should like to know who does—that's all. And as for the cow you've bought, bargain or no bargain, I've been at the drenching of her—contradick me who will."

92. **drenching of her**, giving her medicine by force.

The farrier looked fierce, and the mild butcher's conversational spirit was roused a little.

"I'm not for contradicking no man," he said; "I'm for peace and quietness. Some are for cutting long ribs—I'm for cutting 'em short myself; but *I* don't quarrel with 'em. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss—and anybody as was reasonable, it 'ud bring tears into their eyes to look at it."

"Well, it's the cow as I drenched, whatever it is," pursued the farrier angrily; "and it was Mr. Lammeter's cow, else you told a lie when you said it was a red Durham."

"I tell no lies," said the butcher, with the same mild huskiness as before, "and I contradick none—not if a man was to swear himself black; he's no meat o' mine, nor none o' my bargains. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss. And what I say I'll stick to; but I'll quarrel wi' no man."

"No," said the farrier, with bitter sarcasm, looking at the company generally; "and p'rhaps you aren't pigheaded; and p'rhaps you didn't say the cow was a red Durham; and p'rhaps you didn't say she'd got a star on her brow—stick to that, now you're at it."

"Come, come," said the landlord; "let the cow alone. The truth lies atween you; you're both right and both wrong, as I allays say. And as for the cow's being Mr. Lammeter's, I say nothing to that; but this I say, as the Rainbow's the Rainbow. And for the matter o' that, if the talk is to be o' the Lammeters, *you* know the most upo' that head, eh, Mr. Macey? You remember when first Mr. Lammeter's father come into these parts, and took the Warrens?"

Mr. Macey, tailor and parish-clerk, the latter of which functions rheumatism had of late obliged him to share with a small-featured young man who sat opposite him, held his white head on one side, and twirled his thumbs with an air of complacency, slightly seasoned with criticism. He smiled pityingly, in answer to the landlord's appeal, and said—

"Aye, aye; I know, I know; but I let other folks talk. I've laid by now, and gev up to the young uns. Ask them as have been to school at Tarley; they've learnt pernouncing; that's come up since my day."

"If you're pointing at me, Mr. Macey," said the deputy-clerk, with an air of anxious propriety, "I'm nowise a man to speak out of my place. As the psalm says,

> I know what's right, nor only so,
> But also practice what I know."

"Well, then, I wish you'd keep hold o' the tune, when it's set for you; if you're for practicing, I wish you'd practice that," said a large, jocose-looking man, an excellent wheelwright in his week-day capacity, but on Sundays leader of the choir. He winked, as he spoke, at two of the company, who were known officially as the "bassoon" and the "key-bugle," in the confidence that he was expressing the sense of the musical profession in Raveloe.

Mr. Tookey, the deputy-clerk, who shared the unpopularity common to deputies, turned very red, but replied, with careful moderation, "Mr. Winthrop, if you'll bring me any proof as I'm in the wrong, I'm not the man to say I won't alter. But there's people set up their own ears for a standard, and expect the whole choir to follow 'em. There may be two opinions, I hope."

"Aye, aye," said Mr. Macey, who

46. **parish-clerk**, in England, one who keeps the records of the parish and assists the minister.

78. **key-bugle**, a kind of bugle on which notes compassing two octaves can be played.

felt very well satisfied with this attack on youthful presumption; "you're right there, Tookey; there's allays two 'pinions; there's the 'pinion a man has of himsen, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself."

"Well, Mr. Macey," said poor Tookey, serious amidst the general laughter, "I undertook to partially fill up the office of parish-clerk by Mr. Crackenthorp's desire, whenever your infirmities should make you unfitting; and it's one of the rights thereof to sing in the choir, else why have you done the same yourself?"

"Ah! but the old gentleman and you are two folks," said Ben Winthrop. "The old gentleman's got a gift. Why the Squire used to invite him to take a glass, only to hear him sing the 'Red Rovier'; didn't he, Mr. Macey? It's a nat'ral gift. There's my little lad Aaron, he's got a gift—he can sing a tune off straight, like a throstle. But as for you, Master Tookey, you'd better stick to your 'Amens'; your voice is well enough when you keep it up in your nose. It's your inside as isn't right made for music; it's no better nor a hollow stalk."

This kind of unflinching frankness was the most piquant form of joke to the company at the Rainbow, and Ben Winthrop's insult was felt by everybody to have capped Mr. Macey's epigram.

"I see what it is plain enough," said Mr. Tookey, unable to keep cool any longer. "There's a consperacy to turn me out o' the choir, as I shouldn't share the Christmas money —that's where it is. But I shall speak to Mr. Crackenthorp; I'll not be put upon by no man."

"Nay, nay, Tookey," said Ben Winthrop. "We'll pay you your share to keep out of it—that's what we'll do. There's things folks 'ud pay to be rid on, besides varmin."

"Come, come," said the landlord, who felt that paying people for their absence was a principle dangerous to society; "a joke's a joke. We're all good friends here, I hope. We must give and take. You're both right and you're both wrong, as I say. I agree wi' Mr. Macey here, as there's two opinions; and if mine was asked, I should say they're both right. Tookey's right and Winthrop's right, and they've only got to split the difference and make themselves even."

The farrier was puffing his pipe rather fiercely, in some contempt at this trivial discussion. He had no ear for music himself, and never went to church, as being of the medical profession, and likely to be in requisition for delicate cows. But the butcher, having music in his soul, had listened with a divided desire for Tookey's defeat and for the preservation of the peace.

"To be sure," he said, following up the landlord's conciliatory view, "we're fond of our old clerk; it's nat'ral, and him used to be such a singer, and got a brother as is known for the first fiddler in this countryside. Eh, it's a pity but what Solomon lived in our village, and could give us a tune when we liked; eh, Mr. Macey? I'd keep him in liver and lights for nothing—that I would."

"Aye, aye," said Mr. Macey, in the height of complacency: "our family's been known for musicianers as far back as anybody can tell. But them things are dying out, as I tell Solomon every time he comes round; there's no voices like what there used to be, and there's nobody remembers what we remember, if it isn't the old crows."

27. **throstle**, song thrush.

86. **lights**, beef lungs.

"Aye, you remember when first Mr. Lammeter's father come into these parts, don't you, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"I should think I did," said the old man, who had now gone through that complimentary process necessary to bring him up to the point of narration; "and a fine old gentleman he was—as fine, and finer nor the Mr. Lammeter as now is. He came from a bit north'ard, so far as I could ever make out. But there's nobody rightly knows about those parts; only it couldn't be far north'ard, nor much different from this country, for he brought a fine breed o' sheep with him, so there must be pastures there, and everything reasonable. We heared tell as he'd sold his own land to come and take the Warrens, and that seemed odd for a man as had land of his own, to come and rent a farm in a strange place. But they said it was along of his wife's dying; though there's reasons in things as nobody knows on—that's pretty much what I've made out; yet some folks are so wise, they'll find you fifty reasons straight off, and all the while the real reason's winking at 'em in the corner, and they niver see 't. Howsomever, it was soon seen as we'd got a new parish'ner as know'd the rights and customs o' things, and kep a good house, and was well looked on by everybody. And the young man—that's the Mr. Lammeter as now is, for he'd niver a sister—soon begun to court Miss Osgood, that's the sister o' the Mr. Osgood as now is, and a fine, handsome lass she was—eh, you can't think—they pretend this young lass is like her, but that's the way wi' people as don't know what come before 'em. *I* should know, for I helped the old rector, Mr. Drumlow as was. I helped him marry 'em."

Here Mr. Macey paused; he always gave his narrative in installments, expecting to be questioned according to precedent.

"Aye, and a partic'lar thing happened, didn't it, Mr. Macey, so as you were likely to remember that marriage?" said the landlord, in a congratulatory tone.

"I should think there did—a *very* partic'lar thing," said Mr. Macey, nodding sideways. "For Mr. Drumlow—poor old gentleman, I was fond on him, though he'd got a bit confused in his head, what wi' age and wi' taking a drop o' summat warm when the service come of a cold morning. And young Mr. Lammeter he'd have no way but he must be married in Janiwary, which, to be sure, 's a unreasonable time to be married in, for it isn't like a christening or a burying, as you can't help; and so Mr. Drumlow—poor old gentleman, I was fond on him—but when he come to put the questions, he put 'em by the rule o' contrairy, like, and he says, 'Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded wife?' says he, and then he says, 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded husband?' says he. But the partic'larest thing of all is, as nobody took any notice on it but me, and they answered straight off 'Yes,' like as if it had been me saying 'Amen' i' the right place, without listening to what went before."

"But *you* knew what was going on well enough, didn't you, Mr. Macey? You were live enough, eh?" said the butcher.

"Lor bless you!" said Mr. Macey, pausing, and smiling in pity at the impotence of his hearer's imagination—"why, I was all of a tremble; it was as if I'd been a coat pulled by the two tails, like; for I couldn't stop the parson, I couldn't take upon me to

do that; and yet I said to myself, I says, 'Suppose they shouldn't be fast married, 'cause the words are contrairy?' and my head went working like a mill, for I was allays uncommon for turning things over and seeing all round 'em; and I says to myself, 'Is't the meanin' or the words as makes folks fast i' wedlock?' For the parson meant right, and the bride and bridegroom meant right. But then, when I come to think on it, meanin' goes but a little way i' most things, for you may mean to stick things together and your glue may be bad, and then where are you? And so I says to mysen, 'It isn't the meanin', it's the glue.' And I was worreted as if I'd got three bells to pull at once, when we went into the vestry, and they begun to sign their names. But where's the use o' talking?—you can't think what goes on in a 'cute man's inside."

"But you held in for all that, didn't you, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"Aye, I held in tight till I was by mysen wi' Mr. Drumlow, and then I out wi' everything, but respectful, as I allays did. And he made light on it, and he says, 'Pooh, pooh, Macey, make yourself easy,' he says; 'it's neither the meaning nor the words—it's the *reges*ter does it—that's the glue.' So you see he settled it easy; for parsons and doctors know everything by heart, like, so as they aren't worreted wi' thinking what's the rights and wrongs o' things, as I'n been many and many's the time. And sure enough the wedding turned out all right, on'y poor Mrs. Lammeter—that's Miss Osgood as was—died afore the lasses was growed up; but for prosperity and everything respectable, there's no family more looked on."

Every one of Mr. Macey's audience had heard this story many times, but it was listened to as if it had been a favorite tune, and at certain points the puffing of the pipes was momentarily suspended, that the listeners might give their whole minds to the expected words. But there was more to come; and Mr. Snell, the landlord, duly put the leading question,

"Why, old Mr. Lammeter had a pretty fortin', didn't they say, when he come into these parts?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Macey; "but I daresay it's as much as this Mr. Lammeter's done to keep it whole. For there was allays a talk as nobody could get rich on the Warrens; though he holds it cheap, for it's what they call Charity Land."

"Aye, and there's few folks know so well as you how it come to be Charity Land, eh, Mr. Macey?" said the butcher.

"How should they?" said the old clerk, with some contempt. "Why, my grandfather made the groom's livery for that Mr. Cliff as came and built the big stables at the Warrens. Why, they're stables four times as big as Squire Cass's, for he thought o' nothing but hosses and hunting, Cliff didn't—a Lunnon tailor, some folks said, as had gone mad wi' cheating. For he couldn't ride; lor bless you! they said he'd got no more grip o' the hoss than if his legs had been cross-sticks; my grandfather heared old Squire Cass say so many and many a time. But ride he would as if Old Harry had been a-driving him; and he'd a son, a lad o' sixteen; and nothing would his father have him do, but he must ride and ride—though the lad was frighted, they said. And it was a common saying as the father wanted to ride

87. **cross-sticks**, unable to bend, so as to curve around the horse.

the tailor out o' the lad, and make a gentleman on him—not but what I'm a tailor myself, but in respect as God made me such, I'm proud on it, for 'Macey, tailor,' 's been wrote up over our door since afore the Queen's heads went out on the shillings. But Cliff, he was ashamed o' being called a tailor, and he was sore vexed as his riding was laughed at, and nobody o' the gentlefolks hereabout could abide him. Howsomever, the poor lad got sickly and died, and the father didn't live long after him, for he got queerer nor ever, and they said he used to go out i' the dead of the night, wi' a lantern in his hand, to the stables, and set a lot o' lights burning, for he got as he couldn't sleep; and there he'd stand, cracking his whip and looking at his hosses; and they said it was a mercy as the stables didn't get burnt down wi' the poor dumb creaturs in 'em. But at last he died raving, and they found as he'd left all his property, Warrens and all, to a Lunnon Charity, and that's how the Warrens come to be Charity Land; though, as for the stables, Mr. Lammeter never uses 'em—they're out o' all charicter—lor bless you! if you was to set the doors a-banging in 'em, it 'ud sound like thunder half o'er the parish."

"Aye, but there's more going on in the stables than what folks see by daylight, eh, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"Aye, aye; go that way of a dark night, that's all," said Mr. Macey, winking mysteriously, "and then make believe, if you like, as you didn't see lights i' the stables, nor hear the stamping o' the hosses, nor the cracking o' the whips, and howling, too, if it's tow'rt daybreak. 'Cliff's Holiday' has been the name of it ever sin' I were a boy; that's to say, some said as it was the holiday Old Harry gev him from roasting, like. That's what my father told me, and he was a reasonable man, though there's folks nowadays know what happened afore they were born better nor they know their own business."

"What do you say to that, eh, Dowlas?" said the landlord, turning to the farrier, who was swelling with impatience for his cue. "There's a nut for *you* to crack."

Mr. Dowlas was the negative spirit in the company, and was proud of his position.

"Say? I say what a man *should* say as doesn't shut his eyes to look at a finger-post. I say as I'm ready to wager any man ten pound, if he'll stand out wi' me any dry night in the pasture before the Warren stables, as we shall neither see lights nor hear noises, if it isn't the blowing of our own noses. That's what I say, and I've said it many a time; but there's nobody 'ull ventur a ten-pun' note on their ghos'es as they make so sure of."

"Why, Dowlas, that's easy betting, that is," said Ben Winthrop. "You might as well bet a man as he wouldn't catch the rheumatise if he stood up to's neck in the pool of a frosty night. It 'ud be fine fun for a man to win his bet as he'd catch the rheumatise. Folks as believe in Cliff's Holiday aren't a-going to ventur near it for a matter o' ten pound."

"If Master Dowlas wants to know the truth on it," said Mr. Macey, with a sarcastic smile, tapping his thumbs together, "he's no call to lay any bet—let him go and stan' by himself—there's nobody 'ull hinder him; and then he can let the parish'ners know if they're wrong."

"Thank you! I'm obliged to you," said the farrier, with a snort of scorn.

7. Queen, Queen Anne, who reigned from 1702-1714.

"If folks are fools, it's no business o' mine. *I* don't want to make out the truth about ghos'es; I know it a'ready. But I'm not against a bet—everything fair and open. Let any man bet me ten pound as I shall see Cliff's Holiday, and I'll go and stand by myself. I want no company. I'd as lief do it as I'd fill this pipe."

"Ah, but who's to watch you, Dowlas, and see you do it? That's no fair bet," said the butcher.

"No fair bet!" replied Mr. Dowlas, angrily. "I should like to hear any man stand up and say I want to bet unfair. Come now, Master Lundy, I should like to hear you say it."

"Very like you would," said the butcher. "But it's no business o' mine. You're none o' my bargains, and I aren't a-going to try and 'bate your price. If anybody'll bid for you at your own vallying, let him. I'm for peace and quietness, I am."

"Yes, that's what every yapping cur is, when you hold a stick up at him," said the farrier. "But I'm afraid o' neither man nor ghost, and I'm ready to lay a fair bet. *I* aren't a turn-tail cur."

"Aye, but there's this in it, Dowlas," said the landlord, speaking in a tone of much candor and tolerance. "There's folks, i' my opinion, they can't see ghos'es, not if they stood as plain as a pikestaff before 'em. And there's reason i' that. For there's my wife, now, can't smell, not if she'd the strongest o' cheese under her nose. I never see'd a ghost myself; but then I says to myself, 'Very like I haven't got the smell for 'em.' I mean, putting a ghost for a smell, or else contrairiways. And so, I'm for holding with both sides; for, as I say, the truth lies between 'em. And if Dowlas was to go and stand, and say he'd never seen a wink o' Cliff's Holiday all the night through, I'd back him; and if anybody said as Cliff's Holiday was certain sure for all that, I'd back *him* too. For the smell's what I go by."

The landlord's analogical argument was not well received by the farrier—a man intensely opposed to compromise.

"Tut, tut," he said, setting down his glass with refreshed irritation; "what's the smell got to do with it? Did ever a ghost give a man a black eye? That's what I should like to know. If ghos'es want me to believe in 'em, let 'em leave off skulking i' the dark and i' lone places—let 'em come where there's company and candles."

"As if ghos'es 'ud want to be believed in by anybody so ignirant!" said Mr. Macey, in deep disgust at the farrier's crass incompetence to apprehend the conditions of ghostly phenomena.

CHAPTER VII

Yet the next moment there seemed to be some evidence that ghosts had a more condescending disposition than Mr. Macey attributed to them; for the pale, thin figure of Silas Marner was suddenly seen standing in the warm light, uttering no word, but looking round at the company with his strange, unearthly eyes. The long pipes gave a simultaneous movement, like the antennæ of startled insects, and every man present, not excepting even the skeptical farrier, had an impression that he saw, not Silas Marner in the flesh, but an apparition; for the door by which Silas had entered was hidden by the high-screened seats, and no one had noticed his approach. Mr. Macey, sitting a long way off the ghost, might be supposed to have felt an argumentative triumph, which would tend to neutralize his share of the general alarm. Had

he not always said that when Silas Marner was in that strange trance of his, his soul went loose from his body? Here was the demonstration; nevertheless, on the whole, he would have been as well contented without it. For a few moments there was a dead silence, Marner's want of breath and agitation not allowing him to speak. The landlord, under the habitual sense that he was bound to keep his house open to all company, and confident in the protection of his unbroken neutrality, at last took on himself the task of adjuring the ghost.

"Master Marner," he said, in a conciliatory tone, "what's lacking to you? What's your business here?"

"Robbed!" said Silas, gaspingly. "I've been robbed! I want the constable—and the Justice—and Squire Cass—and Mr. Crackenthorp."

"Lay hold on him, Jem Rodney," said the landlord, the idea of a ghost subsiding; "he's off his head, I doubt. He's wet through."

Jem Rodney was the outermost man, and sat conveniently near Marner's standing-place; but he declined to give his services.

"Come and lay hold on him yourself, Mr. Snell, if you've a mind," said Jem, rather sullenly. "He's been robbed, and murdered, too, for what I know," he added, in a muttering tone.

"Jem Rodney!" said Silas, turning and fixing his strange eyes on the suspected man.

"Aye, Master Marner, what do ye want wi' me?" said Jem, trembling a little, and seizing his drinking-can as a defensive weapon,

"If it was you stole my money," said Silas, clasping his hands entreatingly, and raising his voice to a cry, "give it me back—and I won't meddle with you. I won't set the constable on you. Give it me back, and I'll let you—I'll let you have a guinea."

"Me stole your money!" said Jem, angrily. "I'll pitch this can at your eye if you talk o' *my* stealing your money."

"Come, come, Master Marner," said the landlord, now rising resolutely, and seizing Marner by the shoulder, "if you've got any information to lay, speak it out sensible, and show as you're in your right mind, if you expect anybody to listen to you. You're as wet as a drownded rat. Sit down and dry yourself, and speak straight forrard."

"Ah, to be sure, man," said the farrier, who began to feel that he had not been quite on a par with himself and the occasion. "Let's have no more staring and screaming, else we'll have you strapped for a madman. That was why I didn't speak at the first—thinks I, the man's run mad."

"Aye, aye, make him sit down," said several voices at once, well pleased that the reality of ghosts remained still an open question.

The landlord forced Marner to take off his coat, and then to sit down on a chair aloof from everyone else, in the center of the circle and in the direct rays of the fire. The weaver, too feeble to have any distinct purpose beyond that of getting help to recover his money, submitted unresistingly. The transient fears of the company were now forgotten in their strong curiosity, and all faces were turned toward Silas, when the landlord, having seated himself again, said,

"Now then, Master Marner, what's this you've got to say—as you've been robbed? Speak out."

"He'd better not say again as it was me robbed him," cried Jem Rodney, hastily. "What could I have done with his money? I could as

easy steal the parson's surplice, and wear it."

"Hold your tongue, Jem, and let's hear what he's got to say," said the landlord. "Now then, Master Marner."

Silas now told his story, under frequent questioning as the mysterious character of the robbery became evident.

This strangely novel situation of opening his trouble to his Raveloe neighbors, of sitting in the warmth of a hearth not his own, and feeling the presence of faces and voices which were his nearest promise of help, had doubtless its influence on Marner, in spite of his passionate preoccupation with his loss. Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us; there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud.

The slight suspicion with which his hearers at first listened to him gradually melted away before the convincing simplicity of his distress; it was impossible for the neighbors to doubt that Marner was telling the truth, not because they were capable of arguing at once from the nature of his statements to the absence of any motive for making them falsely, but because, as Mr. Macey observed, "Folks as had the devil to back 'em were not likely to be so mushed" as poor Silas was. Rather, from the strange fact that the robber had left no traces, and had happened to know the nick of time, utterly incalculable by mortal agents, when Silas would go away from home without locking his door, the more probable conclusion seemed to be that his disreputable intimacy in that quarter, if it ever existed, had been broken up, and that, in consequence, this ill turn had been done to Marner by somebody it was quite in vain to set the constable after. Why this preternatural felon should be obliged to wait until the door was left unlocked was a question which did not present itself.

"It isn't Jem Rodney as has done this work, Master Marner," said the landlord. "You mustn't be a-casting your eye at poor Jem. There may be a bit of a reckoning against Jem for the matter of a hare or so if anybody was bound to keep their eyes staring open, and niver to wink; but Jem's been a-sitting here drinking his can, like the decentest man i' the parish, since before you left your house, Master Marner, by your own account."

"Aye, aye," said Mr. Macey; "let's have no accusing o' the innicent. That isn't the law. There must be folks to swear again' a man before he can be ta'en up. Let's have no accusing o' the innicent, Master Marner."

Memory was not so utterly torpid in Silas that it could not be wakened by these words. With a movement of compunction as new and strange to him as everything else within the last hour, he started from his chair, and went close up to Jem, looking at him as if he wanted to assure himself of the expression in his face.

"I was wrong," he said—"yes, yes—I ought to have thought. There's nothing to witness against you, Jem. Only you'd been into my house oftener than anybody else, and so you came into my head. I don't accuse you—I won't accuse anybody—only," he added, lifting up his hands to his head, and turning away with bewildered misery, "I try—I try to think where my guineas can be."

88. mushed, upset.

"Aye, aye, they're gone where it's hot enough to melt 'em, I doubt," said Mr. Macey.

"Tchuh!" said the farrier. And then he asked, with a cross-examining air, "How much money might there be in the bags, Master Marner?"

"Two hundred and seventy-two pounds, twelve and sixpence, last night when I counted it," said Silas, seating himself again, with a groan.

"Pooh! why, they'd be none so heavy to carry. Some tramp's been in, that's all; and as for the no foot-marks, and the bricks and the sand being all right—why, your eyes are pretty much like a insect's, Master Marner; they're obliged to look so close you can't see much at a time. It's my opinion as, if I'd been you, or you'd been me—for it comes to the same thing—you wouldn't have thought you'd found everything as you left it. But what I vote is, as two of the sensiblest o' the company should go with you to Master Kench, the constable's—he's ill i' bed, I know that much—and get him to appoint one of us his deppity; for that's the law, and I don't think anybody 'ull take upon him to contradick me, there. It isn't much of a walk to Kench's; and then, if it's me as is deppity, I'll go back with you, Master Marner, and examine your premises; and if anybody's got any fault to find with that, I'll thank him to stand up and say it out like a man."

By this pregnant speech the farrier had re-established his self-complacency, and waited with confidence to hear himself named as one of the superlatively sensible men.

"Let us see how the night is, though," said the landlord, who also considered himself personally concerned in this proposition. "Why, it rains heavy still," he said, returning from the door.

"Well, I'm not the man to be afraid o' the rain," said the farrier. "For it'll look bad when Justice Malam hears as respectable men like us had a information laid before 'em and took no steps."

The landlord agreed with this view, and after taking the sense of the company, and duly rehearsing a small ceremony known in high ecclesiastical life as the *nolo episcopari*, he consented to take on himself the chill dignity of going to Kench's. But to the farrier's strong disgust, Mr. Macey now started an objection to his proposing himself as a deputy-constable; for that oracular old gentleman, claiming to know the law, stated, as a fact delivered to him by his father, that no doctor could be a constable.

"And you're a doctor, I reckon, though you're only a cow-doctor, for a fly's a fly, though it may be a hoss fly," concluded Mr. Macey, wondering a little at his own "'cuteness."

There was a hot debate upon this, the farrier being of course indisposed to renounce the quality of doctor, but contending that a doctor could be a constable if he liked—the law meant he needn't be one if he didn't like. Mr. Macey thought this was nonsense, since the law was not likely to be fonder of doctors than of other folks. Moreover, if it was in the nature of doctors more than of other men not to like being constables, how came Mr. Dowlas to be so eager to act in that capacity?

"*I* don't want to act the constable," said the farrier, driven into a corner by this merciless reasoning; "and there's no man can say it of me, if he'd tell the truth. But if there's to be any jealousy and envying about going to Kench's in the rain, let them

60. **nolo episcopari**, "I do not wish to be a bishop," a formal phrase used by those appointed bishops of the Church of England. The landlord apes the bishops' seeming unwillingness to assume responsibility.

go as like it—you won't get me to go, I can tell you."

By the landlord's intervention, however, the dispute was accommodated. Mr. Dowlas consented to go as a second person disinclined to act officially; and so poor Silas, furnished with some old coverings, turned out with his two companions into the rain again, thinking of the long night hours before him, not as those do who long to rest, but as those who expect to "watch for the morning."

CHAPTER VIII

When Godfrey Cass returned from Mrs. Osgood's party at midnight, he was not much surprised to learn that Dunsey had not come home. Perhaps he had not sold Wildfire, and was waiting for another chance—perhaps, on that foggy afternoon, he had preferred housing himself at the Red Lion at Batherley for the night, if the run had kept him in that neighborhood; for he was not likely to feel much concern about leaving his brother in suspense. Godfrey's mind was too full of Nancy Lammeter's looks and behavior, too full of the exasperation against himself and his lot, which the sight of her always produced in him, for him to give much thought to Wildfire, or to the probabilities of Dunstan's conduct.

The next morning the whole village was excited by the story of the robbery, and Godfrey, like everyone else, was occupied in gathering and discussing news about it, and in visiting the Stone-pits. The rain had washed away all possibility of distinguishing footmarks, but a close investigation of the spot had disclosed, in the direction opposite to the village, a tinder-box, with a flint and steel, half sunk in the mud. It was not Silas's tinder-box, for the only one he had ever had was still standing on his shelf; and the inference generally accepted was, that the tinder-box in the ditch was somehow connected with the robbery. A small minority shook their heads, and intimated their opinion that it was not a robbery to have much light thrown on it by tinder-boxes, that Master Marner's tale had a queer look with it, and that such things had been known as a man's doing himself a mischief, and then setting the justice to look for the doer. But when questioned closely as to their grounds for this opinion, and what Master Marner had to gain by such false pretenses, they only shook their heads as before, and observed that there was no knowing what some folks counted gain; moreover, that everybody had a right to their own opinions, grounds or no grounds, and that the weaver, as everybody knew, was partly crazy. Mr. Macey, though he joined in the defense of Marner against all suspicions of deceit, also pooh-poohed the tinder-box; indeed, repudiated it as a rather impious suggestion, tending to imply that everything must be done by human hands, and that there was no power which could make away with the guineas without moving the bricks. Nevertheless, he turned round rather sharply on Mr. Tookey, when the zealous deputy, feeling that this was a view of the case peculiarly suited to a parish-clerk, carried it still further, and doubted whether it was right to inquire into a robbery at all when the circumstances were so mysterious.

"As if," concluded Mr. Tookey—"as if there was nothing but what could be made out by justices and constables."

"Now, don't you be for overshooting the mark, Tookey," said Mr.

13. **watch for the morning**, see *Psalms* cxxx, 6. 43. **tinder-box**, box of easily-lighted material, used with a flint and steel to start fire, before the invention of matches.

Macey, nodding his head aside, admonishingly. "That's what you're allays at; if I throw a stone and hit, you think there's summat better than hitting, and you try to throw a stone beyond. What I said was against the tinder-box; I said nothing against justices and constables, for they're o' King George's making, and it 'ud be ill-becoming a man in a parish office to fly out again' King George."

While these discussions were going on amongst the group outside the Rainbow, a higher consultation was being carried on within, under the presidency of Mr. Crackenthorp, the rector, assisted by Squire Cass and other substantial parishioners. It had just occurred to Mr. Snell, the landlord—he being, as he observed, a man accustomed to put two and two together—to connect with the tinder-box, which, as deputy-constable, he himself had had the honorable distinction of finding, certain recollections of a peddler who had called to drink at the house about a month before, and had actually stated that he carried a tinder-box about with him to light his pipe. Here, surely, was a clue to be followed out. And as memory, when duly impregnated with ascertained facts, is sometimes surprisingly fertile, Mr. Snell gradually recovered a vivid impression of the effect produced on him by the peddler's countenance and conversation. He had a "look with his eye" which fell unpleasantly on Mr. Snell's sensitive organism. To be sure, he didn't say anything particular—no, except that about the tinder-box—but it isn't what a man says, it's the way he says it. Moreover, he had a swarthy foreignness of complexion which boded little honesty.

"Did he wear earrings?" Mr. Crackenthorp wished to know, having some acquaintance with foreign customs.

"Well—stay—let me see," said Mr. Snell, like a docile clairvoyante, who would really not make a mistake if she could help it. After stretching the corners of his mouth and contracting his eyes, as if he were trying to see the earrings, he appeared to give up the effort, and said, "Well, he'd got earrings in his box to sell, so it's nat'ral to suppose he might wear 'em. But he called at every house, a'most, in the village; there's somebody else, mayhap, saw 'em in his ears, though I can't take upon me rightly to say."

Mr. Snell was correct in his surmise that somebody else would remember the peddler's earrings. For on the spread of inquiry among the villagers it was stated, with gathering emphasis, that the parson had wanted to know whether the peddler wore earrings in his ears, and an impression was created that a great deal depended on the eliciting of this fact. Of course, everyone who heard the question, not having any distinct image of the peddler as *without* earrings, immediately had an image of him *with* earrings, larger or smaller, as the case might be; and the image was presently taken for a vivid recollection, so that the glazier's wife, a well-intentioned woman, not given to lying, and whose house was among the cleanest in the village, was ready to declare, as sure as ever she meant to take the sacrament the very next Christmas that was ever coming, that she had seen big earrings, in the shape of the young moon, in the peddler's two ears; while Jinny Oates, the cobbler's daughter, being a more imaginative person, stated not only that she had seen them, too, but that they had made her blood creep, as it did at that very moment while there she stood.

Also, by way of throwing further light on this clue of the tinder-box, a

collection was made of all the articles purchased from the peddler at various houses, and carried to the Rainbow to be exhibited there. In fact, there was a general feeling in the village, that for the clearing-up of this robbery there must be a great deal done at the Rainbow, and that no man need offer his wife an excuse for going there while it was the scene of severe public duties.

Some disappointment was felt, and perhaps a little indignation also, when it became known that Silas Marner, on being questioned by the Squire and the parson, had retained no other recollection of the peddler than that he called at his door, but had not entered his house, having turned away at once when Silas, holding the door ajar, had said that he wanted nothing. This had been Silas's testimony, though he clutched strongly at the idea of the peddler's being the culprit, if only because it gave him a definite image of a whereabout for his gold after it had been taken away from its hiding place; he could see it now in the peddler's box. But it was observed with some irritation in the village, that anybody but a "blind creatur" like Marner would have seen the man prowling about, for how came he to leave his tinder-box in the ditch close by, if he hadn't been lingering there? Doubtless, he had made his observations when he saw Marner at the door. Anybody might know—and only look at him—that the weaver was a half-crazy miser. It was a wonder the peddler hadn't murdered him; men of that sort, with rings in their ears, had been known for murderers often and often; there had been one tried at the 'sizes, not so long ago but what there were people living who remembered it.

45, 'sizes, assizes, the regular sessions of the superior court of the county.

Godfrey Cass, indeed, entering the Rainbow during one of Mr. Snell's frequently repeated recitals of his testimony, had treated it lightly, stating that he himself had bought a penknife of the peddler, and thought him a merry, grinning fellow enough; it was all nonsense, he said, about the man's evil looks. But this was spoken of in the village as the random talk of youth, "as if it was only Mr. Snell who had seen something odd about the peddler!" On the contrary, there were at least half-a-dozen who were ready to go before Justice Malam, and give in much more striking testimony than any the landlord could furnish. It was to be hoped Mr. Godfrey would not go to Tarley and throw cold water on what Mr. Snell said there, and so prevent the justice from drawing up a warrant. He was suspected of intending this, when, after midday, he was seen setting off on horseback in the direction of Tarley.

But by this time Godfrey's interest in the robbery had faded before his growing anxiety about Dunstan and Wildfire, and he was going, not to Tarley, but to Batherley, unable to rest in uncertainty about them any longer. The possibility that Dunstan had played him the ugly trick of riding away with Wildfire, to return at the end of a month, when he had gambled away or otherwise squandered the price of the horse, was a fear that urged itself upon him more, even, than the thought of an accidental injury; and now that the dance at Mrs. Osgood's was past, he was irritated with himself that he had trusted his horse to Dunstan. Instead of trying to still his fears, he encouraged them, with that superstitious impression which clings to us all, that if we expect evil very strongly it is the less likely to come; and when he heard a horse approaching at a trot, and saw

a hat rising above a hedge beyond an angle of the lane, he felt as if his conjuration had succeeded. But no sooner did the horse come within sight, than his heart sank again. It was not Wildfire; and in a few moments more he discerned that the rider was not Dunstan, but Bryce, who pulled up to speak, with a face that implied something disagreeable.

"Well, Mr. Godfrey, that's a lucky brother of yours, that Master Dunsey, isn't he?"

"What do you mean?" said Godfrey, hastily.

"Why, hasn't he been home yet?" said Bryce.

"Home? No. What has happened? Be quick. What has he done with my horse?"

"Ah, I thought it was yours, though he pretended you had parted with it to him."

"Has he thrown him down and broken his knees?" said Godfrey, flushed with exasperation.

"Worse than that," said Bryce. "You see, I'd made a bargain with him to buy the horse for a hundred and twenty—a swinging price, but I always liked the horse. And what does he do but go and stake him—fly at a hedge with stakes in it, atop of a bank with a ditch before it. The horse had been dead a pretty good while when he was found. So he hasn't been home since, has he?"

"Home? No," said Godfrey, "and he'd better keep away. Confound me for a fool! I might have known this would be the end of it."

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Bryce, "after I'd bargained for the horse, it did come into my head that he might be riding and selling the horse without your knowledge, for I didn't believe it was his own. I knew Master Dunsey was up to his tricks sometimes. But where can he be gone? He's never been seen at Batherley. He couldn't have been hurt, for he must have walked off."

"Hurt?" said Godfrey, bitterly. "He'll never be hurt—he's made to hurt other people."

"And so you *did* give him leave to sell the horse, eh?" said Bryce.

"Yes; I wanted to part with the horse—he was always a little too hard in the mouth for me," said Godfrey; his pride making him wince under the idea that Bryce guessed the sale to be a matter of necessity. "I was going to see after him—I thought some mischief had happened. I'll go back now," he added, turning the horse's head, and wishing he could get rid of Bryce; for he felt that the long-dreaded crisis of his life was close upon him. "You're coming on to Raveloe, aren't you?"

"Well, no, not now," said Bryce. "I *was* coming round there, for I had to go to Flitton, and I thought I might as well take you in my way, and just let you know all I knew myself about the horse. I suppose Master Dunsey didn't like to show himself till the ill news had blown over a bit. He's perhaps gone to pay a visit at the Three Crowns, by Whitbridge—I know he's fond of the house."

"Perhaps he is," said Godfrey, rather absently. Then rousing himself, he said, with an effort at carelessness, "We shall hear of him soon enough, I'll be bound."

"Well, here's my turning," said Bryce, not surprised to perceive that Godfrey was rather "down"; "so I'll bid you good-day, and wish I may bring you better news another time."

Godfrey rode along slowly, representing to himself the scene of confession to his father from which he felt that there was now no longer any

30. swinging price, a good round sum.

escape. The revelation about the money must be made the very next morning; and if he withheld the rest, Dunstan would be sure to come back shortly, and, finding that he must bear the brunt of his father's anger, would tell the whole story out of spite, even though he had nothing to gain by it. There was one step, perhaps, by which he might still win Dunstan's silence and put off the evil day: he might tell his father that he had himself spent the money paid to him by Fowler; and as he had never been guilty of such an offense before, the affair would blow over after a little storming. But Godfrey could not bend himself to this. He felt that in letting Dunstan have the money, he had already been guilty of a breach of trust hardly less culpable than that of spending the money directly for his own behoof; and yet there was a distinction between the two acts which made him feel that the one was so much more blackening than the other as to be intolerable to him.

"I don't pretend to be a good fellow," he said to himself; "but I'm not a scoundrel—at least, I'll stop short somewhere. I'll bear the consequences of what I *have* done sooner than make believe I've done what I never would have done. I'd never have spent the money for my own pleasure—I was tortured into it."

Through the remainder of this day Godfrey, with only occasional fluctuations, kept his will bent in the direction of a complete avowal to his father, and he withheld the story of Wildfire's loss till the next morning, that it might serve him as an introduction to heavier matter. The old Squire was accustomed to his son's frequent absence from home, and thought neither Dunstan's nor Wildfire's nonappearance a matter calling for remark. Godfrey said to himself again and again that if he let slip this one opportunity of confession, he might never have another; the revelation might be made even in a more odious way than by Dunstan's malignity; *she* might come as she had threatened to do. And then he tried to make the scene easier to himself by rehearsal: he made up his mind how he would pass from the admission of his weakness in letting Dunstan have the money to the fact that Dunstan had a hold on him which he had been unable to shake off, and how he would work up his father to expect something very bad before he told him the fact. The old Squire was an implacable man; he made resolutions in violent anger, and he was not to be moved from them after his anger had subsided—as fiery volcanic matters cool and harden into rock. Like many violent and implacable men he allowed evils to grow under favor of his own heedlessness, till they pressed upon him with exasperating force, and then he turned round with fierce severity and became unrelentingly hard. This was his system with his tenants: he allowed them to get into arrears, neglect their fences, reduce their stock, sell their straw, and otherwise go the wrong way—and then, when he became short of money in consequence of this indulgence, he took the hardest measures and would listen to no appeal. Godfrey knew all this, and felt it with the greater force because he had constantly suffered annoyance from witnessing his father's sudden fits of unrelentingness, for which his own habitual irresolution deprived him of all sympathy. (He was not critical on the faulty indulgence which preceded these fits; *that* seemed to him natural enough.) Still there was just the chance, Godfrey thought, that his father's pride might see this marriage in a light that would induce him to hush it

up, rather than turn his son out and make the family the talk of the country for ten miles round.

This was the view of the case that Godfrey managed to keep before him pretty close till midnight, and he went to sleep thinking that he had done with inward debating. But when he awoke in the still, morning darkness he found it impossible to reawaken his evening thoughts; it was as if they had been tired out and were not to be roused to further work. Instead of arguments for confession, he could now feel the presence of nothing but its evil consequences; the old dread of disgrace came back—the old shrinking from the thought of raising a hopeless barrier between himself and Nancy—the old disposition to rely on chances which might be favorable to him, and save him from betrayal. Why, after all, should he cut off the hope of them by his own act? He had seen the matter in a wrong light yesterday. He had been in a rage with Dunstan, and had thought of nothing but a thorough break-up of their mutual understanding; but what it would be really wisest for him to do was to try and soften his father's anger against Dunsey, and keep things as nearly as possible in their old condition. If Dunsey did not come back for a few days (and Godfrey did not know but that the rascal had enough money in his pocket to enable him to keep away still longer), everything might blow over.

CHAPTER IX

Godfrey rose and took his own breakfast earlier than usual, but lingered in the wainscoted parlor till his younger brothers had finished their meal and gone out; awaiting his father, who always took a walk with his managing-man before breakfast. Everyone breakfasted at a different hour in the Red House, and the Squire was always the latest, giving a long chance to a rather feeble morning appetite before he tried it. The table had been spread with substantial eatables nearly two hours before he presented himself—a tall, stout man of sixty, with a face in which the knit brow and rather hard glance seemed contradicted by the slack and feeble mouth. His person showed marks of habitual neglect, his dress was slovenly; and yet there was something in the presence of the old Squire distinguishable from that of the ordinary farmers in the parish, who were perhaps every whit as refined as he, but, having slouched their way through life with a consciousness of being in the vicinity of their "betters," wanted that self-possession and authoritativeness of voice and carriage which belonged to a man who thought of superiors as remote existences with whom he had personally little more to do than with America or the stars. The Squire had been used to parish homage all his life, used to the presupposition that his family, his tankards, and everything that was his, were the oldest and best; and as he never associated with any gentry higher than himself, his opinion was not disturbed by comparison.

He glanced at his son as he entered the room, and said, "What, sir! haven't *you* had your breakfast yet?" but there was no pleasant morning greeting between them—not because of any unfriendliness, but because the sweet flower of courtesy is not a growth of such homes as the Red House.

"Yes, sir," said Godfrey, "I've had my breakfast, but I was waiting to speak to you."

"Ah! well," said the Squire, throwing himself indifferently into his chair, and speaking in a ponderous, coughing fashion, which was felt in Raveloe to be a sort of privilege of his rank, while

he cut a piece of beef, and held it up before the deer-hound that had come in with him. "Ring the bell for my ale, will you? You youngsters' business is your own pleasure, mostly. There's no hurry about it for anybody but yourselves."

The Squire's life was quite as idle as his sons', but it was a fiction kept up by himself and his contemporaries in Raveloe that youth was exclusively the period of folly, and that their aged wisdom was constantly in a state of endurance mitigated by sarcasm. Godfrey waited, before he spoke again, until the ale had been brought and the door closed—an interval during which Fleet, the deer-hound, had consumed enough bits of beef to make a poor man's holiday dinner.

"There's been a cursed piece of ill-luck with Wildfire," he began; "happened the day before yesterday."

"What! broke his knees?" said the Squire, after taking a draft of ale. "I thought you knew how to ride better than that, sir. I never threw a horse down in my life. If I had, I might ha' whistled for another, for *my* father wasn't quite so ready to unstring as some other fathers I know of. But they must turn over a new leaf—*they* must. What with mortgages and arrears, I'm as short o' cash as a roadside pauper. And that fool Kimble says the newspaper's talking about peace. Why, the country wouldn't have a leg to stand on. Prices 'ud run down like a jack, and I should never get my arrears, not if I sold all the fellows up. And there's that damned Fowler—I won't put up with him any longer; I've told Winthrop to go to Cox this very day. The lying scoundrel told me he'd be sure to pay me a hundred last month. He takes advantage because he's on that outlying farm, and thinks I shall forget him."

80. **unstring**, untie the strings of his purse.

The Squire had delivered this speech in a coughing and interrupted manner, but with no pause long enough for Godfrey to make it a pretext for taking up the word again. He felt that his father meant to ward off any request for money on the ground of the misfortune with Wildfire, and that the emphasis he had thus been led to lay on his shortness of cash and his arrears was likely to produce an attitude of mind the utmost unfavorable for his own disclosure. But he must go on, now he had begun.

"It's worse than breaking the horse's knees—he's been staked and killed," he said, as soon as his father was silent, and had begun to cut his meat. "But I wasn't thinking of asking you to buy me another horse; I was only thinking I'd lost the means of paying you with the price of Wildfire, as I'd meant to do. Dunsey took him to the hunt to sell him for me the other day, and after he'd made a bargain for a hundred and twenty with Bryce, he went after the hounds, and took some fool's leap or other that did for the horse at once. If it hadn't been for that, I should have paid you a hundred pounds this morning."

The Squire had laid down his knife and fork, and was staring at his son in amazement, not being sufficiently quick of brain to form a probable guess as to what could have caused so strange an inversion of the paternal and filial relations as this proposition of his son to pay him a hundred pounds.

"The truth is, sir—I'm very sorry—I was quite to blame," said Godfrey. "Fowler did pay that hundred pounds. He paid it to me when I was over there one day last month. And Dunsey bothered me for the money, and I let him have it, because I hoped I should be able to pay it you before this."

The Squire was purple with anger before his son had done speaking, and

found utterance difficult. "You let Dunsey have it, sir? And how long have you been so thick with Dunsey that you must *collogue* with him to embezzle my money? Are you turning out a scamp? I tell you I won't have it. I'll turn the whole pack of you out of the house together, and marry again. I'd have you to remember, sir, my property's got no entail on it—since my grandfather's time the Casses can do as they like with their land. Remember that, sir. Let Dunsey have the money! Why should you let Dunsey have the money? There's some lie at the bottom of it."

"There's no lie, sir," said Godfrey. "I wouldn't have spent the money myself, but Dunsey bothered me, and I was a fool, and let him have it. But I meant to pay it, whether he did or not. That's the whole story. I never meant to embezzle money, and I'm not the man to do it. You never knew me to do a dishonest trick, sir."

"Where's Dunsey, then? What do you stand talking there for? Go and fetch Dunsey, as I tell you, and let him give an account of what he wanted the money for, and what he's done with it. He shall repent it. I'll turn him out. I said I would, and I'll do it. He shan't brave me. Go and fetch him."

"Dunsey isn't come back, sir."

"What! did he break his own neck, then?" said the Squire, with some disgust at the idea that, in that case, he could not fulfill his threat.

"No, he wasn't hurt, I believe, for the horse was found dead, and Dunsey must have walked off. I daresay we shall see him again by-and-by. I don't know where he is."

"And what must you be letting him have my money for? Answer me that," said the Squire, attacking Godfrey again, since Dunsey was not within reach.

"Well, sir, I don't know," said Godfrey, hesitatingly. That was a feeble evasion, but Godfrey was not fond of lying, and, not being sufficiently aware that no sort of duplicity can long flourish without the help of vocal falsehoods, he was quite unprepared with invented motives.

"You don't know? I tell you what it is, sir. You've been up to some trick, and you've been bribing him not to tell," said the Squire, with a sudden acuteness which startled Godfrey, who felt his heart beat violently at the nearness of his father's guess. The sudden alarm pushed him on to take the next step—a very slight impulse suffices for that on a downward road.

"Why, sir," he said, trying to speak with careless ease, "it was a little affair between me and Dunsey; it's no matter to anybody else. It's hardly worth while to pry into young men's fooleries; it wouldn't have made any difference to you, sir, if I'd not had the bad luck to lose Wildfire. I should have paid you the money."

"Fooleries! Pshaw! it's time you'd done with fooleries. And I'd have you know sir, you *must* ha' done with 'em," said the Squire, frowning and casting an angry glance at his son. "Your goings-on are not what I shall find money for any longer. There's my grandfather had his stables full o' horses, and kept a good house, too, and in worse times, by what I can make out; and so might I, if I hadn't four good-for-nothing fellows to hang on me like horse-leeches. I've been too good a father to you all—that's what it is. But I shall pull up, sir."

Godfrey was silent. He was not likely to be very penetrating in his judgments, but he had always had a sense that his father's indulgence had not been kindness, and had had a

4. **collogue**, conspire. 10. **entail**. An estate was entailed when the law limited the inheritance to a particular descendent, i. e., the eldest son.

vague longing for some discipline that would have checked his own errant weakness and helped his better will. The Squire ate his bread and meat hastily, took a deep draft of ale, then turned his chair from the table, and began to speak again.

"It'll be all the worse for you, you know—you'd need try and help me keep things together."

"Well, sir, I've often offered to take the management of things, but you know you've taken it ill always, and seemed to think I wanted to push you out of your place."

"I know nothing o' your offering or o' my taking it ill," said the Squire, whose memory consisted in certain strong impressions unmodified by detail; "but I know one while you seemed to be thinking o' marrying, and I didn't offer to put any obstacles in your way, as some fathers would. I'd as lieve you married Lammeter's daughter as anybody. I suppose, if I said you nay, you'd ha' kept on with it; but, for want o' contradiction, you've changed your mind. You're a shilly-shally fellow; you take after your poor mother. She never had a will of her own; a woman has no call for one, if she's got a proper man for her husband. But *your* wife had need have one, for you hardly know your own mind enough to make both your legs walk one way. The lass hasn't said downright she won't have you, has she?"

"No," said Godfrey, feeling very hot and uncomfortable; "but I don't think she will."

"Think! why haven't you the courage to ask her? Do you stick to it, you want to have *her*—that's the thing?"

"There's no other woman I want to marry," said Godfrey, evasively.

"Well, then, let me make the offer for you, that's all, if you haven't the pluck to do it yourself. Lammeter isn't likely to be loath for his daughter to marry into *my* family, I should think. And as for the pretty lass, she wouldn't have her cousin—and there's nobody else, as I see, could ha' stood in your way."

"I'd rather let it be, please, sir, at present," said Godfrey, in alarm. "I think she's a little offended with me just now, and I should like to speak for myself. A man must manage these things for himself."

"Well, speak, then, and manage it, and see if you can't turn over a new leaf. That's what a man must do when he thinks o' marrying."

"I don't see how I can think of it at present, sir. You wouldn't like to settle me on one of the farms, I suppose, and I don't think she'd come to live in this house with all my brothers. It's a different sort of life to what she's been used to."

"Not come to live in this house? Don't tell me. You ask her, that's all," said the Squire, with a short, scornful laugh.

"I'd rather let the thing be, at present, sir," said Godfrey. "I hope you won't try to hurry it on by saying anything."

"I shall do what I choose," said the Squire, "and I shall let you know I'm master; else you may turn out, and find an estate to drop into somewhere else. Go out and tell Winthrop not to go to Cox's, but wait for me. And tell 'em to get my horse saddled. And stop; look out and get that hack o' Dunsey's sold, and hand me the money, will you? He'll keep no more hacks at my expense. And if you know where he's sneaking—I daresay you do—you may tell him to spare himself the journey o' coming back home. Let him turn ostler, and keep himself. He shan't hang on me any more."

"I don't know where he is; and if I

did, it isn't my place to tell him to keep away," said Godfrey, moving toward the door.

"Confound it, sir, don't stay arguing, but go and order my horse," said the Squire, taking up a pipe.

Godfrey left the room, hardly knowing whether he were more relieved by the sense that the interview was ended without having made any change in his position, or more uneasy that he had entangled himself still further in prevarication and deceit. What had passed about his proposing to Nancy had raised a new alarm, lest by some after-dinner words of his father's to Mr. Lammeter he should be thrown into the embarrassment of being obliged absolutely to decline her when she seemed to be within his reach. He fled to his usual refuge, that of hoping for some unforeseen turn of fortune, some favorable chance which would save him from unpleasant consequences—perhaps even justify his insincerity by manifesting its prudence.

In this point of trusting to some throw of fortune's dice, Godfrey can hardly be called old-fashioned. Favorable Chance is the god of all men who follow their own devices instead of obeying a law they believe in. Let even a polished man of these days get into a position he is ashamed to avow, and his mind will be bent on all the possible issues that may deliver him from the calculable results of that position. Let him live outside his income, or shirk the resolute honest work that brings wages, and he will presently find himself dreaming of a possible benefactor, a possible simpleton who may be cajoled into using his interest, a possible state of mind in some possible person not yet forthcoming. Let him neglect the responsibilities of his office, and he will inevitably anchor himself on the chance that the thing left undone may turn out not to be of the supposed importance. Let him betray his friend's confidence, and he will adore that same cunning complexity called Chance, which gives him the hope that his friend will never know. Let him forsake a decent craft that he may pursue the gentilities of a profession to which nature never called him, and his religion will infallibly be the worship of blessed Chance, which he will believe in as the mighty creator of success. The evil principle deprecated in that religion is the orderly sequence by which the seed brings forth a crop after its kind.

CHAPTER X

Justice Malam was naturally regarded in Tarley and Raveloe as a man of capacious mind, seeing that he could draw much wider conclusions without evidence than could be expected of his neighbors who were not on the Commission of the Peace. Such a man was not likely to neglect the clue of the tinder-box, and an inquiry was set on foot concerning the peddler, name unknown, with curly black hair and a foreign complexion, carrying a box of cutlery and jewelry, and wearing large rings in his ears. But either because inquiry was too slow-footed to overtake him, or because the description applied to so many peddlers that inquiry did not know how to choose among them, weeks passed away, and there was no other result concerning the robbery than a gradual cessation of the excitement it had caused in Raveloe. Dunstan Cass's absence was hardly a subject of remark; he had once before had a quarrel with his father, and had gone off, nobody knew whither, to return at the end of six weeks, take up his old quar-

70. **on the Commission of the Peace,** one of those having authority to attend to minor legal matters, like our justice of the peace.

ters unforbidden, and swagger as usual. His own family, who equally expected this issue, with the sole difference that the Squire was determined this time to forbid him the old quarters, never mentioned his absence; and when his Uncle Kimble or Mr. Osgood noticed it, the story of his having killed Wildfire and committed some offense against his father was enough to prevent surprise. To connect the fact of Dunsey's disappearance with that of the robbery occurring on the same day, lay quite away from the track of everyone's thought —even Godfrey's, who had better reason than anyone else to know what his brother was capable of. He remembered no mention of the weaver between them since the time, twelve years ago, when it was their boyish sport to deride him; and, besides, his imagination constantly created an *alibi* for Dunstan; he saw him continually in some congenial haunt, to which he had walked off on leaving Wildfire—saw him sponging on chance acquaintances, and meditating a return home to the old amusement of tormenting his elder brother. Even if any brain in Raveloe had put the said two facts together, I doubt whether a combination so injurious to the prescriptive respectability of a family with a mural monument and venerable tankards would not have been suppressed as of unsound tendency. But Christmas puddings, brawn, and abundance of spirituous liquors, throwing the mental originality into the channel of nightmare, are great preservatives against a dangerous spontaneity of waking thought.

When the robbery was talked of at the Rainbow and elsewhere, in good company, the balance continued to waver between the rational explanation founded on the tinder-box, and the theory of an impenetrable mystery that mocked investigation. The advocates of the tinder-box-and-peddler view considered the other side a muddle-headed and credulous set, who, because they themselves were wall-eyed, supposed everybody else to have the same blank outlook; and the adherents of the inexplicable more than hinted that their antagonists were animals inclined to crow before they had found any corn—mere skimming-dishes in point of depth—whose clear-sightedness consisted in supposing there was nothing behind a barn-door because they couldn't see through it; so that, though their controversy did not serve to elicit the fact concerning the robbery, it elicited some true opinions of collateral importance.

But while poor Silas's loss served thus to brush the slow current of Raveloe conversation, Silas himself was feeling the withering desolation of that bereavement about which his neighbors were arguing at their ease. To anyone who had observed him before he lost his gold, it might have seemed that so withered and shrunken a life as his could hardly be susceptible of a bruise, could hardly endure any subtraction but such as would put an end to it altogether. But in reality it had been an eager life, filled with immediate purpose which fenced him in from the wide, cheerless unknown. It had been a clinging life; and though the object round which its fibers had clung was a dead, disrupted thing, it satisfied the need for clinging. But now the fence was broken down—the support was snatched away. Marner's thoughts could no longer move in their old round, and were baffled by a blank like that which meets a plodding ant when the earth has broken away on its

53. mural monument, plate on the church wall commemorating some ancestor.

53. wall-eyed, with eyes turned outward so as to be unable to see what is right in front of them. **67. collateral**, secondary.

homeward path. The loom was there, and the weaving, and the growing pattern in the cloth; but the bright treasure in the hole under his feet was gone; the prospect of handling and counting it was gone; the evening had no phantasm of delight to still the poor soul's craving. The thought of the money he would get by his actual work could bring no joy, for its meager image was only a fresh reminder of his loss; and hope was too heavily crushed by the sudden blow, for his imagination to dwell on the growth of a new hoard from that small beginning.

He filled up the blank with grief. As he sat weaving, he every now and then moaned low, like one in pain; it was the sign that his thoughts had come round again to the sudden chasm—to the empty evening time. And all the evening, as he sat in his loneliness by his dull fire, he leaned his elbows on his knees, and clasped his head with his hands, and moaned very low—not as one who seeks to be heard.

And yet he was not utterly forsaken in his trouble. The repulsion Marner had always created in his neighbors was partly dissipated by the new light in which this misfortune had shown him. Instead of a man who had more cunning than honest folks could come by, and, what was worse, had not the inclination to use that cunning in a neighborly way, it was now apparent that Silas had not cunning enough to keep his own. He was generally spoken of as a "poor mushed creatur"; and that avoidance of his neighbors, which had before been referred to his ill-will and to a probable addiction to worse company, was now considered mere craziness.

This change to a kindlier feeling was shown in various ways. The odor of Christmas cooking being on the wind, it was the season when superfluous pork and black puddings are suggestive of charity in well-to-do families; and Silas's misfortune had brought him uppermost in the memory of housekeepers like Mrs. Osgood. Mr. Crackenthorp, too, while he admonished Silas that his money had probably been taken from him because he thought too much of it and never came to church, enforced the doctrine by a present of pigs' pettitoes, well calculated to dissipate unfounded prejudices against the clerical character. Neighbors who had nothing but verbal consolation to give showed a disposition not only to greet Silas and discuss his misfortune at some length when they encountered him in the village, but also to take the trouble of calling at his cottage and getting him to repeat all the details on the very spot; and then they would try to cheer him by saying, "Well, Master Marner, you're no worse off nor other poor folks, after all; and if you was to be crippled, the parish 'ud give you a 'lowance."

I suppose one reason why we are seldom able to comfort our neighbors with our words is that our good will gets adulterated, in spite of ourselves, before it can pass our lips. We can send black puddings and pettitoes, without giving them a flavor of our own egoism; but language is a stream that is almost sure to smack of a mingled soil. There was a fair proportion of kindness in Raveloe; but it was often of a beery and bungling sort, and took the shape least allied to the complimentary and hypocritical.

Mr. Macey, for example, coming one evening expressly to let Silas know that recent events had given him the advantage of standing more favorably in the opinion of a man whose judgment was not formed lightly, opened the conversation by saying, as soon

59. pettitoes, pigs' feet.

as he had seated himself and adjusted his thumbs:

"Come, Master Marner, why, you've no call to sit a-moaning. You're a deal better off to ha' lost your money nor to ha' kep it by foul means. I used to think, when you first come into these parts, as you were no better nor you should be; you were younger a deal than what you are now; but you were allays a staring, white-faced creatur, partly like a bald-faced calf, as I may say. But there's no knowing; it isn't every queer-looksed thing as Old Harry's had the making of—I mean, speaking o' toads and such; for they're often harmless, and useful against varmin. And it's pretty much the same wi' you, as fur as I can see. Though as to the yarbs and stuff to cure the breathing, if you brought that sort o' knowledge from distant parts, you might ha' been a bit freer of it. And if the knowledge wasn't well come by, why, you might ha' made up for it by coming to church reg'lar; for as for the children as the Wise Woman charmed, I've been at the christening of 'em again and again, and they took the water just as well. And that's reasonable; for if Old Harry's a mind to do a bit o' kindness for a holiday, like, who's got anything against it? That's my thinking; and I've been clerk o' this parish forty year, and I know, when the parson and me does the cussing of a Ash Wednesday, there's no cussing o' folks as have a mind to be cured without a doctor, let Kimble say what he will. And so, Master Marner, as I was saying—for there's windings i' things as they may carry you to the fur end o' the prayer-book afore you get back to 'em—my advice is, as you keep up your speerits; for as for thinking you're a deep un, and ha' got more inside you nor 'ull bear daylight, I'm not o' that opinion at all, and so I tell the neighbors. For, says I, you talk o' Master Marner making out a tale—why, it's nonsense, that is. It 'ud take a 'cute man to make a tale like that; and, says I, he looked as scared as a rabbit."

During this discursive address Silas had continued motionless in his previous attitude, leaning his elbows on his knees, and pressing his hands against his head. Mr. Macey, not doubting that he had been listened to, paused, in the expectation of some appreciatory reply, but Marner remained silent. He had a sense that the old man meant to be good-natured and neighborly; but the kindness fell on him as sunshine falls on the wretched—he had no heart to taste it, and felt that it was very far off him.

"Come, Master Marner, have you got nothing to say to that?" said Mr. Macey, at last, with a slight accent of impatience.

"Oh," said Marner, slowly, shaking his head between his hands, "I thank you—thank you—kindly."

"Aye, aye, to be sure; I thought you would," said Mr. Macey; "and my advice is—have you got a Sunday suit?"

"No," said Marner.

"I doubted it was so," said Mr. Macey. "Now, let me advise you to get a Sunday suit; there's Tookey, he's a poor creatur, but he's got my tailoring business, and some o' my money in it, and he shall make a suit at a low price, and give you trust, and then you can come to church, and be a bit neighborly. Why, you've never heared me say 'Amen' since you come into these parts, and I recommend you to lose no time, for it'll be poor work when Tookey has it all to himself, for I mayn't be equil to stand i' the desk at all, come another winter." Here Mr.

37. **cussing of a Ash Wednesday**, reading the part of the service denouncing sinners.

Macey paused, perhaps expecting some sign of emotion in his hearer; but not observing any, he went on. "And as for the money for the suit o' clothes, why, you get a matter of a pound a week at your weaving, Master Marner, and you're a young man, eh, for all you look so mushed. Why, you couldn't ha' been five-and-twenty when you come into these parts, eh?"

Silas started a little at the change to a questioning tone, and answered mildly, "I don't know; I can't rightly say—it's a long while since."

After receiving such an answer as this, it is not surprising that Mr. Macey observed, later on in the evening at the Rainbow, that Marner's head was "all of a muddle," and that it was to be doubted if he ever knew when Sunday came round, which showed him a worse heathen than many a dog.

Another of Silas's comforters, besides Mr. Macey, came to him with a mind highly charged on the same topic. This was Mrs. Winthrop, the wheelwright's wife. The inhabitants of Raveloe were not severely regular in their church-going, and perhaps there was hardly a person in the parish who would not have held that to go to church every Sunday in the calendar would have shown a greedy desire to stand well with Heaven, and get an undue advantage over their neighbors —a wish to be better than the "common run," that would have implied a reflection on those who had had godfathers and godmothers as well as themselves, and had an equal right to the burying-service. At the same time, it was understood to be requisite for all who were not household servants, or young men, to take the sacrament at one of the great festivals. Squire Cass himself took it on Christmas Day; while those who were held to be "good livers" went to church with greater, though still with moderate, frequency.

Mrs. Winthrop was one of these; she was in all respects a woman of scrupulous conscience, so eager for duties that life seemed to offer them too scantily unless she rose at half-past four, though this threw a scarcity of work over the more advanced hours of the morning, which it was a constant problem with her to remove. Yet she had not the vixenish temper which is sometimes supposed to be a necessary condition of such habits; she was a very mild, patient woman, whose nature it was to seek out all the sadder and more serious elements of life, and pasture her mind upon them.

She was the person always first thought of in Raveloe when there was illness or death in the family, when leeches were to be applied, or there was a sudden disappointment in a monthly nurse. She was a "comfortable woman"—good-looking, fresh-complexioned, having her lips always slightly screwed, as if she felt herself in a sick-room with a doctor or the clergyman present. But she was never whimpering; no one had seen her shed tears; she was simply grave and inclined to shake her head and sigh, almost imperceptibly, like a funereal mourner who is not a relation. It seemed surprising that Ben Winthrop, who loved his quart-pot and his joke, got along so well with Dolly; but she took her husband's jokes and joviality as patiently as everything else, considering that "men *would* be so," and viewing the stronger sex in the light of animals whom it had pleased Heaven to make naturally troublesome, like bulls and turkey-cocks.

This good, wholesome woman could hardly fail to have her mind drawn strongly toward Silas Marner, now that he appeared in the light of a sufferer; and one Sunday afternoon she took her little boy Aaron with her, and went to call on Silas, carrying in

her hand some small lard-cakes, flat, paste-like articles much esteemed in Raveloe. Aaron, an apple-cheeked youngster of seven, with a clean, starched frill which looked like a plate for the apples, needed all his adventurous curiosity to embolden him against the possibility that the big-eyed weaver might do him some bodily injury; and his dubiety was much increased when, on arriving at the Stone-pits, they heard the mysterious sound of the loom.

"Ah, it is as I thought," said Mrs. Winthrop, sadly.

They had to knock loudly before Silas heard them; but when he did come to the door he showed no impatience, as he would once have done, at a visit that had been unasked for and unexpected. Formerly, his heart had been as a locked casket with its treasure inside; but now the casket was empty, and the lock was broken. Left groping in darkness, with his prop utterly gone, Silas had inevitably a sense, though a dull and half-despairing one, that if any help came to him it must come from without; and there was a slight stirring of expectation at the sight of his fellow-men, a faint consciousness of dependence on their goodwill. He opened the door wide to admit Dolly, but without otherwise returning her greeting than by moving the armchair a few inches as a sign that she was to sit down in it. Dolly, as soon as she was seated, removed the white cloth that covered her lard-cakes, and said in her gravest way:

"I'd a baking yisterday, Master Marner, and the lard-cakes turned out better nor common, and I'd ha' asked you to accept some, if you'd thought well. I don't eat such things myself, for a bit o' bread's what I like from one year's end to the other; but men's stomichs are made so comical they want a change—they do, I know, God help 'em."

Dolly sighed gently as she held out the cakes to Silas, who thanked her kindly and looked very close at them, absently, being accustomed to look so at everything he took into his hand—eyed all the while by the wondering bright orbs of the small Aaron, who had made an outwork of his mother's chair, and was peeping round from behind it.

"There's letters pricked on 'em," said Dolly. "I can't read 'em myself, and there's nobody, not Mr. Macey himself, rightly knows what they mean; but they've a good meaning, for they're the same as is on the pulpit-cloth at church. What are they, Aaron, my dear?"

Aaron retreated completely behind his outwork.

"Oh, go, that's naughty," said his mother, mildly. "Well, whativer the letters are, they've a good meaning; and it's a stamp as has been in our house, Ben says, ever since he was a little un, and his mother used to put it on the cakes, and I've allays put it on, too; for if there's any good, we've need of it i' this world."

"It's I. H. S.," said Silas, at which proof of learning Aaron peeped round the chair again.

"Well, to be sure, you can read 'em off," said Dolly. "Ben's read 'em to me many and many a time, but they slip out o' my mind again; the more's the pity, for they're good letters, else they wouldn't be in the church; and so I prick 'em on all the loaves and all the cakes, though sometimes they won't hold, because o' the rising—for, as I said if there's any good to be got we've need of it i' this world—that we have; and I hope they'll bring good to you, Master Marner, for it's wi' that will I brought you the cakes; and you see the letters have held better nor common."

80. I. H. S., *Iesus hominum salvator*, Jesus, humanity's savior.

Silas was as unable to interpret the letters as Dolly, but there was no possibility of misunderstanding the desire to give comfort that made itself heard in her quiet tones. He said, with more feeling than before—"Thank you—thank you kindly." But he laid down the cakes and seated himself absently—drearily unconscious of any distinct benefit toward which the cakes and the letters, or even Dolly's kindness, could tend for him.

"Ah, if there's good anywhere, we've need of it," repeated Dolly, who did not lightly forsake a serviceable phrase. She looked at Silas pityingly as she went on. "But you didn't hear the church bells this morning, Master Marner? I doubt you didn't know it was Sunday. Living so lone here, you lose your count, I daresay; and then, when your loom makes a noise, you can't hear the bells, more partic'lar now the frost kills the sound."

"Yes, I did; I heard 'em," said Silas, to whom Sunday bells were a mere accident of the day, and not part of its sacredness. There had been no bells in Lantern Yard.

"Dear heart!" said Dolly, pausing before she spoke again. "But what a pity it is you should work of a Sunday, and not clean yourself—if you *didn't* go to church; for if you'd a roasting bit, it might be as you couldn't leave it, being a lone man. But there's the bakehus, if you could make up your mind to spend a twopence on the oven now and then—not every week, in course—I shouldn't like to do that myself—you might carry your bit o' dinner there, for it's nothing but right to have a bit o' summat hot of a Sunday, and not to make it as you can't know your dinner from Saturday. But now, upo' Christmas Day, this blessed Christmas as is ever coming, if you was to take your dinner to the bakehus, and go to church, and see the holly and the yew, and hear the anthim, and then take the sacramen', you'd be a deal the better, and you'd know which end you stood on, and you could put your trust i' Them as knows better nor we do, seein' you'd ha' done what it lies on us all to do."

Dolly's exhortation, which was an unusually long effort of speech for her, was uttered in the soothing, persuasive tone with which she would have tried to prevail on a sick man to take his medicine, or a basin of gruel for which he had no appetite. Silas had never before been closely urged on the point of his absence from church, which had only been thought of as a part of his general queerness; and he was too direct and simple to evade Dolly's appeal.

"Nay, nay," he said, "I know nothing o' church. I've never been to church."

"No!" said Dolly, in a low tone of wonderment. Then bethinking herself of Silas's advent from an unknown country, she said, "Could it ha' been as they'd no church where you was born?"

"Oh, yes," said Silas, meditatively, sitting in his usual posture of leaning on his knees, and supporting his head. "There was churches—a many—it was a big town. But I knew nothing of 'em—I went to chapel."

Dolly was much puzzled at this new word, but she was rather afraid of inquiring further, lest "chapel" might mean some haunt of wickedness. After a little thought, she said:

"Well, Master Marner, it's niver too late to turn over a new leaf, and if you've niver had no church, there's no telling the good it'll do you. For

37. **bakehus**, public bakery, where in England meats are roasted as well as bread baked.

72. **church**. Silas belonged to a branch of the Protestants who called their house of worship chapel.

I feels so set up and comfortable as niver was when I've been and heard the prayers, and the singing to the praise and glory o' God, as Mr. Macey gives out—and Mr. Crackenthorp saying good words, and more partic-'lar on Sacramen' Day; and if a bit o' trouble comes, I feel as I can put up wi' it, for I've looked for help i' the right quarter, and gev myself up to Them as we must all give ourselves up to at the last; and if we'n done our part, it isn't to be believed as Them as are above us 'ull be worse nor we are, and come short o' Their'n."

Poor Dolly's exposition of her simple Raveloe theology fell rather unmeaningly on Silas's ears, for there was no word in it that could rouse a memory of what he had known as religion, and his comprehension was quite baffled by the plural pronoun, which was no heresy of Dolly's, but only her way of avoiding a presumptuous familiarity. He remained silent, not feeling inclined to assent to the part of Dolly's speech which he fully understood—her recommendation that he should go to church. Indeed, Silas was so unaccustomed to talk beyond the brief questions and answers necessary for the transaction of his simple business that words did not easily come to him without the urgency of a distinct purpose.

But now, little Aaron, having become used to the weaver's awful presence, had advanced to his mother's side, and Silas, seeming to notice him for the first time, tried to return Dolly's signs of good-will by offering the lad a bit of lard-cake. Aaron shrank back a little, and rubbed his head against his mother's shoulder, but still thought the piece of cake worth the risk of putting his hand out for it.

"Oh, for shame, Aaron," said his mother, taking him on her lap, however; "why, you don't want cake again yet awhile. He's wonderful hearty," she went on, with a little sigh—"that he is, God knows. He's my youngest, and we spoil him sadly, for either me or the father must allays hev him in our sight—that we must."

She stroked Aaron's brown head, and thought it must do Master Marner good to see such a "pictur of a child." But Marner, on the other side of the hearth, saw the neat-featured rosy face as a mere dim round, with two dark spots in it.

"And he's got a voice like a bird—you wouldn't think," Dolly went on; "he can sing a Christmas carril as his father's taught him; and I take it for a token as he'll come to good, as he can learn the good tunes so quick. Come, Aaron, stan' up and sing the carril to Master Marner, come."

Aaron replied by rubbing his forehead against his mother's shoulder.

"Oh, that's naughty," said Dolly, gently. "Stan' up, when mother tells you, and let me hold the cake till you've done."

Aaron was not indisposed to display his talents, even to an ogre, under protecting circumstances; and after a few more signs of coyness, consisting chiefly in rubbing the backs of his hands over his eyes, and then peeping between them at Master Marner, to see if he looked anxious for the "carril," he at length allowed his head to be duly adjusted, and standing behind the table, which let him appear above it only as far as his broad frill, so that he looked like a cherubic head untroubled with a body, he began with a clear chirp, and in a melody that had the rhythm of an industrious hammer:

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Savior
Was born on Christmas Day.

Dolly listened with a devout look, glancing at Marner in some confidence that this strain would help to allure him to church.

"That's Christmas music," she said, when Aaron had ended, and had secured his piece of cake again. "There's no other music equil to the Christmas music—'Hark the erol angils sing.' And you may judge what it is at church, Master Marner, with the bassoon and the voices, as you can't help thinking you've got to a better place a'ready—for I wouldn't speak ill o' this world, seeing as Them put us in it as knows best—but what wi' the drink, and the quarreling, and the bad illnesses, and the hard dying, as I've seen times and times, one's thankful to hear of a better. The boy sings pretty, don't he, Master Marner?"

"Yes," said Silas, absently, "very pretty."

The Christmas carol, with its hammer-like rhythm, had fallen on his ears as strange music, quite unlike a hymn, and could have none of the effect Dolly contemplated. But he wanted to show her that he was grateful, and the only mode that occurred to him was to offer Aaron a bit more cake.

"Oh, no, thank you, Master Marner," said Dolly, holding down Aaron's willing hands. "We must be going home now. And so I wish you good-by, Master Marner; and if you ever feel anyways bad in your inside, as you can't fend for yourself, I'll come and clean up for you, and get you a bit o' victual, and willing. But I beg and pray of you to leave off weaving of a Sunday, for it's bad for soul and body—and the money as comes i' that way 'ull be a bad bed to lie down on at the last, if it doesn't fly away, nobody knows where, like the white frost. And you'll excuse me being that free with you, Master Marner, for I wish you well—I do. Make your bow, Aaron."

Silas said "Good-by, and thank you kindly," as he opened the door for Dolly, but he couldn't help feeling relieved when she was gone—relieved that he might weave again and moan at his ease. Her simple view of life and its comforts, by which she had tried to cheer him, was only like a report of unknown objects, which his imagination could not fashion. The fountains of human love and of faith in a divine love had not yet been unlocked, and his soul was still the shrunken rivulet, with only this difference, that its little groove of sand was blocked up, and it wandered confusedly against dark obstruction.

And so, notwithstanding the honest persuasions of Mr. Macey and Dolly Winthrop, Silas spent his Christmas Day in loneliness, eating his meat in sadness of heart, though the meat had come to him as a neighborly present. In the morning he looked out on the black frost that seemed to press cruelly on every blade of grass, while the half-icy red pool shivered under the bitter wind; but toward evening the snow began to fall, and curtained from him even that dreary outlook, shutting him close up with his narrow grief. And he sat in his robbed home through the livelong evening, not caring to close his shutters or lock his door, pressing his head between his hands and moaning, till the cold grasped him and told him that his fire was gray.

Nobody in this world but himself knew that he was the same Silas Marner who had once loved his fellow with tender love, and trusted in an unseen goodness. Even to himself that past experience had become dim.

But in Raveloe village the bells rang merrily, and the church was fuller than all through the rest of the year, with red faces among the abundant dark-green boughs—faces prepared for a longer service than usual by an odor-

ous breakfast of toast and ale. Those green boughs, the hymn and anthem never heard but at Christmas—even the Athanasian Creed, which was discriminated from the others only as being longer and of exceptional virtue, since it was only read on rare occasions—brought a vague, exulting sense, for which the grown men could as little have found words as the children, that something great and mysterious had been done for them in heaven above and in earth below, which they were appropriating by their presence. And then the red faces made their way through the black biting frost to their own homes, feeling themselves free for the rest of the day to eat, drink, and be merry, and using that Christian freedom without diffidence.

At Squire Cass's family party that day nobody mentioned Dunstan—nobody was sorry for his absence, or feared it would be too long. The doctor and his wife, Uncle and Aunt Kimble, were there, and the annual Christmas talk was carried through without any omissions, rising to the climax of Mr. Kimble's experience when he walked the London hospitals thirty years back, together with striking professional anecdotes then gathered. Whereupon cards followed, with Aunt Kimble's annual failure to follow suit, and Uncle Kimble's irascibility concerning the odd trick which was rarely explicable to him, when it was not on his side, without a general visitation of tricks to see that they were formed on sound principles; the whole being accompanied by a strong steaming odor of spirits-and-water.

But the party on Christmas Day, being a strictly family party, was not the preëminently brilliant celebration of the season at the Red House. It was the great dance on New Year's Eve that made the glory of Squire Cass's hospitality, as of his forefathers', time out of mind. This was the occasion when all the society of Raveloe and Tarley, whether old acquaintances separated by long rutty distances, or cooled acquaintances separated by misunderstandings concerning runaway calves, or acquaintances founded on intermittent condescension, counted on meeting and on comporting themselves with mutual appropriateness. This was the occasion on which fair dames who came on pillions sent their bandboxes before them, supplied with more than their evening costume; for the feast was not to end with a single evening, like a paltry town entertainment, where the whole supply of eatables is put on the table at once, and bedding is scanty. The Red House was provisioned as if for a siege; and as for the spare feather-beds ready to be laid on floors, they were as plentiful as might naturally be expected in a family that had killed its own geese for many generations.

Godfrey Cass was looking forward to this New Year's Eve with a foolish, reckless longing, that made him half deaf to his importunate companion, Anxiety. "Dunsey will be coming home soon; there will be a great blow-up, and how will you bribe his spite to silence?" said Anxiety.

"Oh, he won't come home before New Year's Eve, perhaps," said Godfrey; "and I shall sit by Nancy then, and dance with her, and get a kind look from her in spite of herself."

"But money is wanted in another quarter," said Anxiety in a louder voice, "and how will you get it without selling your mother's diamond pin? And if you don't get it . . . ?"

"Well, but something may happen to make things easier. At any rate, there's one pleasure for me close at hand: Nancy is coming."

4. **Athanasian Creed**, as formulated by Athanasius (296-373), Bishop of Alexandria.

"Yes, and suppose your father should bring matters to a pass that will oblige you to decline marrying her—and to give your reasons?"

"Hold your tongue, and don't worry me. I can see Nancy's eyes, just as they will look at me, and feel her hand in mine already."

But Anxiety went on, though in noisy Christmas company; refusing to be utterly quieted even by much drinking.

CHAPTER XI

Some women, I grant, would not appear to advantage seated on a pillion, and attired in a drab joseph and a drab beaver bonnet, with a crown resembling a small stewpan; for a garment suggesting a coachman's great-coat, cut out under an exiguity of cloth that would only allow of miniature capes, is not well adapted to conceal deficiencies of contour, nor is drab a color that will throw sallow cheeks into lively contrast. It was all the greater triumph to Miss Nancy Lammeter's beauty that she looked thoroughly bewitching in that costume, as seated on the pillion behind her tall, erect father, she held one arm round him, and looked down, with open-eyed anxiety, at the treacherous, snow-covered pools and puddles which sent up formidable splashings of mud under the stamp of Dobbin's foot. A painter would, perhaps, have preferred her in those moments when she was free from self-consciousness; but certainly the bloom on her cheeks was at its highest point of contrast with the surrounding drab when she arrived at the door of the Red House, and saw Mr. Godfrey Cass ready to lift her from the pillion. She wished her sister Priscilla had come up at the same time behind the servant, for then she would have contrived that Mr. Godfrey should have lifted off Priscilla first, and, in the meantime, she would have persuaded her father to go round to the horse-block instead of alighting at the doorsteps. It was very painful, when you had made it quite clear to a young man that you were determined not to marry him, however much he might wish it, that he would still continue to pay you marked attentions; besides, why didn't he always show the same attentions, if he meant them sincerely, instead of being so strange as Mr. Godfrey Cass was, sometimes behaving as if he didn't want to speak to her, and taking no notice of her for weeks and weeks, and then, all on a sudden, almost making love again? Moreover, it was quite plain he had no real love for her, else he would not let people have *that* to say of him which they did say. Did he suppose that Miss Nancy Lammeter was to be won by any man, squire or no squire, who led a bad life? That was not what she had been used to see in her own father, who was the soberest and best man in that countryside, only a little hot and hasty now and then, if things were not done to the minute.

All these thoughts rushed through Miss Nancy's mind, in their habitual succession, in the moments between her first sight of Mr. Godfrey Cass standing at the door and her own arrival there. Happily, the Squire came out, too, and gave a loud greeting to her father, so that, somehow, under cover of this noise she seemed to find concealment for her confusion and neglect of any suitably formal behavior, while she was being lifted from the pillion by strong arms which seemed to find her ridiculously small and light. And there was the best reason for hastening into the house at once, since the snow was beginning

15. **joseph**, a woman's riding coat. 19. **exiguity**, scantiness.

to fall again, threatening an unpleasant journey for such guests as were still on the road. These were a small minority; for already the afternoon was beginning to decline, and there would not be too much time for the ladies who came from a distance to attire themselves in readiness for the early tea which was to inspirit them for the dance.

There was a buzz of voices through the house, as Miss Nancy entered, mingled with the scrape of a fiddle preluding in the kitchen; but the Lammeters were guests whose arrival had evidently been thought of so much that it had been watched for from the windows, for Mrs. Kimble, who did the honors at the Red House on these great occasions, came forward to meet Miss Nancy in the hall, and conduct her upstairs. Mrs. Kimble was the Squire's sister, as well as the doctor's wife—a double dignity, with which her diameter was in direct proportion; so that, a journey upstairs being rather fatiguing to her, she did not oppose Miss Nancy's request to be allowed to find her way alone to the Blue Room, where the Miss Lammeters' bandboxes had been deposited on their arrival in the morning.

There was hardly a bedroom in the house where feminine compliments were not passing and feminine toilets going forward, in various stages, in space made scanty by extra beds spread upon the floor; and Miss Nancy, as she entered the Blue Room, had to make her little formal curtsy to a group of six. On the one hand, there were ladies no less important than the two Miss Gunns, the wine merchant's daughters from Lytherly, dressed in the height of fashion, with the tightest skirts and the shortest waists, and gazed at by Miss Ladbrook (of the Old Pastures) with a shyness not unsustained by inward criticism. Partly, Miss Ladbrook felt that her own skirt must be regarded as unduly lax by the Miss Gunns, and partly, that it was a pity the Miss Gunns did not show that judgment which she herself would show if she were in their place, by stopping a little on this side of the fashion. On the other hand, Mrs. Ladbrook was standing in skullcap and front, with her turban in her hand, curtsying and smiling blandly and saying, "After you, ma'am," to another lady in similar circumstances, who had politely offered the precedence at the looking-glass.

But Miss Nancy had no sooner made her curtsy than an elderly lady came forward, whose full white muslin kerchief, and mobcap round her curls of smooth gray hair, were in daring contrast with the puffed yellow satins and topknotted caps of her neighbors. She approached Miss Nancy with much primness, and said, with a slow, treble suavity,

"Niece, I hope I see you well in health." Miss Nancy kissed her aunt's cheek dutifully, and answered, with the same sort of amiable primness, "Quite well, I thank you, Aunt; and I hope I see you the same."

"Thank you, niece; I keep my health for the present. And how is my brother-in-law?"

These dutiful questions and answers were continued until it was ascertained in detail that the Lammeters were all as well as usual, and the Osgoods likewise, also that niece Priscilla must certainly arrive shortly, and that traveling on pillions in snowy weather was unpleasant, though a joseph was a great protection. Then Nancy was formally introduced to her aunt's visitors, the Miss Gunns, as being the daughters of a mother known to *their*

59. **front**, false hair. 69. **mobcap**, a full cap with frills around the face.

mother, though now for the first time induced to make a journey into these parts; and these ladies were so taken by surprise at finding such a lovely face and figure in an out-of-the-way country place that they began to feel some curiosity about the dress she would put on when she took off her joseph. Miss Nancy, whose thoughts were always conducted with the propriety and moderation conspicuous in her manners, remarked to herself that the Miss Gunns were rather hard-featured than otherwise, and that such very low dresses as they wore might have been attributed to vanity if their shoulders had been pretty, but that, being as they were, it was not reasonable to suppose that they showed their necks from a love of display, but rather from some obligation not inconsistent with sense and modesty. She felt convinced, as she opened her box, that this must be her Aunt Osgood's opinion, for Miss Nancy's mind resembled her Aunt's to a degree that everybody said was surprising, considering the kinship was on Mr. Osgood's side; and though you might not have supposed it from the formality of their greeting, there was a devoted attachment and mutual admiration between Aunt and niece. Even Miss Nancy's refusal of her cousin Gilbert Osgood (on the ground solely that he was her cousin), though it had grieved her Aunt greatly, had not in the least cooled the preference which had determined her to leave Nancy several of her hereditary ornaments, let Gilbert's future wife be whom she might.

Three of the ladies quickly retired, but the Miss Gunns were quite content that Mrs. Osgood's inclination to remain with her niece gave them also a reason for staying to see the rustic beauty's toilet. And it was really a pleasure—from the first opening of the bandbox, where everything smelled of lavender and rose-leaves, to the clasping of the small coral necklace that fitted closely round her little white neck. Everything belonging to Miss Nancy was of delicate purity and nattiness; not a crease was where it had no business to be, not a bit of her linen professed whiteness without fulfilling its profession; the very pins on her pincushion were stuck in after a pattern from which she was careful to allow no aberration; and as for her own person, it gave the same idea of perfect unvarying neatness as the body of a little bird. It is true that her light-brown hair was cropped behind like a boy's, and was dressed in front in a number of flat rings, that lay quite away from her face; but there was no sort of coiffure that could make Miss Nancy's cheek and neck look otherwise than pretty; and when at last she stood complete in her silvery twilled silk, her lace tucker, her coral necklace, and coral eardrops, the Miss Gunns could see nothing to criticize except her hands, which bore the traces of butter-making, cheese-crushing, and even still coarser work. But Miss Nancy was not ashamed of that, for while she was dressing she narrated to her Aunt how she and Priscilla had packed their boxes yesterday, because this morning was baking morning, and since they were leaving home, it was desirable to make a good supply of meat pies for the kitchen; and as she concluded this judicious remark, she turned to the Miss Gunns that she might not commit the rudeness of not including them in the conversation. The Miss Gunns smiled stiffly, and thought what a pity it was that these rich country people, who could afford to buy such good clothes (really Miss Nancy's lace and silk were very costly),

74. **lace tucker**, a piece of lace filling in the neck of the dress.

should be brought up in utter ignorance and vulgarity. She actually said "mate" for "meat," " 'appen" for "perhaps," and "oss" for "horse," which to young ladies living in good Lytherly society, who habitually said 'orse, even in domestic privacy, and only said 'appen on the right occasions, was necessarily shocking. Miss Nancy, indeed, had never been to any school higher than Dame Tedman's; her acquaintance with profane literature hardly went beyond the rimes she had worked in her large sampler under the lamb and the shepherdess; and in order to balance an account, she was obliged to effect her subtraction by removing visible metallic shillings and sixpences from a visible metallic total. There is hardly a servant-maid in these days who is not better informed than Miss Nancy; yet she had the essential attributes of a lady—high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits—and lest these should not suffice to convince grammatical fair ones that her feelings can at all resemble theirs, I will add that she was slightly proud and exacting, and as constant in her affection toward a baseless opinion as toward an erring lover.

The anxiety about sister Priscilla, which had grown rather active by the time the coral necklace was clasped, was happily ended by the entrance of that cheerful-looking lady herself, with a face made blowsy by cold and damp. After the first questions and greetings, she turned to Nancy, and surveyed her from head to foot—then wheeled her round, to ascertain that the back view was equally faultless.

"What do you think o' *these* gowns, Aunt Osgood?" said Priscilla, while Nancy helped her to unrobe.

"Very handsome indeed, niece," said Mrs. Osgood, with a slight increase of formality. She always thought niece Priscilla too rough.

"I'm obliged to have the same as Nancy, you know, for all I'm five years older, and it makes me look yallow; for she never *will* have anything without I have mine just like it, because she wants us to look like sisters. And I tell her, folks 'ull think it's my weakness makes me fancy as I shall look pretty in what she looks pretty in. For I *am* ugly—there's no denying that; I feature my father's family. But, law! I don't mind, do you?" Priscilla here turned to the Miss Gunns, rattling on in too much preoccupation with the delight of talking, to notice that her candor was not appreciated. "The pretty uns do for flycatchers—they keep the men off us. I've no opinion o' the men, Miss Gunn—I don't know what *you* have. And as for fretting and stewing about what *they*'ll think of you from morning till night, and making your life uneasy about what they're doing when they're out o' your sight—as I tell Nancy, it's a folly no woman need be guilty of, if she's got a good father and a good home; let her leave it to them as have got no fortin, and can't help themselves. As I say, Mr. Have-your-own-way is the best husband, and the only one I'd ever promise to obey. I know it isn't pleasant, when you've been used to living in a big way, and managing hogsheads and all that, to go and put your nose in by somebody else's fireside, or to sit down by yourself to a scrag or a knuckle; but, thank God! my father's a sober man and likely to live; and if you've got a man by the chimney-corner, it doesn't matter if he's childish—the business needn't be broke up."

12. **profane literature**, all reading not sacred, i. e., anything besides the Bible.

89. **scrag or a knuckle**, a bony piece of meat or a knee joint.

The delicate process of getting her narrow gown over her head without injury to her smooth curls obliged Miss Priscilla to pause in this rapid survey of life, and Mrs. Osgood seized the opportunity of rising and saying—

"Well, niece, you'll follow us. The Miss Gunns will like to go down."

"Sister," said Nancy, when they were alone, "you've offended the Miss Gunns, I'm sure."

"What have I done, child?" said Priscilla, in some alarm.

"Why, you asked them if they minded about being ugly—you're so very blunt."

"Law, did I? Well, it popped out; it's a mercy I said no more, for I'm a bad un to live with folks when they don't like the truth. But as for being ugly, look at me, child, in this silver-colored silk—I told you how it 'ud be—I look yallow as a daffodil. Anybody 'ud say you wanted to make a mawkin of me."

"No, Priscy, don't say so. I begged and prayed of you not to let us have this silk if you'd like another better. I was willing to have *your* choice, you know I was," said Nancy, in anxious self-vindication.

"Nonsense, child! you know you'd set your heart on this; and reason good, for you're the color o' cream. It 'ud be fine doings for you to dress yourself to suit *my* skin. What I find fault with is that notion o' yours as I must dress myself just like you. But you do as you like with me—you always did, from when first you begun to walk. If you wanted to go the field's length, the field's length you'd go; and there was no whipping you, for you looked as prim and innicent as a daisy all the while."

"Priscy," said Nancy, gently, as she fastened a coral necklace, exactly like her own, round Priscilla's neck, which was very far from being like her own, "I'm sure I'm willing to give way as far as is right, but who shouldn't dress alike if it isn't sisters? Would you have us go about looking as if we were no kin to one another—us that have got no mother and not another sister in the world? I'd do what was right, if I dressed in a gown dyed with cheese-coloring; and I'd rather you'd choose, and let me wear what pleases you."

"There you go again! You'd come round to the same thing if one talked to you from Saturday night till Saturday morning. It'll be fine fun to see how you'll master your husband and never raise your voice above the singing o' the kettle all the while. I like to see the men mastered!"

"Don't talk *so*, Priscy," said Nancy, blushing. "You know I don't mean ever to be married."

"Oh, you never mean a fiddlestick's end!" said Priscilla, as she arranged her discarded dress, and closed her bandbox. "Who shall *I* have to work for when father's gone, if you are to go and take notions in your head and be an old maid, because some folks are no better than they should be? I haven't a bit o' patience with you—sitting on an addled egg forever, as if there was never a fresh un in the world. One old maid's enough out o' two sisters; and I shall do credit to a single life, for God A'mighty meant me for it. Come, we can go down now. I'm as ready as a mawkin *can* be—there's nothing a-wanting to frighten the crows, now I've got my eardroppers in."

As the two Miss Lammeters walked into the large parlor together, anyone who did not know the character of both might certainly have supposed that the reason why the square-shouldered, clumsy, high-featured Priscilla

25. mawkin, scarecrow.

wore a dress the facsimile of her pretty sister's was either the mistaken vanity of the one, or the malicious contrivance of the other in order to set off her own rare beauty. But the good-natured self-forgetful cheeriness and common-sense of Priscilla would soon have dissipated the one suspicion; and the modest calm of Nancy's speech and manners told clearly of a mind free from all disavowed devices.

Places of honor had been kept for the Miss Lammeters near the head of the principal tea-table in the wainscoted parlor, now looking fresh and pleasant with handsome branches of holly, yew, and laurel, from the abundant growths of the old garden; and Nancy felt an inward flutter, that no firmness of purpose could prevent, when she saw Mr. Godfrey Cass advancing to lead her to a seat between himself and Mr. Crackenthorp, while Priscilla was called to the opposite side between her father and the Squire. It certainly did make some difference to Nancy that the lover she had given up was the young man of quite the highest consequence in the parish—at home in a venerable and unique parlor, which was the extremity of grandeur in her experience, a parlor where *she* might one day have been mistress, with the consciousness that she was spoken of as "Madam Cass," the Squire's wife. These circumstances exalted her inward drama in her own eyes, and deepened the emphasis with which she declared to herself that not the most dazzling rank should induce her to marry a man whose conduct showed him careless of his character, but that "love once, love always," was the motto of a true and pure woman, and no man should ever have any right over her which would be a call on her to destroy the dried flowers that she treasured, and always would treasure, for Godfrey Cass's sake. And Nancy was capable of keeping her word to herself under very trying conditions. Nothing but a becoming blush betrayed the moving thoughts that urged themselves upon her as she accepted the seat next to Mr. Crackenthorp; for she was so instinctively neat and adroit in all her actions, and her pretty lips met each other with such quiet firmness, that it would have been difficult for her to appear agitated.

It was not the Rector's practice to let a charming blush pass without an appropriate compliment. He was not in the least lofty or aristocratic, but simply a merry-eyed, small-featured, gray-haired man, with his chin propped by an ample, many-creased white neckcloth which seemed to predominate over every other point in his person, and somehow to impress its peculiar character on his remarks; so that to have considered his amenities apart from his cravat would have been a severe, and perhaps a dangerous, effort of abstraction.

"Ha, Miss Nancy," he said, turning his head within his cravat and smiling down pleasantly upon her, "when anybody pretends this has been a severe winter, I shall tell them I saw the roses blooming on New Year's Eve—eh, Godfrey, what do *you* say?"

Godfrey made no reply, and avoided looking at Nancy very markedly; for though these complimentary personalities were held to be in excellent taste in old-fashioned Raveloe society, reverent love has a politeness of its own which it teaches to men otherwise of small schooling. But the Squire was rather impatient at Godfrey's showing himself a dull spark in this way. By this advanced hour of the day, the Squire was always in higher spirits than we have seen him in at the breakfast-table, and felt it quite

pleasant to fulfill the hereditary duty of being noisily jovial and patronizing; the large silver snuffbox was in active service and was offered without fail to all neighbors from time to time, however often they might have declined the favor. At present, the Squire had only given an express welcome to the heads of families as they appeared; but always as the evening deepened, his hospitality rayed out more widely, till he had tapped the youngest guests on the back and shown a peculiar fondness for their presence, in the full belief that they must feel their lives made happy by their belonging to a parish where there was such a hearty man as Squire Cass to invite them and wish them well. Even in this early stage of the jovial mood, it was natural that he should wish to supply his son's deficiencies by looking and speaking for him.

"Aye, aye," he began, offering his snuffbox to Mr. Lammeter, who for the second time bowed his head and waved his hand in stiff rejection of the offer, "us old fellows may wish ourselves young tonight, when we see the mistletoe-bough in the White Parlor. It's true, most things are gone back'ard in these last thirty years—the country's going down since the old king fell ill. But when I look at Miss Nancy here, I begin to think the lasses keep up their quality—ding me if I remember a sample to match her, not when I was a fine young fellow, and thought a deal about my pigtail. No offense to you, madam," he added, bending to Mrs. Crackenthorp, who sat by him; "I didn't know *you* when you were as young as Miss Nancy here."

Mrs. Crackenthorp—a small, blinking woman, who fidgeted incessantly with her lace, ribbons, and gold chain, turning her head about and making subdued noises, very much like a guinea-pig that twitches its nose and soliloquizes in all company indiscriminately—now blinked and fidgeted toward the Squire, and said, "Oh, no—no offense."

This emphatic compliment of the Squire's to Nancy was felt by others besides Godfrey to have a diplomatic significance; and her father gave a slight additional erectness to his back, as he looked across the table at her with complacent gravity. That grave and orderly senior was not going to bate a jot of his dignity by seeming elated at the notion of a match between his family and the Squire's; he was gratified by any honor paid to his daughter; but he must see an alteration in several ways before his consent would be vouchsafed. His spare but healthy person, and high-featured, firm face, that looked as if it had never been flushed by excess, was in strong contrast, not only with the Squire's, but with the appearance of the Raveloe farmers generally—in accordance with a favorite saying of his own, that "breed was stronger than pasture."

"Miss Nancy's wonderful like what her mother was, though; isn't she, Kimble?" said the stout lady of that name, looking round for her husband.

But Doctor Kimble (country apothecaries in old days enjoyed that title without authority of diploma), being a thin and agile man, was flitting about the room with his hands in his pockets, making himself agreeable to his feminine patients, with medical impartiality, and being welcomed everywhere as a doctor by hereditary right—not one of those miserable apothecaries who canvass for practice in strange neighborhoods, and spend all their income in starving their one horse,

40. pigtail, own hair, instead of a wig.

but a man of substance, able to keep an extravagant table like the best of his patients. Time out of mind the Raveloe doctor had been a Kimble; Kimble was inherently a doctor's name; and it was difficult to contemplate firmly the melancholy fact that the actual Kimble had no son, so that his practice might one day be handed over to a successor with the incongruous name of Taylor or Johnson. But in that case the wiser people in Raveloe would employ Dr. Blick of Flitton—as less unnatural. "Did you speak to me, my dear?" said the authentic doctor, coming quickly to his wife's side; but, as if foreseeing that she would be too much out of breath to repeat her remark, he went on immediately—"Ha, Miss Priscilla, the sight of you revives the taste of that super-excellent pork pie. I hope the batch isn't near an end."

"Yes, indeed, it is, doctor," said Priscilla; "but I'll answer for it the next shall be as good. My pork pies don't turn out well by chance."

"Not as your doctoring does, eh, Kimble!—because folks forget to take your physic, eh?" said the Squire, who regarded physic and doctors as many loyal churchmen regarded the church and the clergy—tasting a joke against them when he was in health, but impatiently eager for their aid when anything was the matter with him. He tapped his box, and looked round with a triumphant laugh.

"Ah, she has a quick wit, my friend Priscilla has," said the doctor, choosing to attribute the epigram to a lady rather than allow a brother-in-law that advantage over him. "She saves a little pepper to sprinkle over her talk—that's the reason why she never puts too much into her pies. There's my wife, now, she never has an answer at her tongue's end; but if I offend her, she's sure to scarify my throat with black pepper the next day, or else give me the colic with watery greens. That's an awful tit-for-tat." Here the vivacious doctor made a pathetic grimace.

"Did you ever hear the like?" said Mrs. Kimble, laughing above her double chin with much good-humor, aside to Mrs. Crackenthorp, who blinked and nodded, and amiably intended to smile, but the intention lost itself in small twitchings and noises.

"I suppose that's the sort of tit-for-tat adopted in your profession, Kimble, if you've a grudge against a patient," said the Rector.

"Never do have a grudge against our patients," said Mr. Kimble, "except when they leave us; and then, you see, we haven't the chance of prescribing for 'em. Ha, Miss Nancy," he continued, suddenly skipping to Nancy's side, "you won't forget your promise? You're to save a dance for me, you know."

"Come, come, Kimble, don't you be too for'ard," said the Squire. "Give the young uns fair play. There's my son Godfrey'll be wanting to have a round with you if you run off with Miss Nancy. He's bespoke her for the first dance, I'll be bound. Eh, sir! what do you say?" he continued, throwing himself backward, and looking at Godfrey. "Haven't you asked Miss Nancy to open the dance with you?"

Godfrey, sorely uncomfortable under this significant insistence about Nancy, and afraid to think where it would end by the time his father had set his usual hospitable example of drinking before and after supper, saw no course open but to turn to Nancy and say, with as little awkwardness as possible, "No; I've not asked her yet, but I hope she'll consent—if somebody else hasn't been before me."

"No, I've not engaged myself," said Nancy, quietly, though blushingly. (If Mr. Godfrey founded any hopes on her consenting to dance with him, he would soon be undeceived; but there was no need for her to be uncivil.)

"Then I hope you've no objections to dancing with me," said Godfrey, beginning to lose the sense that there was anything uncomfortable in this arrangement.

"No, no objections," said Nancy, in a cold tone.

"Ah, well, you're a lucky fellow, Godfrey," said Uncle Kimble; "but you're my godson, so I won't stand in your way. Else I'm not so very old, eh, my dear?" he went on, skipping to his wife's side again. "You wouldn't mind my having a second after you were gone—not if I cried a good deal first?"

"Come, come, take a cup o' tea and stop your tongue, do," said good-humored Mrs. Kimble, feeling some pride in a husband who must be regarded as so clever and amusing by the company generally. If he had only not been irritable at cards!

While safe, well-tasted personalities were enlivening the tea in this way, the sound of the fiddle approaching within a distance at which it could be heard distinctly made the young people look at each other with sympathetic impatience for the end of the meal.

"Why, there's Solomon in the hall," said the Squire, "and playing my fav'rite tune, *I* believe—'The Flaxen-headed Plowboy'—he's for giving us a hint as we aren't enough in a hurry to hear him play. "Bob," he called out to his third long-legged son, who was at the other end of the room, "open the door, and tell Solomon to come in. He shall give us a tune here."

Bob obeyed, and Solomon walked in, fiddling as he walked, for he would on no account break off in the middle of a tune.

"Here, Solomon," said the Squire, with loud patronage. "Round here, my man. Ah, I knew it was 'The Flaxen-headed Plowboy'; there's no finer tune."

Solomon Macey, a small hale old man, with an abundant crop of long white hair reaching nearly to his shoulders, advanced to the indicated spot, bowing reverently while he fiddled, as much as to say that he respected the company though he respected the keynote more. As soon as he had repeated the tune and lowered his fiddle, he bowed again to the Squire and the Rector, and said, "I hope I see your honor and your reverence well, and wishing you health and long life and a happy New Year. And wishing the same to you, Mr. Lammeter, sir; and to the other gentlemen, and the madams, and the young lasses."

As Solomon uttered the last words, he bowed in all directions solicitously, lest he should be wanting in due respect. But thereupon he immediately began to prelude, and fell into the tune which he knew would be taken as a special compliment by Mr. Lammeter.

"Thank ye, Solomon, thank ye," said Mr. Lammeter when the fiddle paused again. "That's 'Over the Hills and Far Away,' that is. My father used to say to me, whenever we heard that tune, 'Ah, lad, *I* come from over the hills and far away.' There's as many tunes I don't make head or tail of; but that speaks to me like the blackbird's whistle. I suppose it's the name; there's a deal in the name of a tune."

But Solomon was already impatient to prelude again, and presently broke

with much spirit into "Sir Roger de Coverley," at which there was a sound of chairs pushed back, and laughing voices.

"Aye, aye, Solomon, we know what that means," said the Squire, rising. "It's time to begin the dance, eh? Lead the way, then, and we'll all follow you."

So Solomon, holding his white head on one side, and playing vigorously, marched forward at the head of the gay procession into the White Parlor, where the mistletoe-bough was hung, and multitudinous tallow candles made rather a brilliant effect, gleaming from among the berried holly-boughs, and reflected in the old-fashioned oval mirrors fastened in the panels of the white wainscot. A quaint procession! Old Solomon, in his seedy clothes and long white locks, seemed to be luring that decent company by the magic scream of his fiddle—luring discreet matrons in turban-shaped caps, nay, Mrs. Crackenthorp herself, the summit of whose perpendicular feather was on a level with the Squire's shoulder—luring fair lasses complacently conscious of very short waists and skirts blameless of front-folds—luring burly fathers in large variegated waistcoats, and ruddy sons, for the most part shy and sheepish, in short nether garments and very long coat-tails.

Already Mr. Macey and a few other privileged villagers, who were allowed to be spectators on these great occasions, were seated on benches placed for them near the door; and great was the admiration and satisfaction in that quarter when the couples had formed themselves for the dance, and the Squire led off with Mrs. Crackenthorp, joining hands with the Rector and Mrs. Osgood. That was as it should be—that was what everybody had been used to—and the charter of Raveloe seemed to be renewed by the ceremony. It was not thought of as an unbecoming levity for the old and middle-aged people to dance a little before sitting down to cards, but rather as part of their social duties. For what were these if not to be merry at appropriate times, interchanging visits and poultry with due frequency, paying each other old-established compliments in sound, traditional phrases, passing well-tried, personal jokes, urging your guests to eat and drink too much out of hospitality, and eating and drinking too much in your neighbor's house to show that you liked your cheer? And the parson naturally set an example in these social duties. For it would not have been possible for the Raveloe mind, without a peculiar revelation, to know that a clergyman should be a pale-faced memento of solemnities, instead of a reasonably faulty man whose exclusive authority to read prayers and preach, to christen, marry, and bury you, necessarily coexisted with the right to sell you the ground to be buried in and to take tithe in kind; on which last point, of course, there was a little grumbling, but not to the extent of irreligion—not of deeper significance than the grumbling at the rain, which was by no means accompanied with a spirit of impious defiance, but with a desire that the prayer for fine weather might be read forthwith.

There was no reason, then, why the Rector's dancing should not be received as part of the fitness of things quite as much as the Squire's, or why, on the other hand, Mr. Macey's official respect should restrain him from sub-

1. **Sir Roger de Coverley**, a popular dance of the time, to which our Virginia Reel is very similar. **34. short nether garments**, knee breeches.

78. **take tithe in kind**, accept church taxes in the form of farm produce.

jecting the parson's performance to that criticism with which minds of extraordinary acuteness must necessarily contemplate the doings of their fallible fellow-men.

"The Squire's pretty springe, considering his weight," said Mr. Macey, "and he stamps uncommon well. But Mr. Lammeter beats 'em all for shapes; you see he holds his head like a sodger, and he isn't so cushiony as most o' the oldish gentlefolks—they run fat in general; and he's got a fine leg. The parson's nimble enough, but he hasn't got much of a leg; it's a bit too thick down'ard, and his knees might be a bit nearer wi'out damage; but he might do worse, he might do worse. Though he hasn't that grand way o' waving his hand as the Squire has."

"Talk o' nimbleness, look at Mrs. Osgood," said Ben Winthrop, who was holding his son Aaron between his knees. "She trips along with her little steps, so as nobody can see how she goes—it's like as if she had little wheels to her feet. She doesn't look a day older nor last year; she's the finest-made woman as is, let the next be where she will."

"I don't heed how the women are made," said Mr. Macey, with some contempt. "They wear nayther coat nor breeches; you can't make much out o' their shapes."

"Fayder," said Aaron, whose feet were busy beating out the tune, "how does that big cock's-feather stick in Mrs. Crackenthorp's yead? Is there a little hole for it, like in my shuttlecock?"

"Hush, lad, hush; that's the way the ladies dress theirselves, that is," said the father, adding, however, in an undertone to Mr. Macey, "it does make her look funny, though—partly like a short-necked bottle wi' a long quill in it. Hey, by jingo, there's the young Squire leading off now, wi' Miss Nancy for partners! There's a lass for you!—like a pink-and-white posy—there's nobody 'ud think as anybody could be so pritty. I shouldn't wonder if she's Madam Cass some day, arter all—and nobody more rightfuller, for they'd make a fine match. You can find nothing against Master Godfrey's shapes, Macey, *I*'ll bet a penny."

Mr. Macey screwed up his mouth, leaned his head further on one side, and twirled his thumbs with a presto movement as his eyes followed Godfrey up the dance. At last he summed up his opinion.

"Pretty well down'ard, but a bit too round i' the shoulder-blades. And as for them coats as he gets from the Flitton tailor, they're a poor cut to pay double money for."

"Ah, Mr. Macey, you and me are two folks," said Ben, slightly indignant at this carping. "When I've got a pot o' good ale, I like to swaller it, and do my inside good, i'stead o' smelling and staring at it to see if I can't find faut wi' the brewing. I should like you to pick me out a finer-limbed young fellow nor Master Godfrey—one as 'ud knock you down easier, or 's more pleasanter looksed when he's piert and merry."

"Tchuh!" said Mr. Macey, provoked to increased severity, "he isn't come to his right color yet; he's partly like a slack-baked pie. And I doubt he's got a soft place in his head, else why should he be turned round the finger by that offal Dunsey as nobody's seen o' late, and let him kill that fine hunting hoss as was the talk o' the country? And one while he was allays after Miss Nancy, and then it all went off again, like a smell o' hot porridge as I may say. That wasn't my way when *I* went a-coorting."

6. springe, active.

"Ah, but mayhap Miss Nancy hung off like, and your lass didn't," said Ben.

"I should say she didn't," said Mr. Macey, significantly. "Before I said 'sniff,' I took care to know as she'd say 'snaff,' and pretty quick too. I wasn't a-going to open *my* mouth, like a dog at a fly, and snap it to again, wi' nothing to swaller."

"Well, I think Miss Nancy's a-coming round again," said Ben, "for Master Godfrey doesn't look so down-hearted tonight. And I see he's for taking her away to sit down, now they're at the end o' the dance; that looks like sweethearting, that does."

The reason why Godfrey and Nancy had left the dance was not so tender as Ben imagined. In the close press of couples a slight accident had happened to Nancy's dress, which, while it was short enough to show her neat ankle in front, was long enough behind to be caught under the stately stamp of the Squire's foot, so as to rend certain stitches at the waist, and cause much sisterly agitation in Priscilla's mind, as well as serious concern in Nancy's. One's thoughts may be much occupied with love-struggles, but hardly so as to be insensible to a disorder in the general framework of things. Nancy had no sooner completed her duty in the figure they were dancing than she said to Godfrey, with a deep blush, that she must go and sit down till Priscilla could come to her; for the sisters had already exchanged a short whisper and an open-eyed glance full of meaning. No reason less urgent than this could have prevailed on Nancy to give Godfrey this opportunity of sitting apart with her. As for Godfrey, he was feeling so happy and oblivious under the long charm of the country-dance with Nancy that he got rather bold on the strength of her confusion, and was capable of leading her straight away, without leave asked, into the adjoining small parlor, where the card-tables were set.

"Oh, no, thank you," said Nancy, coldly, as soon as she perceived where he was going, "not in there. I'll wait here till Priscilla's ready to come to me. I'm sorry to bring you out of the dance and make myself troublesome."

"Why, you'll be more comfortable here by yourself," said the artful Godfrey; "I'll leave you here till your sister can come." He spoke in an indifferent tone.

That was an agreeable proposition, and just what Nancy desired; why, then, was she a little hurt that Mr. Godfrey should make it? They entered, and she seated herself on a chair against one of the card-tables, as the stiffest and most unapproachable position she could choose.

"Thank you, sir," she said immediately. "I needn't give you any more trouble. I'm sorry you've had such an unlucky partner."

"That's very ill-natured of you," said Godfrey, standing by her without any sign of intended departure, "to be sorry you've danced with me."

"Oh, no, sir, I don't mean to say what's ill-natured at all," said Nancy, looking distractingly prim and pretty. "When gentlemen have so many pleasures, one dance can matter but very little."

"You know that isn't true. You know one dance with you matters more to me than all the other pleasures in the world."

It was a long, long while since Godfrey had said anything so direct as that, and Nancy was startled. But her instinctive dignity and repugnance to any show of emotion made her sit perfectly still, and only throw a little more decision into her voice, as she said,

"No, indeed, Mr. Godfrey, that's not known to me, and I have very good reasons for thinking different. But if it's true, I don't wish to hear it."

"Would you never forgive me, then, Nancy—never think well of me, let what would happen—would you never think the present made amends for the past? Not if I turned a good fellow, and gave up everything you didn't like?"

Godfrey was half conscious that this sudden opportunity of speaking to Nancy alone had driven him beside himself; but blind feeling had got the mastery of his tongue. Nancy really felt much agitated by the possibility Godfrey's words suggested, but this very pressure of emotion that she was in danger of finding too strong for her roused all her power of self-command.

"I should be glad to see a good change in anybody, Mr. Godfrey," she answered, with the slightest discernible difference of tone, "but it 'ud be better if no change was wanted."

"You are very hard-hearted, Nancy," said Godfrey, pettishly. "You might encourage me to be a better fellow. I'm very miserable—but you've no feeling."

"I think those have the least feeling that act wrong to begin with," said Nancy, sending out a flash in spite of herself. Godfrey was delighted with that little flash, and would have liked to go on and make her quarrel with him; Nancy was so exasperatingly quiet and firm. But she was not indifferent to him *yet*.

The entrance of Priscilla, bustling forward and saying, "Dear heart alive, child, let us look at this gown," cut off Godfrey's hopes of a quarrel.

"I suppose I must go now," he said to Priscilla.

"It's no matter to me whether you go or stay," said that frank lady, searching for something in her pocket, with a preoccupied brow.

"Do *you* want me to go?' said Godfrey, looking at Nancy, who was now standing up by Priscilla's order.

"As you like," said Nancy, trying to recover all her former coldness, and looking down carefully at the hem of her gown.

"Then I like to stay," said Godfrey, with a reckless determination to get as much of this joy as he could to-night, and think nothing of the morrow.

CHAPTER XII

While Godfrey Cass was taking drafts of forgetfulness from the sweet presence of Nancy, willingly losing all sense of that hidden bond which at other moments galled and fretted him so as to mingle irritation with the very sunshine, Godfrey's wife was walking with slow, uncertain steps through the snow-covered Raveloe lanes, carrying her child in her arms.

This journey on New Year's Eve was a premeditated act of vengeance which she had kept in her heart ever since Godfrey, in a fit of passion, had told her he would sooner die than acknowledge her as his wife. There would be a great party at the Red House on New Year's Eve, she knew; her husband would be smiling and smiled upon, hiding *her* existence in the darkest corner of his heart. But she would mar his pleasure; she would go in her dingy rags, with her faded face, once as handsome as the best, with her little child that had its father's hair and eyes, and disclose herself to the Squire as his eldest son's wife. It is seldom that the miserable can help regarding their misery as a wrong inflicted by those who are less miserable. Molly knew that the cause of

her dingy rags was not her husband's neglect, but the demon Opium, to whom she was enslaved, body and soul, except in the lingering mother's tenderness that refused to give him her hungry child. She knew this well; and yet, in the moments of wretched, unbenumbed consciousness, the sense of her want and degradation transformed itself continually into bitterness toward Godfrey. *He* was well off; and if she had her rights she would be well off, too. The belief that he repented his marriage, and suffered from it, only aggravated her vindictiveness. Just and self-reproving thoughts do not come to us too thickly, even in the purest air and with the best lessons of heaven and earth; how should those white-winged, delicate messengers make their way to Molly's poisoned chamber, inhabited by no higher memories than those of a barmaid's paradise of pink ribbons and gentlemen's jokes?

She had set out at an early hour, but had lingered on the road, inclined by her indolence to believe that if she waited under a warm shed the snow would cease to fall. She had waited longer than she knew, and now that she found herself belated in the snow-hidden ruggedness of the long lanes, even the animation of a vindictive purpose could not keep her spirit from failing. It was seven o'clock, and by this time she was not very far from Raveloe, but she was not familiar enough with those monotonous lanes to know how near she was to her journey's end. She needed comfort, and she knew but one comforter—the familiar demon in her bosom; but she hesitated a moment, after drawing out the black remnant, before she raised it to her lips. In that moment the mother's love pleaded for painful consciousness rather than oblivion—pleaded to be left in aching weariness, rather than to have the encircling arms benumbed so that they could not feel the dear burden. In another moment Molly had flung something away, but it was not the black remnant—it was an empty phial. And she walked on again under the breaking cloud, from which there came now and then the light of a quickly veiled star, for a freezing wind had sprung up since the snowing had ceased. But she walked always more and more drowsily, and clutched more and more automatically the sleeping child at her bosom.

Slowly the demon was working his will, and cold and weariness were his helpers. Soon she felt nothing but a supreme immediate longing that curtained off all futurity—the longing to lie down and sleep. She had arrived at a spot where her footsteps were no longer checked by a hedgerow, and she had wandered vaguely, unable to distinguish any objects, notwithstanding the wide whiteness around her, and the growing starlight. She sank down against a straggling furze bush, an easy pillow enough; and the bed of snow, too, was soft. She did not feel that the bed was cold, and did not heed whether the child would wake and cry for her. But her arms had not yet relaxed their instinctive clutch; and the little one slumbered on as gently as if it had been rocked in a lace-trimmed cradle.

But the complete torpor came at last; the fingers lost their tension, the arms unbent; then the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes opened wide on the cold starlight. At first there was a little peevish cry of "mammy," and an effort to regain the pillowing arm and bosom; but mammy's ear was deaf, and the pillow seemed to be slipping away backward. Suddenly, as the child rolled downward on its mother's knees,

all wet with snow, its eyes were caught by a bright glancing light on the white ground, and, with the ready transition of infancy, it was immediately absorbed in watching the bright living thing running toward it, yet never arriving. That bright living thing must be caught; and in an instant the child had slipped on all fours, and held out one little hand to catch the gleam. But the gleam would not be caught in that way, and now the head was held up to see where the cunning gleam came from. It came from a very bright place; and the little one, rising on its legs, toddled through the snow, the old grimy shawl in which it was wrapped trailing behind it, and the queer little bonnet dangling at its back—toddled on to the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, and right up to the warm hearth, where there was a bright fire of logs and sticks, which had thoroughly warmed the old sack (Silas's great-coat) spread out on the bricks to dry. The little one, accustomed to be left to itself for long hours without notice from its mother, squatted down on the sack, and spread its tiny hands toward the blaze, in perfect contentment, gurgling and making many inarticulate communications to the cheerful fire, like a new-hatched gosling beginning to find itself comfortable. But presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little golden head sank down on the old sack, and the blue eyes were veiled by their delicate, half-transparent lids.

But where was Silas Marner while this strange visitor had come to his hearth? He was in the cottage, but he did not see the child. During the last few weeks, since he had lost his money, he had contracted the habit of opening his door and looking out from time to time, as if he thought that his money might be somehow coming back to him, or that some trace, some news of it, might be mysteriously on the road, and be caught by the listening ear or the straining eye. It was chiefly at night, when he was not occupied in his loom, that he fell into this repetition of an act for which he could have assigned no definite purpose, and which can hardly be understood except by those who have undergone a bewildering separation from a supremely loved object. In the evening twilight, and later whenever the night was not dark, Silas looked out on that narrow prospect round the Stone-pits, listening and gazing, not with hope, but with mere yearning and unrest.

This morning he had been told by some of his neighbors that it was New Year's Eve, and that he must sit up and hear the old year rung out and the new rung in, because that was good luck, and might bring his money back again. This was only a friendly Raveloe way of jesting with the half-crazy oddities of a miser, but it had perhaps helped to throw Silas into a more than usually excited state. Since the on-coming of twilight he had opened his door again and again, though only to shut it immediately at seeing all distance veiled by the falling snow. But the last time he opened it the snow had ceased, and the clouds were parting here and there. He stood and listened, and gazed for a long while—there was really something on the road coming toward him then, but he caught no sign of it; and the stillness and the wide, trackless snow seemed to narrow his solitude, and touched his yearning with the chill of despair. He went in again, and put his right hand on the latch of the door to close it—but he did not close it; he was arrested, as he had been already since his loss, by the invisible wand of catalepsy, and stood like a graven

SILAS DISCOVERS THE CHILD

image, with wide but sightless eyes, holding open his door, powerless to resist either the good or evil that might enter there.

When Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning toward the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold!—his own gold—brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft, warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream—his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. *Was* it a dream? He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision—it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child, and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair, powerless under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge? He had never been beyond the door. But along with that question, and almost thrusting it away, there was a vision of the old home and the old streets leading to Lantern Yard—and within that vision another, of the thoughts which had been present with him in those far-off scenes. The thoughts were strange to him now, like old friendships impossible to revive; and yet he had a dreamy feeling that this child was somehow a message come to him from that far-off life; it stirred fibers that had never been moved in Raveloe—old quiverings of tenderness—old impressions of awe at the presentiment of some Power presiding over his life; for his imagination had not yet extricated itself from the sense of mystery in the child's sudden presence, and had formed no conjectures of ordinary, natural means by which the event could have been brought about.

But there was a cry on the hearth; the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into that mingling of inarticulate cries with "mammy" by which little children express the bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide, quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the primary mystery of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery, too. But the wet boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow, and this roused him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary means by which it could have entered or been brought into his house. Under the prompting of this new idea, and without waiting to form conjectures, he raised the child in his arms, and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it, there was the cry of "mammy" again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking. Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow, and he followed their track to the furze bushes. "Mammy!" the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward so as almost to escape from Silas's arms, before he himself was aware that there was something more than the bush before him—that there was a human body with the head sunk low in the furze, and half-covered with the shaken snow.

CHAPTER XIII

It was after the early supper-time at the Red House, and the entertainment was in that stage when bashfulness itself had passed into easy jollity, when gentlemen, conscious of unusual accomplishments, could at length be prevailed on to dance a hornpipe, and when the Squire preferred talking loudly, scattering snuff, and patting his visitors' backs, to sitting longer at the whist table—a choice exasperating to Uncle Kimble, who, being always volatile in sober business hours, became intense and bitter over cards and brandy, shuffled before his adversary's deal with a glare of suspicion, and turned up a mean trump-card with an air of inexpressible disgust, as if in a world where such things could happen one might as well enter on a course of reckless profligacy. When the evening had advanced to this pitch of freedom and enjoyment, it was usual for the servants, the heavy duties of supper being well over, to get their share of amusement by coming to look on at the dancing; so that the back regions of the house were left in solitude.

There were two doors by which the White Parlor was entered from the hall, and they were both standing open for the sake of air; but the lower one was crowded with the servants and villagers, and only the upper doorway was left free. Bob Cass was figuring in a hornpipe, and his father, very proud of this lithe son, whom he repeatedly declared to be just like himself in his young days in a tone that implied this to be the very highest

stamp of juvenile merit, was the center of a group who had placed themselves opposite the performer, not far from the upper door. Godfrey was standing a little way off, not to admire his brother's dancing, but to keep sight of Nancy, who was seated in the group, near her father. He stood aloof, because he wished to avoid suggesting himself as a subject for the Squire's fatherly jokes in connection with matrimony and Miss Nancy Lammeter's beauty, which were likely to become more and more explicit. But he had the prospect of dancing with her again when the hornpipe was concluded, and in the meanwhile it was very pleasant to get long glances at her quite unobserved.

But when Godfrey was lifting his eyes from one of those long glances, they encountered an object as startling to him at that moment as if it had been an apparition from the dead. It *was* an apparition from that hidden life which lies, like a dark by-street, behind the goodly ornamented façade that meets the sunlight and the gaze of respectable admirers. It was his own child carried in Silas Marner's arms. That was his instantaneous impression, unaccompanied by doubt, though he had not seen the child for months past; and when the hope was rising that he might possibly be mistaken, Mr. Crackenthorp and Mr. Lammeter had already advanced to Silas, in astonishment at this strange advent. Godfrey joined them immediately, unable to rest without hearing every word—trying to control himself, but conscious that if anyone noticed him, they must see that he was white-lipped and trembling.

But now all eyes at that end of the room were bent on Silas Marner; the Squire himself had risen, and asked angrily, "How's this? What's this? What do you do coming in here in this way?"

"I'm come for the doctor—I want the doctor," Silas had said, in the first moment, to Mr. Crackenthorp.

"Why, what's the matter, Marner?" said the Rector. "The doctor's here; but say quietly what you want him for."

"It's a woman," said Silas, speaking low, and half-breathlessly, just as Godfrey came up. "She's dead, I think—dead in the snow at the Stone-pits—not far from my door."

Godfrey felt a great throb. There was one terror in his mind at that moment; it was that the woman might *not* be dead. That was an evil terror—an ugly inmate to have found a nestling-place in Godfrey's kindly disposition; but no disposition is a security from evil wishes to a man whose happiness hangs on duplicity.

"Hush, hush!" said Mr. Crackenthorp. "Go out into the hall there. I'll fetch the doctor to you. Found a woman in the snow—and thinks she's dead," he added, speaking low, to the Squire. "Better say as little about it as possible; it will shock the ladies. Just tell them a poor woman is ill from cold and hunger. I'll go and fetch Kimble."

By this time, however, the ladies had pressed forward, curious to know what could have brought the solitary linen-weaver there under such strange circumstances, and interested in the pretty child, who, half alarmed and half attracted by the brightness and the numerous company, now frowned and hid her face, now lifted up her head again and looked round placably, until a touch or a coaxing word brought back the frown, and made her bury her face with new determination.

"What child is it?" said several ladies at once, and, among the rest, Nancy Lammeter, addressing Godfrey.

"I don't know—some poor woman's who has been found in the snow, I

believe," was the answer Godfrey wrung from himself with a terrible effort. ("After all, *am* I certain?" he hastened to add, in anticipation of his own conscience.)

"Why, you'd better leave the child here, then, Master Marner," said good-natured Mrs. Kimble, hesitating, however, to take those dingy clothes into contact with her own ornamented satin bodice. "I'll tell one o' the girls to fetch it."

"No—no—I can't part with it, I can't let it go," said Silas, abruptly. "It's come to me—I've a right to keep it."

The proposition to take the child from him had come to Silas quite unexpectedly, and his speech, uttered under a strong, sudden impulse, was almost like a revelation to himself; a minute before, he had no distinct intention about the child.

"Did you ever hear the like?" said Mrs. Kimble, in mild surprise, to her neighbor.

"Now, ladies, I must trouble you to stand aside," said Mr. Kimble, coming from the card-room, in some bitterness at the interruption, but drilled by the long habit of his profession into obedience to unpleasant calls, even when he was hardly sober.

"It's a nasty business turning out now, eh, Kimble?" said the Squire. "He might ha' gone for your young fellow—the 'prentice, there—what's his name?"

"Might? aye—what's the use of talking about might?" growled Uncle Kimble, hastening out with Marner, and followed by Mr. Crackenthorp and Godfrey. "Get me a pair of thick boots, Godfrey, will you? And stay, let somebody run to Winthrop's and fetch Dolly—she's the best woman to get. Ben was here himself before supper; is he gone?"

"Yes, sir, I met him," said Marner; "but I couldn't stop to tell him anything, only I said I was going for the doctor, and he said the doctor was at the Squire's. And I made haste and ran, and there was nobody to be seen at the back o' the house, and so I went in to where the company was."

The child, no longer distracted by the bright light and the smiling women's faces, began to cry and call for "mammy," though always clinging to Marner, who had apparently won her thorough confidence. Godfrey had come back with the boots, and felt the cry as if some fiber were drawn tight within him.

"I'll go," he said, hastily, eager for some movement; "I'll go and fetch the woman—Mrs. Winthrop."

"Oh, pooh—send somebody else," said Uncle Kimble, hurrying away with Marner.

"You'll let me know if I can be of any use, Kimble," said Mr. Crackenthorp. But the doctor was out of hearing.

Godfrey, too, had disappeared; he was gone to snatch his hat and coat, having just reflection enough to remember that he must not look like a madman; but he rushed out of the house into the snow without heeding his thin shoes.

In a few minutes he was on his rapid way to the Stone-pits by the side of Dolly, who, though feeling that she was entirely in her place in encountering cold and snow on an errand of mercy, was much concerned at a young gentleman's getting his feet wet under a like impulse.

"You'd a deal better go back, sir," said Dolly, with respectful compassion. "You've no call to catch cold; and I'd ask you if you'd be so good as tell my husband to come, on your way back—he's at the Rainbow, I doubt—if you found him anyway sober enough to be o' use. Or else, there's Mrs.

Snell 'ud happen send the boy up to fetch and carry, for there may be things wanted from the doctor's."

"No, I'll stay, now I'm once out—I'll stay outside here," said Godfrey, when they came opposite Marner's cottage. "You can come and tell me if I can do anything."

"Well, sir, you're very good; you've a tender heart," said Dolly, going to the door.

Godfrey was too painfully preoccupied to feel a twinge of self-reproach at this undeserved praise. He walked up and down, unconscious that he was plunging ankle-deep in snow, unconscious of everything but trembling suspense about what was going on in the cottage, and the effect of each alternative on his future lot. No, not quite unconscious of everything else. Deeper down, and half-smothered by passionate desire and dread, there was the sense that he ought not to be waiting on these alternatives; that he ought to accept the consequences of his deeds, own the miserable wife, and fulfill the claims of the helpless child. But he had not moral courage enough to contemplate that active renunciation of Nancy as possible for him; he had only conscience and heart enough to make him forever uneasy under the weakness that forbade the renunciation. And at this moment his mind leaped away from all restraint toward the sudden prospect of deliverance from his long bondage.

"Is she dead?" said the voice that predominated over every other within him. "If she is, I may marry Nancy; and then I shall be a good fellow in future, and have no secrets, and the child—shall be taken care of somehow." But across that vision came the other possibility—"She may live, and then it's all up with me."

Godfrey never knew how long it was before the door of the cottage opened and Mr. Kimble came out. He went forward to meet his uncle, prepared to suppress the agitation he must feel, whatever news he was to hear.

"I waited for you, as I'd come so far," he said, speaking first.

"Pooh, it was nonsense for you to come out; why didn't you send one of the men? There's nothing to be done. She's dead—has been dead for hours, I should say."

"What sort of woman is she?" said Godfrey, feeling the blood rush to his face.

"A young woman, but emaciated, with long black hair. Some vagrant—quite in rags. She's got a wedding-ring on, however. They must fetch her away to the workhouse tomorrow. Come, come along."

"I want to look at her," said Godfrey. "I think I saw such a woman yesterday. I'll overtake you in a minute or two."

Mr. Kimble went on, and Godfrey turned back to the cottage. He cast only one glance at the dead face on the pillow, which Dolly had smoothed with decent care; but he remembered that last look at his unhappy, hated wife so well, that at the end of sixteen years every line in the worn face was present to him when he told the full story of this night.

He turned immediately toward the hearth, where Silas Marner sat lulling the child. She was perfectly quiet now, but not asleep—only soothed by sweet porridge and warmth into that wide-gazing calm which makes us older human beings, with our inward turmoil, feel a certain awe in the presence of a little child, such as we feel before some quiet majesty or beauty in the earth or sky—before a steady, glowing planet, or a full-flowered eglantine, or the bending trees over a silent pathway. The wide-

open blue eyes looked up at Godfrey's without any uneasiness or sign of recognition. The child could make no visible audible claim on its father; and the father felt a strange mixture of feelings, a conflict of regret and joy, that the pulse of that little heart had no response for the half-jealous yearning in his own, when the blue eyes turned away from him slowly, and fixed themselves on the weaver's queer face, which was bent low down to look at them, while the small hand began to pull Marner's withered cheek with loving disfiguration.

"You'll take the child to the parish tomorrow?" asked Godfrey, speaking as indifferently as he could.

"Who says so?" said Marner, sharply. "Will they make me take her?"

"Why, you wouldn't like to keep her, should you—an old bachelor like you?"

"Till anybody shows they've a right to take her away from me," said Marner. "The mother's dead, and I reckon it's got no father; it's a lone thing—and I'm a lone thing. My money's gone, I don't know where—and this is come from I don't know where. I know nothing—I'm partly mazed."

"Poor little thing!" said Godfrey. "Let me give something toward finding it clothes."

He had put his hand in his pocket and found half-a-guinea, and, thrusting it into Silas's hand, he hurried out of the cottage to overtake Mr. Kimble.

"Ah, I see it's not the same woman I saw," he said, as he came up. "It's a pretty little child; the old fellow seems to want to keep it; that's strange for a miser like him. But I gave him a trifle to help him out; the parish isn't likely to quarrel with him for the right to keep the child."

"No; but I've seen the time when I might have quarreled with him for it myself. It's too late now, though. If the child ran into the fire, your aunt's too fat to overtake it; she could only sit and grunt like an alarmed sow. But what a fool you are, Godfrey, to come out in your dancing shoes and stockings in this way—and you one of the beaux of the evening, and at your own house! What do you mean by such freaks, young fellow? Has Miss Nancy been cruel, and do you want to spite her by spoiling your pumps?"

"Oh, everything has been disagreeable tonight. I was tired to death of jigging and gallanting, and that bother about the hornpipes. And I'd got to dance with the other Miss Gunn," said Godfrey, glad of the subterfuge his uncle had suggested to him.

The prevarication and white lies which a mind that keeps itself ambitiously pure is as uneasy under as a great artist under the false touches that no eye detects but his own, are worn as lightly as mere trimmings when once the actions have become a lie.

Godfrey reappeared in the White Parlor with dry feet, and, since the truth must be told, with a sense of relief and gladness that was too strong for painful thoughts to struggle with. For could he not venture now, whenever opportunity offered, to say the tenderest things to Nancy Lammeter—to promise her and himself that he would always be just what she would desire to see him? There was no danger that his dead wife would be recognized; those were not days of active inquiry and wide report; and as for the registry of their marriage, that was a long way off, buried in unturned pages, away from everyone's interest but his own. Dunsey might betray him if he came back; but Dunsey might be won to silence.

And when events turn out so much better for a man than he has had reason to dread, is it not a proof that his conduct has been less foolish and blameworthy than it might otherwise have appeared? When we are treated well, we naturally begin to think that we are not altogether unmeritorious, and that it is only just we should treat ourselves well, and not mar our own good fortune. Where, after all, would be the use of his confessing the past to Nancy Lammeter, and throwing away his happiness?—nay, hers? for he felt some confidence that she loved him. As for the child, he would see that it was cared for; he would never forsake it; he would do everything but own it. Perhaps it would be just as happy in life without being owned by its father, seeing that nobody could tell how things would turn out, and that—is there any other reason wanted?—well, then, that the father would be much happier without owning the child.

CHAPTER XIV

There was a pauper's burial that week in Raveloe, and up Kench Yard at Batherley it was known that the dark-haired woman with the fair child, who had lately come to lodge there, was gone away again. That was all the express note taken that Molly had disappeared from the eyes of men. But the unwept death which, to the general lot, seemed as trivial as the summer-shed leaf, was charged with the force of destiny to certain human lives that we know of, shaping their joys and sorrows even to the end.

Silas Marner's determination to keep the "tramp's child" was matter of hardly less surprise and iterated talk in the village than the robbery of his money. That softening of feeling toward him which dated from his misfortune, that merging of suspicion and dislike in a rather contemptuous pity for him as lone and crazy, was now accompanied with a more active sympathy, especially amongst the women. Notable mothers, who knew what it was to keep children "whole and sweet"; lazy mothers, who knew what it was to be interrupted in folding their arms and scratching their elbows by the mischievous propensities of children just firm on their legs, were equally interested in conjecturing how a lone man would manage with a two-year-old child on his hands, and were equally ready with their suggestions: the notable chiefly telling him what he had better do, and the lazy ones being emphatic in telling him what he would never be able to do.

Among the notable mothers, Dolly Winthrop was the one whose neighborly offices were the most acceptable to Marner, for they were rendered without any show of bustling instruction. Silas had shown her the half-guinea given to him by Godfrey, and had asked her what he should do about getting some clothes for the child.

"Eh, Master Marner," said Dolly, "there's no call to buy no more nor a pair o' shoes; for I've got the little petticoats as Aaron wore five years ago, and it's ill spending the money on them baby-clothes, for the child 'ull grow like grass i' May, bless it—that it will."

And the same day Dolly brought her bundle, and displayed to Marner, one by one, the tiny garments in their due order of succession, most of them patched and darned, but clean and neat as fresh-sprung herbs. This was the introduction to a great ceremony with soap and water, from which Baby came out in new beauty, and sat on Dolly's knee, handling her toes and

51. **Notable**, skillful in household management.

chuckling and patting her palms together with an air of having made several discoveries about herself, which she communicated by alternate sounds of "gug-gug-gug," and "mammy." The "mammy" was not a cry of need or uneasiness; Baby had been used to utter it without expecting either tender sound or touch to follow.

"Anybody 'ud think the angils in heaven couldn't be prettier," said Dolly, rubbing the golden curls and kissing them. "And to think of its being covered wi' them dirty rags—and the poor mother—froze to death; but there's Them as took care of it, and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open, and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin. Didn't you say the door was open?"

"Yes," said Silas, meditatively. "Yes—the door was open. The money's gone I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where."

He had not mentioned to anyone his unconsciousness of the child's entrance, shrinking from questions which might lead to the fact he himself suspected—namely, that he had been in one of his trances.

"Ah," said Dolly, with soothing gravity, "it's like the night and the morning, and the sleeping and the waking, and the rain and the harvest—one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where. We may strive and scrat and fend, but it's little we can do arter all—the big things come and go wi' no striving o' our'n—they do, that they do; and I think you're in the right on it to keep the little un, Master Marner, seeing as it's been sent to you, though there's folks as thinks different. You'll happen be a bit moithered with it while it's so little; but I'll come, and welcome, and see to it for you; I've a bit o' time to spare most days, for when one gets up betimes i' the morning, the clock seems to stan' still tow'rt ten, afore it's time to go about the victual. So, as I say, I'll come and see to the child for you, and welcome."

"Thank you . . . kindly," said Silas, hesitating a little. "I'll be glad if you'll tell me things. But," he added, uneasily, leaning forward to look at Baby with some jealousy, as she was resting her head backward against Dolly's arm, and eyeing him contentedly from a distance—"But I want to do things for it myself, else it may get fond o' somebody else, and not fond o' me. I've been used to fending for myself in the house—I can learn, I can learn."

"Eh, to be sure," said Dolly, gently. "I've seen men as are wonderful handy wi' children. The men are awk'ard and contrairy mostly, God help 'em—but when the drink's out of 'em, they aren't unsensible, though they're bad for leeching and bandaging—so fiery and unpatient. You see this goes first, next the skin," proceeded Dolly, taking up the little shirt, and putting it on.

"Yes," said Marner, docilely, bringing his eyes very close, that they might be initiated in the mysteries; whereupon Baby seized his head with both her small arms, and put her lips against his face with purring noises.

"See there," said Dolly, with a woman's tender tact, "she's fondest o' you. She wants to go o' your lap, I'll be bound. Go, then; take her, Master Marner; you can put the things on, and then you can say as you've done for her from the first of her coming to you."

Marner took her on his lap, trembling with an emotion mysterious to himself, at something unknown dawning on his life. Thought and feeling

38 **scrat and fend**, scratch and work. 46. **moithered**, perplexed.

were so confused within him that if he had tried to give them utterance he could only have said that the child was come instead of the gold—that the gold had turned into the child. He took the garments from Dolly, and put them on under her teaching, interrupted, of course, by Baby's gymnastics.

"There, then! why, you take to it quite easy, Master Marner," said Dolly; "but what shall you do when you're forced to sit in your loom? For she'll get busier and mischievouser every day—she will, bless her. It's lucky as you've got that high hearth i'stead of a grate, for that keeps the fire more out of her reach; but if you've got anything as can be split or broke, or as is fit to cut her fingers off, she'll be at it—and it is but right you should know."

Silas meditated a little while in some perplexity. "I'll tie her to the leg o' the loom," he said at last—"tie her with a good long strip o' something."

"Well, mayhap that'll do, as it's a little gell, for they're easier persuaded to sit i' one place nor the lads. I know what the lads are; for I've had four—four I've had, God knows—and if you was to take and tie 'em up, they'd make a fighting and a crying as if you was ringing the pigs. But I'll bring you my little chair, and some bits o' red rag and things for her to play wi'; an' she'll sit and chatter to 'em as if they was alive. Eh, if it wasn't a sin to the lads to wish 'em made different, bless 'em, I should ha' been glad for one of 'em to be a little gell; and to think as I could ha' taught her to scour, and mend, and the knitting, and everything. But I can teach 'em this little un, Master Marner, when she gets old enough." "But she'll be *my* little un," said Marner, rather hastily. "She'll be nobody else's."

"No, to be sure; you'll have a right to her, if you're a father to her, and bring her up according. But," added Dolly, coming to a point which she had determined beforehand to touch upon, "you must bring her up like christened folk's children, and take her to church, and let her learn the catechise, as my little Aaron can say off—the 'I believe,' and everything, and 'hurt nobody by word or deed,'—as well as if he was the clerk. That's what you must do, Master Marner, if you'd do the right thing by the orphin child."

Marner's pale face flushed suddenly under a new anxiety. His mind was too busy trying to give some definite bearing to Dolly's words for him to think of answering her.

"And it's my belief," she went on, "as the poor little creature has never been christened, and it's nothing but right as the parson should be spoke to; and if you was noways unwilling, I'd talk to Mr. Macey about it this very day. For if the child ever went anyways wrong, and you hadn't done your part by it, Master Marner—'noculation, and everything to save it from harm—it 'ud be a thorn i' your bed forever o' this side the grave; and I can't think as it 'ud be easy lying down for anybody when they'd got to another world, if they hadn't done their part by the helpless children as come wi'out their own asking."

Dolly herself was disposed to be silent for some time now, for she had spoken from the depths of her own simple belief, and was much concerned to know whether her words would produce the desired effect on Silas. He was puzzled and anxious, for Dolly's word "christened" conveyed no distinct meaning to him. He had only heard of baptism, and had only seen the baptism of grown-up men and women.

33. **ringing the pigs**, putting rings in the pigs' noses, to keep them from injuring the ground by rooting.

75. **'noculation**, vaccination.

"What is it as you mean by 'christened'?" he said at last, timidly. "Won't folks be good to her without it?"

"Dear, dear! Master Marner," said Dolly, with gentle distress and compassion. "Had you never no father nor mother as taught you to say your prayers, and as there's good words and good things to keep us from harm?"

"Yes," said Silas, in a low voice; "I know a deal about that—used to, used to. But your ways are different; my country was a good way off." He paused a few moments, and then added, more decidedly, "But I want to do everything as can be done for the child. And whatever's right for it i' this country, and you think 'ull do it good, I'll act according, if you'll tell me."

"Well, then, Master Marner," said Dolly, inwardly rejoiced, "I'll ask Mr. Macey to speak to the parson about it; and you must fix on a name for it, because it must have a name giv' it when it's christened."

"My mother's name was Hephzibah," said Silas, "and my little sister was named after her."

"Eh, that's a hard name," said Dolly. "I partly think it isn't a christened name."

"It's a Bible name," said Silas, old ideas recurring.

"Then I've no call to speak again' it," said Dolly, rather startled by Silas's knowledge on this head; "but you see I'm no scholard, and I'm slow at catching the words. My husband says I'm allays like as if I was putting the haft for the handle—that's what he says—for he's very sharp, God help him. But it was awk'ard calling your little sister by such a hard name, when you'd got nothing big to say, like—wasn't it, Master Marner?"

"We called her Eppie," said Silas.

"Well, if it was noways wrong to shorten the name, it 'ud be a deal handier. And so I'll go now, Master Marner, and I'll speak about the christening afore dark, and I wish you the best o' luck, and it's my belief as it'll come to you, if you do what's right by the orphin child—and there's the 'noculation to be seen to; and as to washing its bits o' things, you need look to nobody but me, for I can do 'em wi' one hand when I've got my suds about. Eh, the blessed angil! You'll let me bring my Aaron one o' these days, and he'll show her his little cart as his father's made for him, and the black-and-white pup as he's got a-rearing."

Baby *was* christened, the Rector deciding that a double baptism was the lesser risk to incur; and on this occasion Silas, making himself as clean and tidy as he could, appeared for the first time within the church, and shared in the observances held sacred by his neighbors. He was quite unable, by means of anything he heard or saw, to identify the Raveloe religion with his old faith; if he could at any time in his previous life have done so, it must have been by the aid of a strong feeling ready to vibrate with sympathy, rather than by a comparison of phrases and ideas; and now for long years that feeling had been dormant. He had no distinct idea about the baptism and the church-going, except that Dolly had said it was for the good of the child; and in this way, as the weeks grew to months, the child created fresh and fresh links between his life and the lives from which he had hitherto shrunk continually into narrower isolation. Unlike the gold which needed nothing, and must be worshiped in close-locked solitude—which was hidden away from the daylight, was deaf to the song of birds, and started to no human tones—Eppie was a creature of endless claims and ever-growing desires, seeking and loving sunshine, and living sounds, and living movements;

making trial of everything, with trust in new joy, and stirring the human kindness in all eyes that looked on her. The gold had kept his thoughts in an ever-repeated circle, leading to nothing beyond itself; but Eppie was an object compacted of changes and hopes that forced his thoughts onward, and carried them far away from their old eager pacing toward the same blank limit—carried them away to the new things that would come with the coming years, when Eppie would have learned to understand how her father Silas cared for her; and made him look for images of that time in the ties and charities that bound together the families of his neighbors. The gold had asked that he should sit weaving longer and longer, deafened and blinded more and more to all things except the monotony of his loom and the repetition of his web; but Eppie called him away from his weaving, and made him think all its pauses a holiday, reawakening his senses with her fresh life, even to the old winter-flies that came crawling forth in the early spring sunshine, and warming him into joy because *she* had joy.

And when the sunshine grew strong and lasting, so that the buttercups were thick in the meadows, Silas might be seen in the sunny midday, or in the late afternoon when the shadows were lengthening under the hedgerows, strolling out with uncovered head to carry Eppie beyond the Stone-pits to where the flowers grew, till they reached some favorite bank where he could sit down, while Eppie toddled to pluck the flowers, and make remarks to the winged things that murmured happily above the bright petals, calling "Dad-dad's" attention continually by bringing him the flowers. Then she would turn her ear to some sudden bird-note, and Silas learned to please her by making signs of hushed stillness, that they might listen for the note to come again; so that when it came, she set up her small back and laughed with gurgling triumph. Sitting on the banks in this way, Silas began to look for the once familiar herbs again; and as the leaves, with their unchanged outline and markings, lay on his palm, there was a sense of crowding remembrances from which he turned away timidly, taking refuge in Eppie's little world, that lay lightly on his enfeebled spirit.

As the child's mind was growing into knowledge, his mind was growing into memory; as her life unfolded, his soul, long stupified in a cold, narrow prison, was unfolding too, and trembling gradually into full consciousness.

It was an influence which must gather force with every new year; the tones that stirred Silas's heart grew articulate, and called for more distinct answers; shapes and sounds grew clearer for Eppie's eyes and ears, and there was more that "Dad-dad" was imperatively required to notice and account for. Also, by the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief, and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas's patience, but for his watchfulness and penetration. Sorely was poor Silas puzzled on such occasions by the incompatible demands of love. Dolly Winthrop told him that punishment was good for Eppie, and that, as for rearing a child without making it tingle a little in soft and safe places now and then, it was not to be done.

"To be sure, there's another thing you might do, Master Marner," added Dolly, meditatively; "you might shut her up once i' the coal-hole. That was what I did wi' Aaron; for I was that silly wi' the youngest lad, as I could never bear to smack him. Not as I could find i' my heart to let him stay

i' the coal-hole more nor a minute, but it was enough to colly him all over, so as he must be new washed and dressed, and it was as good as a rod to him—that was. But I put it upo' your conscience, Master Marner, as there's one of 'em you must choose — ayther smacking or the coal-hole—else she'll get so masterful there'll be no holding her."

Silas was impressed with the melancholy truth of this last remark; but his force of mind failed before the only two penal methods open to him, not only because it was painful to him to hurt Eppie, but because he trembled at a moment's contention with her, lest she should love him the less for it. Let even an affectionate Goliath get himself tied to a small, tender thing, dreading to hurt it by pulling, and dreading still more to snap the cord, and which of the two, pray, will be master? It was clear that Eppie, with her short, toddling steps must lead father Silas a pretty dance on any fine morning when circumstances favored mischief.

For example. He had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy; it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing. One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These scissors, owing to an especial warning of Dolly's, had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had had a peculiar attraction for her ear, and watching the results of that click, she had derived the philosophic lesson that the same cause would produce the same effect. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and toddled to the bed again, setting up her back as a mode of concealing the fact. She had a distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him: Eppie had run out by herself—had perhaps fallen into the Stone-pit. Silas, shaken by the worst fear that could have befallen him, rushed out, calling "Eppie!" and ran eagerly about the unenclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread at the smooth red surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had she been out? There was one hope—that she had crept through the stile and got into the fields, where he habitually took her to stroll. But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her, if she were there, except by a close search that would be a trespass on Mr. Osgood's crop. Still, that misdemeanor must be committed; and poor Silas, after peering all round the hedgerows, traversed the grass, beginning with perturbed vision to see Eppie behind every group of red sorrel, and to see her moving always farther off as he approached. The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope toward a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so

2. colly, blacken. 19. Goliath, see I *Samuel* xvii, 23-54.

as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud. Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up, and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and "make her remember." The idea that she might run away again and come to harm gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole, a small closet near the hearth.

"Naughty, naughty Eppie," he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes—"naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole."

He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, "Opy, opy!" and Silas let her out again, saying, "Now Eppie 'ull never be naughty again, else she must go into the coal-hole—a black, naughty place."

The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed, and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future—though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, "Eppie in de toal-hole!"

This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas's belief in the efficacy of punishment. "She'd take it all for fun," he observed to Dolly, "if I didn't hurt her, and that I can't do, Mrs. Winthrop. If she makes me a bit o' trouble, I can bear it. And she's got no tricks but what she'll grow out of."

"Well, that's partly true, Master Marner," said Dolly, sympathetically; "and if you can't bring your mind to frighten her off touching things, you must do what you can to keep 'em out of her way. That's what I do wi' the pups as the lads are allays a-rearing. They *will* worry and gnaw—worry and gnaw they will, if it was one's Sunday cap as hung anywhere so as they could drag it. They know no difference, God help 'em; it's the pushing o' the teeth as sets 'em on; that's what it is."

So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne vicariously by father Silas. The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience; and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut she knew nothing of frowns and denials.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of carrying her and his yarn or linen at the same time, Silas took her with him in most of his journeys to the farm-houses, unwilling to leave her behind at Dolly Winthrop's, who was always ready to take care of her; and little curly-headed Eppie, the weaver's child, became an object of interest at several outlying homesteads, as well as in the village. Hitherto he had been treated very much as if he had been a useful gnome or brownie—a queer and unaccountable creature, who must necessarily be looked at with wondering curiosity and repulsion, and with whom one would be glad to make all greetings and bargains as brief as possible, but who must be dealt with in a propitiatory way, and occasionally have a present of pork or garden-stuff to carry home with him, seeing that without him there was no getting the yarn woven. But now Silas met with open smiling faces and cheerful questioning, as a person whose satisfactions and difficulties could be understood. Everywhere he must sit a little and talk about the child, and words of interest were always ready for him: "Ah, Master Marner, you'll be lucky if she takes the measles soon and easy!"—or, "Why, there isn't many lone men 'ud ha' been wishing to take up with a little un like that; but I reckon the weaving makes you handier than men as do outdoor work—you're partly as handy as a woman, for weaving comes next to spinning." Elderly masters and mistresses, seated observantly in large kitchen armchairs, shook their heads over the difficulties attendant on rearing children, felt Eppie's round arms and legs, and pronounced them remarkably firm, and told Silas that, if she turned out well (which, however, there was no telling), it would be a fine thing for him to have a steady lass to do for him when he got helpless. Servant maidens were fond of carrying her out to look at the hens and chickens, or to see if any cherries could be shaken down in the orchard; and the small boys and girls approached her slowly, with cautious movement and steady gaze, like little dogs face to face with one of their own kind, till attraction had reached the point at which the soft lips were put out for a kiss. No child was afraid of approaching Silas when Eppie was near him. There was no repulsion around him now, either for young or old; for the little child had come to link him once more with the whole world. There was love between him and the child that blended them into one, and there was love between the child and the world— from men and women with parental looks and tones, to the red ladybirds and the round pebbles.

Silas began now to think of Raveloe life entirely in relation to Eppie; she must have everything that was good in Raveloe; and he listened docilely, that he might come to understand better what this life was, from which, for fifteen years, he had stood aloof as from a strange thing, wherewith he could have no communion; as some man who has a precious plant to which he would give a nurturing home in a new soil thinks of the rain and the sunshine, and all influences, in relation to his nursling, and asks industriously for all knowledge that will help him to satisfy the wants of the searching roots, or to guard leaf and bud from invading harm. The disposition to hoard had been utterly crushed at the very first by the loss of his long-stored gold; the coins he earned afterwards seemed as irrelevant as stones brought to complete a house suddenly buried by an earthquake; the sense of bereavement was too heavy upon him for the old thrill of satisfaction to

arise again at the touch of the newly earned coin. And now something had come to replace his hoard which gave a growing purpose to the earnings, drawing his hope and joy continually onward beyond the money.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

CHAPTER XV

There was one person, as you will believe, who watched with keener, though more hidden, interest than any other, the prosperous growth of Eppie under the weaver's care. He dared not do anything that would imply a stronger interest in a poor man's adopted child than could be expected from the kindliness of the young Squire, when a chance meeting suggested a little present to a simple old fellow whom others noticed with goodwill; but he told himself that the time would come when he might do something toward furthering the welfare of his daughter without incurring suspicion. Was he very uneasy in the meantime at his inability to give his daughter her birthright? I cannot say that he was. The child was being taken care of, and would very likely be happy, as people in humble stations often were—happier, perhaps, than those brought up in luxury.

That famous ring that pricked its owner when he forgot duty and followed desire—I wonder if it pricked very hard when he set out on the chase, or whether it pricked but lightly then, and only pierced to the quick when the chase had long been ended, and hope, folding her wings, looked backward and became regret?

Godfrey Cass's cheek and eye were brighter than ever now. He was so undivided in his aims that he seemed like a man of firmness. No Dunsey had come back; people had made up their minds that he was gone for a soldier, or gone "out of the country," and no one cared to be specific in their inquiries on a subject delicate to a respectable family. Godfrey had ceased to see the shadow of Dunsey across his path; and the path now lay straight forward to the accomplishment of his best, longest-cherished wishes. Everybody said Mr. Godfrey had taken the right turn; and it was pretty clear what would be the end of things, for there were not many days in the week that he was not seen riding to the Warrens. Godfrey himself, when he was asked jocosely if the day had been fixed, smiled with the pleasant consciousness of a lover who could say yes if he liked. He felt a reformed man, delivered from temptation; and the vision of his future life seemed to him as a promised land for which he had no cause to fight. He saw himself with all his happiness centered on his own hearth, while Nancy would smile on him as he played with the children.

And that other child, not on the hearth—he would not forget it; he would see that it was well provided for. That was a father's duty.

7. **angels**, see *Genesis* xix.

42. **famous ring.** The story is in an old French tale.

PART II

CHAPTER XVI*

It was a bright autumn Sunday, sixteen years after Silas Marner had found his new treasure on the hearth. The bells of the old Raveloe church were ringing the cheerful peal that told that the morning service was ended; and out of the arched doorway in the tower came slowly, retarded by friendly greetings and questions, the richer parishioners who had chosen this bright Sunday morning as eligible for church-going. It was the rural fashion of that time for the more important members of the congregation to depart first, while their humbler neighbors waited and looked on, stroking their bent heads or dropping their curtsies to any large ratepayer who turned to notice them.

Foremost among these advancing groups of well-clad people, there are some whom we shall recognize, in spite of Time, who has laid his hand on them all. The tall, blond man of forty is not much changed in features from the Godfrey Cass of six-and-twenty; he is only fuller in flesh, and has only lost the indefinable look of youth—a loss which is marked even when the eye is undulled and the wrinkles are not yet come. Perhaps the pretty woman, not much younger than he, who is leaning on his arm, is more changed than her husband: the lovely bloom that used to be always on her cheek now comes but fitfully, with the fresh morning air or with some strong surprise; yet to all who love human faces best for what they tell of human experience, Nancy's beauty has a heightened interest. Often the soul is ripened into fuller goodness while age has spread an ugly film, so that mere glances can never divine the preciousness of the fruit. But the years have not been so cruel to Nancy. The firm yet placid mouth, the clear, veracious glance of the brown eyes, speak now of a nature that has been tested and has kept its highest qualities; and even the costume, with its dainty neatness and purity, has more significance now the coquetries of youth can have nothing to do with it.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Cass (any higher title has died away from Raveloe lips since the old Squire was gathered to his fathers and his inheritance was divided) have turned round to look for the tall, aged man and the plainly dressed woman who are a little behind—Nancy having observed that they must wait for "father and Priscilla"—and now they all turn into a narrower path leading across the churchyard to a small gate opposite the Red House. We will not follow them now; for may there not be some others in this departing congregation whom we should like to see again— some of those who are not likely to be handsomely clad, and whom we may not recognize so easily as the master and mistress of the Red House?

But it is impossible to mistake Silas Marner. His large brown eyes seem to have gathered a longer vision, as is the way with eyes that have been shortsighted in early life, and they have a less vague, a more answering, gaze; but in everything else one sees signs of a frame much enfeebled by the lapse of the sixteen years. The weaver's bent shoulders and white hair give him almost the look of advanced age, though he is not more than five-and-fifty; but there is the freshest blossom of youth close by his side—a blond, dimpled girl of eighteen, who

*Notes and Questions on the various chapters of *Silas Marner* appear at the end of the story, pages 269-273.

18. ratepayer, local taxpayer.

has vainly tried to chastise her curly auburn hair into smoothness under her brown bonnet; the hair ripples as obstinately as a brooklet under the March breeze, and the little ringlets burst away from the restraining comb behind and show themselves below the bonnet crown. Eppie cannot help being rather vexed about her hair, for there is no other girl in Raveloe who has hair at all like it, and she thinks hair ought to be smooth. She does not like to be blameworthy even in small things; you see how neatly her prayer-book is folded in her spotted handkerchief.

That good-looking young fellow, in a new fustian suit, who walks behind her, is not quite sure upon the question of hair in the abstract, when Eppie puts it to him, and thinks that perhaps straight hair is the best in general, but he doesn't want Eppie's hair to be different. She surely divines that there is someone behind her who is thinking about her very particularly, and mustering courage to come to her side as soon as they are out in the lane, else why should she look rather shy, and take care not to turn away her head from her father Silas, to whom she keeps murmuring little sentences as to who was at church, and who was not at church, and how pretty the red mountain-ash is over the Rectory wall!

"I wish *we* had a little garden, father, with double daisies in it, like Mrs. Winthrop's," said Eppie, when they were out in the lane; "only they say it 'ud take a deal of digging and bringing fresh soil—and you couldn't do that, could you, father? Anyhow, I shouldn't like you to do it, for it 'ud be too hard work for you."

"Yes, I could do it, child, if you want a bit o' garden; these long evenings, I could work at taking in a little bit o' the waste, just enough for a root or two o' flowers for you; and again, i' the morning, I could have a turn wi' the spade before I sat down to the loom. Why didn't you tell me before as you wanted a bit o' garden?"

"*I* can dig it for you, Master Marner," said the young man in fustian, who was now by Eppie's side, entering into the conversation without the trouble of formalities. "It'll be play to me after I've done my day's work, or any odd bits o' time when the work's slack. And I'll bring you some soil from Mr. Cass's garden—he'll let me, and willing."

"Eh, Aaron, my lad, are you there?" said Silas; "I wasn't aware of you; for when Eppie's talking o' things, I see nothing but what's she's a-saying. Well, if you could help me with the digging, we might get her a bit o' garden all the sooner."

"Then, if you think well and good," said Aaron, "I'll come to the Stone-pits this afternoon, and we'll settle what land's to be taken in, and I'll get up an hour earlier i' the morning, and begin on it."

"But not if you don't promise me not to work at the hard digging, father," said Eppie. "For I shouldn't ha' said anything about it," she added, half-bashfully, half-roguishly, "only Mrs. Winthrop said as Aaron 'ud be so good, and——"

"And you might ha' known it without her telling you," said Aaron. "And Master Marner knows too, I hope, as I'm able and willing to do a turn o' work for him, and he won't do me the unkindness to anyways take it out o' my hands."

"There, now, father, you won't work in it till it's all easy," said Eppie, "and you and me can mark out the beds, and make holes and plant the roots. It'll be a deal livelier at the Stone-pits when we've got some flowers, for I always think the flowers can see us, and know what we're talking

about. And I'll have a bit of rosemary, and bergamot, and thyme, because they're so sweet-smelling; but there's no lavender only in the gentlefolks' gardens, I think."

"That's no reason why you shouldn't have some," said Aaron, "for I can bring you slips of anything; I'm forced to cut no end of 'em when I'm gardening, and I throw 'em away mostly. There's a big bed o' lavender at the Red House; the missus is very fond of it."

"Well," said Silas, gravely, "so as you don't make free for us, or ask for anything as is worth much at the Red House; for Mr. Cass's been so good to us, and built us up the new end o' the cottage, and given us beds and things, as I couldn't abide to be imposin' for garden-stuff or anything else."

"No, no, there's no imposin'," said Aaron; "there's never a garden in all the parish but what there's endless waste in it for want o' somebody as could use everything up. It's what I think to myself sometimes, as there need nobody run short o' victuals if the land was made the most on, and there was never a morsel but what could find its way to a mouth. It sets one thinking o' that—gardening does. But I must go back now, else mother 'ull be in trouble as I aren't there."

"Bring her with you this afternoon, Aaron," said Eppie; "I shouldn't like to fix about the garden, and her not know everything from the first—should *you*, father?"

"Aye, bring her if you can, Aaron," said Silas; "she's sure to have a word to say as'll help us to set things on their right end." Aaron turned back up the village, while Silas and Eppie went on up the lonely, sheltered lane.

"O daddy!" she began, when they were in privacy, clasping and squeezing Silas's arm, and skipping round to give him an energetic kiss. "My little old daddy! I'm so glad. I don't think I shall want anything else when we've got a little garden; and I knew Aaron would dig it for us," she went on with roguish triumph—"I knew that very well."

"You're a deep little puss, you are," said Silas, with the mild, passive happiness of love-crowned age in his face; "but you'll make yourself fine and beholden to Aaron."

"O no, I shan't," said Eppie, laughing and frisking; "he likes it."

"Come, come, let me carry your prayer-book, else you'll be dropping it, jumping i' that way."

Eppie was now aware that her behavior was under observation, but it was only the observation of a friendly donkey, browsing with a log fastened to his foot—a meek donkey, not scornfully critical of human trivialities, but thankful to share in them, if possible, by getting his nose scratched; and Eppie did not fail to gratify him with her usual notice, though it was attended with the inconvenience of his following them, painfully, up to the very door of their home.

But the sound of a sharp bark inside, as Eppie put the key in the door, modified the donkey's views, and he limped away again without bidding. The sharp bark was the sign of an excited welcome that was awaiting them from a knowing brown terrier, who, after dancing at their legs in a hysterical manner, rushed with a worrying noise at a tortoise-shell kitten under the loom, and then rushed back with a sharp bark again, as much as to say, "I have done my duty by this feeble creature, you perceive"; while the lady-mother of the kitten sat sunning her white bosom in the window, and looked round with a sleepy air of expecting caresses, though she was not going to take any trouble for them.

The presence of this happy animal life was not the only change which had come over the interior of the stone cottage. There was no bed now in the living-room, and the small space was well filled with decent furniture, all bright and clean enough to satisfy Dolly Winthrop's eye. The oaken table and three-cornered oaken chair were hardly what was likely to be seen in so poor a cottage; they had come, with the beds and other things, from the Red House; for Mr. Godfrey Cass, as everyone said in the village, did very kindly by the weaver; and it was nothing but right a man should be looked on and helped by those who could afford it, when he had brought up an orphan child, and been father and mother to her—and had lost his money too, so as he had nothing but what he worked for week by week, and when the weaving was going down, too —for there was less and less flax spun —and Master Marner was none so young. Nobody was jealous of the weaver, for he was regarded as an exceptional person whose claims on neighborly help were not to be matched in Raveloe. Any superstition that remained concerning him had taken an entirely new color; and Mr. Macey, now a very feeble old man of fourscore and six, never seen except in his chimney-corner or sitting in the sunshine at his doorsill, was of opinion that when a man had done what Silas had done by an orphan child, it was a sign that his money would come to light again, or leastwise that the robber would be made to answer for it—for, as Mr. Macey observed of himself, his faculties were as strong as ever.

Silas sat down now and watched Eppie with a satisfied gaze as she spread the clean cloth, and set on it the potato pie, warmed up slowly in a safe Sunday fashion, by being put into a dry spot over a slowly-dying fire, as the best substitute for an oven. For Silas would not consent to have a grate and oven added to his conveniences; he loved the old brick hearth as he had loved his brown pot—and was it not there when he had found Eppie? The gods of the hearth exist for us still; and let all new faith be tolerant of that fetishism, lest it bruise its own roots.

Silas ate his dinner more silently than usual, soon laying down his knife and fork, and watching half-abstractedly Eppie's play with Snap and the cat, by which her own dining was made rather a lengthy business. Yet it was a sight that might well arrest wandering thoughts: Eppie, with the rippling radiance of her hair and the whiteness of her rounded chin and throat set off by the dark-blue cotton gown, laughing merrily as the kitten held on with her four claws to one shoulder, like a design for a jug-handle, while Snap on the right hand and Puss on the other put up their paws toward a morsel which she held out of the reach of both—Snap occasionally desisting in order to remonstrate with the cat by a cogent worrying growl on the greediness and futility of her conduct; till Eppie relented, caressed them both, and divided the morsel between them.

But at last Eppie, glancing at the clock, checked the play, and said, "O daddy, you're wanting to go into the sunshine to smoke your pipe. But I must clear away first, so as the house may be tidy when godmother comes. I'll make haste—I won't be long."

Silas had taken to smoking a pipe daily during the last two years, having been strongly urged to it by the sages of Raveloe, as a practice "good for the fits"; and this advice was sanctioned by Dr. Kimble, on the

56. **gods of the hearth.** Roman household deities, small images of which were kept over the fireplace.

ground that it was as well to try what could do no harm—a principle which was made to answer for a great deal of work in that gentleman's medical practice. Silas did not highly enjoy smoking, and often wondered how his neighbors could be so fond of it; but a humble sort of acquiescence in what was held to be good had become a strong habit of that new self which had been developed in him since he had found Eppie on his hearth; it had been the only clew his bewildered mind could hold by in cherishing this young life that had been sent to him out of the darkness into which his gold had departed. By seeking what was needful for Eppie, by sharing the effect that everything produced on her, he had himself come to appropriate the forms of custom and belief which were the mold of Raveloe life; and as, with reawakening sensibilities, memory also reawakened, he had begun to ponder over the elements of his old faith, and blend them with his new impressions, till he recovered a consciousness of unity between his past and present. The sense of presiding goodness and the human trust which come with all pure peace and joy had given him a dim impression that there had been some error, some mistake, which had thrown that dark shadow over the days of his best years; and as it grew more and more easy to him to open his mind to Dolly Winthrop, he gradually communicated to her all he could describe of his early life. The communication was necessarily a slow and difficult process, for Silas's meager power of explanation was not aided by any readiness of interpretation in Dolly, whose narrow outward experience gave her no key to strange customs, and made every novelty a source of wonder that arrested them at every step of the narrative. It was only by fragments, and at intervals which left Dolly time to revolve what she had heard till it acquired some familiarity for her, that Silas at last arrived at the climax of the sad story—the drawing of lots, and its false testimony concerning him; and this had to be repeated in several interviews, under new questions on her part as to the nature of this plan for detecting the guilty and clearing the innocent.

"And yourn's the same Bible, you're sure o' that, Master Marner—the Bible as you brought wi' you from that country—it's the same as what they've got at church, and what Eppie's a-learning to read in?"

"Yes," said Silas, "every bit the same; and there's drawing o' lots in the Bible, mind you," he added in a lower tone.

"O dear, dear," said Dolly in a grieved voice, as if she were hearing an unfavorable report of a sick man's case. She was silent for some minutes; at last she said:

"There's wise folks, happen, as know how it all is; the parson knows, I'll be bound; but it takes big words to tell them things, and such as poor folks can't make much out on. I can never rightly know the meaning o' what I hear at church, only a bit here and there, but I know it's good words—I do. But what lies upo' your mind—it's this, Master Marner; as, if Them above had done the right thing by you, They'd never ha' let you be turned out for a wicked thief when you was innicent."

"Ah!" said Silas, who had now come to understand Dolly's phraseology, "that was what fell on me like as if it had been red-hot iron; because, you see, there was nobody as cared for me or clave to me above nor below. And him as I'd gone out and in wi' for ten year and more, since when we was lads and went halves—mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, had

lifted up his heel again' me, and worked to ruin me."

"Eh, but he was a bad un—I can't think as there's another such," said Dolly. "But I'm o'ercome, Master Marner; I'm like as if I'd waked and didn't know whether it was night or morning. I feel somehow as sure as I do when I've laid something up, though I can't justly put my hand on it, as there was a rights in what happened to you, if one could but make it out; and you'd no call to lose heart as you did. But we'll talk on it again; for sometimes things come into my head when I'm leeching or poulticing, or such, as I could never think on when I was sitting still."

Dolly was too useful a woman not to have many opportunities of illumination of the kind she alluded to, and she was not long before she recurred to the subject.

"Master Marner," she said, one day that she came to bring home Eppie's washing, "I've been sore puzzled for a good bit wi' that trouble o' yourn and the drawing o' lots; and it got twisted back'ards and for'ards, as I didn't know which end to lay hold on. But it come to me all clear like that night when I was sitting up wi' poor Bessy Fawkes, as is dead and left her children behind, God help 'em—it come to me as clear as daylight; but whether I've got hold on it now, or can anyways bring it to my tongue's end, that I don't know. For I've often a deal inside me as'll never come out; and for what you talk o' your folks in your old country niver saying prayers by heart nor saying 'em out of a book, they must be wonderful cliver; for if I didn't know 'Our Father,' and little bits o' good words as I can carry out o' church wi' me, I might down o' my knees every night, but nothing could I say."

"But you can mostly say something as I can make sense on, Mrs. Winthrop," said Silas.

"Well, then, Master Marner, it come to me summat like this: I can make nothing o' the drawings o' lots and the answer coming wrong; it 'ud mayhap take the parson to tell that, and he could only tell us i' big words. But what come to me as clear as the daylight—it was when I was troubling over poor Bessy Fawkes, and it allays comes into my head when I'm sorry for folks, and feel as I can't do a power to help 'em, not if I was to get up i' the middle o' the night—it comes into my head as Them above has got a deal tenderer heart nor what I've got—for I can't be anyways better nor Them as made me; and if anything looks hard to me, it's because there's things I don't know on; and for the matter o' that, there may be plenty o' things I don't know on, for it's little as I know—that it is. And so, while I was thinking o' that, you come into my mind, Master Marner, and it all come pouring in—if *I* felt i' my inside what was the right and just thing by you, and them as prayed and drawed the lots, all but that wicked un, if *they*'d ha' done the right thing by you if they could, isn't there Them as was at the making on us, and knows better and has a better will? And that's all as ever I can be sure on, and everything else is a big puzzle to me when I think on it. For there was the fever come and took off them as were full-growed, and left the helpless children; and there's the breaking o' limbs; and them as 'ud do right and be sober have to suffer by them as are contrairy—eh, there's trouble i' this world, and there's things as we can niver make out the rights on. And all as we've got to do is to trusten, Master Marner—to do the right thing as fur as we know, and to trusten. For if us as knows so little can see a bit o' good and rights, we

THE DAME SCHOOL ATTENDED BY GEORGE ELIOT IN HER CHILDHOOD

may be sure as there's a good and a rights bigger nor what we can know—I feel it i' my own inside as it must be so. And if you could but ha' gone on trustening, Master Marner, you wouldn't ha' run away from your fellow-creatures and been so lone."

"Ah, but that 'ud ha' been hard," said Silas, in an undertone; "it 'ud been hard to trusten then."

"And so it would," said Dolly, almost with compunction; "them things are easier said nor done; and I'm partly ashamed o' talking."

"Nay, nay," said Silas, "you're i' the right, Mrs. Winthrop—you're i' the right. There's good i' this world—I've a feeling o' that now; and it makes a man feel as there's a good more nor he can see, i' spite o' the trouble and the wickedness. That drawing o' the lots is dark; but the child was sent to me; there's dealings with us—there's dealings."

This dialogue took place in Eppie's earlier years, when Silas had to part with her for two hours every day, that she might learn to read at the dame school, after he had vainly tried himself to guide her in that first step to learning. Now that she was grown up, Silas had often been led, in those moments of quiet outpouring which come to people who live together in perfect love, to talk with *her*, too, of the past, and how and why he had lived a lonely man until she had been sent to him. For it would have been impossible for him to hide from Eppie that she was not his own child; even if the most delicate reticence on the point could have been expected from Raveloe gossips in her presence, her own questions about her mother could not have been parried, as she grew up, without that complete shrouding of the past which would have made a painful barrier between their minds.

28. **dame school**, a child's school taught by a woman.

So Eppie had long known how her mother had died on the snowy ground, and how she herself had been found on the hearth by father Silas, who had taken her golden curls for his lost guineas brought back to him. The tender and peculiar love with which Silas had reared her in almost inseparable companionship with himself, aided by the seclusion of their dwelling, had preserved her from lowering influences of the village talk and habits, and had kept her mind in that freshness which is sometimes falsely supposed to be an invariable attribute of rusticity. Perfect love has a breath of poetry which can exalt the relations of the least-instructed human beings; and this breath of poetry had surrounded Eppie from the time when she had followed the bright gleam that beckoned her to Silas's hearth; so that it is not surprising if, in other things besides her delicate prettiness, she was not quite a common village maiden, but had a touch of refinement and fervor which came from no other teaching than that of tenderly-nurtured, unvitiated feeling. She was too childish and simple for her imagination to rove into questions about her unknown father; for a long while it did not even occur to her that she must have had a father; and the first time that the idea of her mother having had a husband presented itself to her was when Silas showed her the wedding-ring which had been taken from the wasted finger, and had been carefully preserved by him in a little lacquered box shaped like a shoe. He delivered this box into Eppie's charge when she had grown up, and she often opened it to look at the ring; but still she thought hardly at all about the father of whom it was the symbol. Had she not a father very close to her, who loved her better than any real fathers in the village seemed to love their daughters? On the contrary, who her mother was and how she came to die in that forlornness were questions that often pressed on Eppie's mind. Her knowledge of Mrs. Winthrop, who was her nearest friend next to Silas, made her feel that a mother must be very precious; and she had again and again asked Silas to tell her how her mother looked, whom she was like, and how he had found her against the furze bush, led toward it by the little footsteps and the outstretched arms. The furze bush was there still; and this afternoon, when Eppie came out with Silas into the sunshine, it was the first object that arrested her eyes and thoughts.

"Father," she said, in a tone of gentle gravity, which sometimes came like a sadder, slower cadence across her playfulness, "we shall take the furze bush into the garden; it'll come into the corner, and just against it I'll put snowdrops and crocuses, 'cause Aaron says they won't die out, but'll always get more and more."

"Ah, child," said Silas, always ready to talk when he had his pipe in his hand, apparently enjoying the pauses more than the puffs, "it wouldn't do to leave out the furze bush; and there's nothing prettier to my thinking, when it's yallow with flowers. But it's just come into my head what we're to do for a fence—mayhap Aaron can help us to a thought; but a fence we must have, else the donkeys and things 'ull come and trample everything down. And fencing's hard to be got at, by what I can make out."

"Oh, I'll tell you, daddy," said Eppie, clasping her hands suddenly, after a minute's thought. "There's lots o' loose stones about, some of 'em not big, and we might lay 'em atop of one another, and make a wall. You and me could carry the smallest, and Aaron 'ud carry the rest—I know he would."

"Eh, my precious un," said Silas, "there isn't enough stones to go all around; and as for you carrying, why, wi' your little arms you couldn't carry a stone no bigger than a turnip. You're dillicate made, my dear," he added, with a tender intonation—"that's what Mrs. Winthrop says."

"Oh, I'm stronger than you think, daddy," said Eppie; "and if there wasn't stones enough to go all round, why, they'll go part o' the way, and then it'll be easier to get sticks and things for the rest. See here, round the big pit, what a many stones!"

She skipped forward to the pit, meaning to lift one of the stones and exhibit her strength, but she started back in surprise.

"Oh, father, just come and look here," she exclaimed—"come and see how the water's gone down since yesterday. Why, yesterday the pit was ever so full!"

"Well, to be sure," said Silas, coming to her side. "Why, that's the draining they've begun on, since harvest, i' Mr. Osgood's fields, I reckon. The foreman said to me the other day, when I passed by 'em, 'Master Marner,' he said, 'I shouldn't wonder if we lay your bit o' waste as dry as a bone.' It was Mr. Godfrey Cass, he said, had gone into the draining; he'd been taking these fields o' Mr. Osgood."

"How odd it'll seem to have the old pit dried up!" said Eppie, turning away, and stooping to lift rather a large stone. "See, daddy, I can carry this quite well," she said, going along with much energy for a few steps, but presently letting it fall.

"Ah, you're fine and strong, aren't you?" said Silas, while Eppie shook her aching arms and laughed. "Come, come, let us go and sit down on the bank against the stile there, and have no more lifting. You might hurt yourself, child. You need have somebody to work for you—and my arm isn't overstrong."

Silas uttered the last sentence slowly, as if it implied more than met the ear; and Eppie, when they sat down on the bank, nestled close to his side, and, taking hold caressingly of the arm that was not overstrong, held it on her lap, while Silas puffed again dutifully at the pipe, which occupied his other arm. An ash in the hedgerow behind made a fretted screen from the sun, and threw happy, playful shadows all about them.

"Father," said Eppie, very gently, after they had been sitting in silence a little while, "if I was to be married ought I to be married with my mother's ring?"

Silas gave an almost imperceptible start, though the question fell in with the undercurrent of thought in his own mind, and then said, in a subdued tone, "Why, Eppie, have you been a-thinking on it?"

"Only this last week, father," said Eppie, ingenuously, "since Aaron talked to me about it."

"And what did he say?" said Silas, still in the same subdued way, as if he were anxious lest he should fall into the slightest tone that was not for Eppie's good.

"He said he should like to be married, because he was a-going in four-and-twenty and had got a deal of gardening work, now Mr. Mott's given up; and he goes twice a week regular to Mr. Cass's, and once to Mr. Osgood's, and they're going to take him on at the Rectory."

"And who is it as he's wanting to marry?" said Silas, with rather a sad smile.

"Why, me, to be sure, daddy," said Eppie, with dimpling laughter, kissing her father's cheek; "as if he'd want to marry anybody else!"

"And you mean to have him, do you?" said Silas.

"Yes, sometime," said Eppie, "I don't know when. Everybody's married sometime, Aaron says. But I told him that wasn't true; for, I said, look at father—he's never been married."

"No, child," said Silas, "your father was a lone man till you was sent to him."

"But you'll never be lone again, father," said Eppie, tenderly. "That was what Aaron said—'I could never think o' taking you away from Master Marner, Eppie.' And I said, 'It 'ud be no use if you did, Aaron.' And he wants us all to live together, so as you needn't work a bit, father, only what's for your own pleasure; and he'd be as good as a son to you—that was what he said."

"And should you like that, Eppie?" said Silas, looking at her.

"I shouldn't mind it, father," said Eppie, quite simply. "And I should like things to be so as you needn't work much. But if it wasn't for that, I'd sooner things didn't change. I'm very happy; I like Aaron to be fond of me, and come and see us often, and behave pretty to you—he always *does* behave pretty to you, doesn't he, father?"

"Yes, child, nobody could behave better," said Silas, emphatically. "He's his mother's lad."

"But I don't want any change," said Eppie. "I should like to go on a long, long, while, just as we are. Only Aaron does want a change; and he made me cry a bit—only a bit—because he said I didn't care for him, for if I cared for him I should want us to be married, as he did."

"Eh, my blessed child," said Silas, laying down his pipe as if it were useless to pretend to smoke any longer, 'you're o'er young to be married. We'll ask Mrs. Winthrop—we'll ask Aaron's mother what *she* thinks; if there's a right thing to do, she'll come at it. But there's this to be thought on, Eppie: things *will* change, whether we like it or no; things won't go on for a long while just as they are and no difference. I shall get older and helpless, and be a burden on you, belike, if I don't go away from you altogether. Not as I mean you'd think me a burden—I know you wouldn't—but it 'ud be hard upon you; and when I look for'ard to that, I like to think as you'd have somebody else besides me—somebody young and strong, as'll outlast your own life, and take care on you to the end." Silas paused, and, resting his wrists on his knees, lifted his hands up and down meditatively as he looked on the ground.

"Then, would you like me to be married, father?" said Eppie, with a little trembling in her voice.

"I'll not be the man to say no, Eppie," said Silas, emphatically; "but we'll ask your godmother. She'll wish the right thing by you and her son, too."

"There they come then," said Eppie. "Let us go and meet 'em. O the pipe! won't you have it lit again, father?" said Eppie, lifting that medicinal appliance from the ground.

"Nay, child," said Silas, "I've done enough for today. I think, mayhap, a little of it does me more good than so much at once."

CHAPTER XVII

While Silas and Eppie were seated on the bank discoursing in the flecked shade of the ash-tree, Miss Priscilla Lammeter was resisting her sister's arguments, that it would be better to take tea at the Red House and let her father have a long nap than drive home to the Warrens so

soon after dinner. The family party, of four only, were seated round the table in the dark wainscoted parlor, with the Sunday dessert before them, of fresh filberts, apples, and pears, duly ornamented with leaves by Nancy's own hand before the bells had rung for church.

A great change has come over the dark wainscoted parlor since we saw it in Godfrey's bachelor days, and under the wifeless reign of the old Squire. Now all is polish, on which no yesterday's dust is ever allowed to rest, from the yard's width of oaken board round the carpet, to the old Squire's gun and whips and walking-sticks, ranged on the stag's antlers above the mantelpiece. All other signs of sporting and outdoor occupation Nancy has removed to another room; but she has brought into the Red House the habit of filial reverence, and preserves sacredly in a place of honor these relics of her husband's departed father. The tankards are on the side-table still, but the bossed silver is undimmed by handling, and there are no dregs to send forth unpleasant suggestions; the only prevailing scent is of the lavender and rose-leaves that fill the vases of Derbyshire spar. All is purity and order in this once dreary room, for, fifteen years ago, it was entered by a new presiding spirit.

"Now, father," said Nancy, "*is* there any call for you to go home to tea? Mayn't you just as well stay with us?—such a beautiful evening as it's likely to be."

The old gentleman had been talking with Godfrey about the increasing poor-rate and the ruinous times, and had not heard the dialogue between his daughters.

"My dear, you must ask Priscilla," he said, in the once firm voice, now become rather broken. "She manages me and the farm too."

"And reason good as I should manage you, father," said Priscilla, "else you'd be giving yourself your death with rheumatism. And as for the farm, if anything turns out wrong, as it can't but do in these times, there's nothing kills a man so soon as having nobody to find fault with but himself. It's a deal the best way o' being master, to let somebody else do the ordering, and keep the blaming in your own hands. It 'ud save many a man a stroke, *I* believe."

"Well, well, my dear," said her father, with a quiet laugh, "I didn't say you don't manage for everybody's good."

"Then manage so as you may stay tea, Priscilla," said Nancy, putting her hand on her sister's arm affectionately. "Come now; and we'll go round the garden while father has his nap."

"My dear child, he'll have a beautiful nap in the gig, for I shall drive. And as for staying tea, I can't hear of it; for there's this dairymaid, now she knows she's to be married, turned Michaelmas, she'd as lief pour the new milk into the pig-trough as into the pans. That's the way with 'em all; it's as if they thought the world 'ud be new-made because they're to be married. So come and let me put my bonnet on, and there'll be time for us to walk round the garden while the horse is being put in."

When the sisters were treading the neatly-swept garden-walks, between the bright turf that contrasted pleasantly with the dark cones and arches and wall-like hedges of yew, Priscilla said,

"I'm as glad as anything at your husband's making that exchange o'

37. **Derbyshire spar,** china made from blue stone found in the county of Derby. 43. **poor-rate,** a tax for the support of the poor. **ruinous times,** caused by the ending of the Napoleonic Wars.

77. **Michaelmas,** a church festival, September 29.

land with cousin Osgood, and beginning the dairying. It's a thousand pities you didn't do it before; for it'll give you something to fill your mind. There's nothing like a dairy if folks want a bit of worrit to make the days pass. For as for rubbing furniture, when you can once see your face in a table there's nothing else to look for; but there's always something fresh with the dairy; for even in the depths o' winter there's some pleasure in conquering the butter, and making it come whether or no. My dear," added Priscilla, pressing her sister's hand affectionately as they walked side by side, "you'll never be low when you've got a dairy."

"Ah, Priscilla," said Nancy, returning the pressure with a grateful glance of her clear eyes, "but it won't make up to Godfrey; a dairy's not so much to a man. And it's only what he cares for that ever makes me low. I'm contented with the blessings we have, if he could be contented."

"It drives me past patience," said Priscilla, impetuously, "that way o' the men—always wanting and wanting, and never easy with what they've got; they can't sit comfortable in their chairs when they've neither ache nor pain, but either they must stick a pipe in their mouths, to make 'em better than well, or else they must be swallowing something strong, though they're forced to make haste before the next meal comes in. But joyful be it spoken, our father was never that sort o' man. And if it had pleased God to make you ugly, like me, so as the men wouldn't ha' run after you, we might have kept to our own family, and had nothing to do with folks as have got uneasy blood in their veins."

"O don't say so, Priscilla," said Nancy, repenting that she had called forth this outburst; "nobody has any occasion to find fault with Godfrey. It's natural he should be disappointed at not having any children; every man likes to have somebody to work for and lay by for, and he always counted so on making a fuss with 'em when they were little. There's many another man 'ud hanker more than he does. He's the best of husbands."

"Oh, I know," said Priscilla, smiling sarcastically, "I know the way o' wives: they set one on to abuse their husbands, and then they turn round on one and praise 'em as if they wanted to sell 'em. But father'll be waiting for me; we must turn now."

The large gig with the steady old gray was at the front door, and Mr Lammeter was already on the stone steps, passing the time in recalling to Godfrey what very fine points Speckle had when his master used to ride him.

"I always *would* have a good horse, you know," said the old gentleman, not liking that spirited time to be quite effaced from the memory of his juniors.

"Mind you bring Nancy to the Warrens before the week's out, Mr. Cass," was Priscilla's parting injunction, as she took the reins, and shook them gently, by way of friendly incitement to Speckle.

"I shall just take a turn to the fields against the Stone-pits, Nancy, and look at the draining," said Godfrey.

"You'll be in again by tea-time, dear?"

"Oh, yes, I shall be back in an hour."

It was Godfrey's custom on a Sunday afternoon to do a little contemplative farming in a leisurely walk. Nancy seldom accompanied him; for the women of her generation—unless, like Priscilla, they took to outdoor management—were not given to much walking beyond their own house and garden, finding sufficient exercise in domestic duties. So, when Priscilla was not with her, she usually sat with

Mant's Bible before her, and after following the text with her eyes for a little while, she would gradually permit them to wander as her thoughts had already insisted on wandering.

But Nancy's Sunday thoughts were rarely quite out of keeping with the devout and reverential intention implied by the book spread open before her. She was not theologically instructed enough to discern very clearly the relation between the sacred documents of the past which she opened without method, and her own obscure, simple life; but the spirit of rectitude, and the sense of responsibility for the effect of her conduct on others, which were strong elements in Nancy's character, had made it a habit with her to scrutinize her past feelings and actions with self-questioning solicitude. Her mind not being courted by a great variety of subjects, she filled the vacant moments by living inwardly, again and again, through all her remembered experience, especially through the fifteen years of her married time, in which her life and its significance had been doubled. She recalled the small details, the words, tones, and looks, in the critical scenes which had opened a new epoch for her by giving her a deeper insight into the relations and trials of life, or which had called on her for some little effort of forbearance, or of painful adherence to an imagined or real duty—asking herself continually whether she had been in any respect blamable. This excessive rumination and self-questioning is perhaps a morbid habit inevitable to a mind of much moral sensibility when shut out from its due share of outward activity and of practical claims on its affections—inevitable to a noble-hearted, childless woman, when her lot is narrow. "I can do so little—have I done it all well?" is the perpetually recurring thought; and there are no voices calling her away from that soliloquy, no peremptory demands to divert energy from vain regret or superfluous scruple.

There was one main thread of painful experience in Nancy's married life, and on it hung certain deeply-felt scenes, which were the oftenest revived in retrospect. The short dialogue with Priscilla in the garden had determined the current of retrospect in that frequent direction this particular Sunday afternoon. The first wandering of her thought from the text, which she still attempted dutifully to follow with her eyes and silent lips, was into an imaginary enlargement of the defense she had set up for her husband against Priscilla's implied blame. The vindication of the loved object is the best balm affection can find for its wounds. "A man must have so much on his mind," is the belief by which a wife often supports a cheerful face under rough answers and unfeeling words. And Nancy's deepest wounds had all come from the perception that the absence of children from their hearth was dwelt on in her husband's mind as a privation to which he could not reconcile himself.

Yet sweet Nancy might have been expected to feel still more keenly the denial of a blessing to which she had looked forward with all the varied expectations and preparations, solemn and prettily trivial, which fill the mind of a loving woman when she expects to become a mother. Was there not a drawer filled with the neat work of her hands, all unworn and untouched, just as she had arranged it there fourteen years ago—just, but for one little dress, which had been made the burial-dress? But under this immediate personal trial Nancy was so firmly unmurmuring that years ago she had suddenly renounced the habit of visit-

1. **Mant's Bible**, a Bible annotated by Bishop Mant in 1814.

ing this drawer; lest she should in this way be cherishing a longing for what was not given.

Perhaps it was this very severity toward any indulgence of what she held to be sinful regret in herself that made her shrink from applying her own standard to her husband. "It is very different—it is much worse for a man to be disappointed in that way; a woman can always be satisfied with devoting herself to her husband, but a man wants something that will make him look forward more—and sitting by the fire is so much duller to him than to a woman." And always when Nancy reached this point in her meditations—trying, with predetermined sympathy, to see everything as Godfrey saw it—there came a renewal of self-questioning. *Had* she done everything in her power to lighten Godfrey's privation? Had she really been right in the resistance which had cost her so much pain six years ago, and again four years ago—the resistance to her husband's wish that they should adopt a child? Adoption was more remote from the ideas and habits of that time than of our own; still Nancy had her opinion on it. It was as necessary to her mind to have an opinion on all topics not exclusively masculine, that had come under her notice, as for her to have a precisely marked place for every article of her personal property; and her opinions were always principles to be unwaveringly acted on. They were firm, not because of their basis, but because she held them with a tenacity inseparable from her mental action. On all the duties and proprieties of life, from filial behavior to the arrangements of the evening toilet, pretty Nancy Lammeter, by the time she was three-and-twenty, had her unalterable little code, and had formed every one of her habits in strict accordance with that code. She carried these decided judgments within her in the most unobtrusive way; they rooted themselves in her mind, and grew there as quietly as grass. Years ago, we know, she insisted on dressing like Priscilla, because "it was right for sisters to dress alike," and because "she would do what was right if she wore a gown dyed with cheese-coloring."

That was a trivial but typical instance of the mode in which Nancy's life was regulated.

It was one of those rigid principles, and no petty egoistic feeling, which had been the ground of Nancy's difficult resistance to her husband's wish. To adopt a child, because children of your own had been denied you, was to try and choose your lot in spite of Providence; the adopted child, she was convinced, would never turn out well, and would be a curse to those who had willfully and rebelliously sought what it was clear that, for some high reason, they were better without. When you saw a thing was not meant to be, said Nancy, it was a bounden duty to leave off so much as wishing for it. And so far, perhaps, the wisest of men could scarcely make more than a verbal improvement in her principle. But the conditions under which she held it apparent that a thing was not meant to be, depended on a more peculiar mode of thinking. She would have given up making a purchase at a particular place if, on three successive times, rain, or some other cause of Heaven's sending, had formed an obstacle; and she would have anticipated a broken limb or other heavy misfortune to anyone who persisted in spite of such indications.

"But why should you think the child would turn out ill?" said Godfrey, in his remonstrances. "She has thriven as well as child can do, with the weaver; and *he* adopted her. There isn't

such a pretty little girl anywhere else in the parish, or one fitter for the station we could give her. Where can be the likelihood of her being a curse to anybody?"

"Yes, my dear Godfrey," said Nancy, who was sitting with her hands tightly clasped together, and with yearning, regretful affection in her eyes. "The child may not turn out ill with the weaver. But, then, he didn't go to seek her, as we should be doing. It will be wrong; I feel sure it will. Don't you remember what that lady we met at the Royston Baths told us about the child her sister adopted? That was the only adopting I ever heard of; and the child was transported when it was twenty-three. Dear Godfrey, don't ask me to do what I know is wrong; I should never be happy again. I know it's very hard for *you*—it's easier for me—but it's the will of Providence."

It might seem singular that Nancy—with her religious theory pieced together out of narrow social traditions, fragments of church doctrine imperfectly understood, and girlish reasonings on her small experience—should have arrived by herself at a way of thinking so nearly akin to that of many devout people whose beliefs are held in the shape of a system quite remote from her knowledge—singular, if we did not know that human beliefs, like all other natural growths, elude the barriers of system.

Godfrey had from the first specified Eppie, then about twelve years old, as a child suitable for them to adopt. It had never occurred to him that Silas would rather part with his life than with Eppie. Surely the weaver would wish the best to the child he had taken so much trouble with, and would be glad that such good fortune should happen to her; she would always be very grateful to him, and he would be well provided for to the end of his life—provided for as the excellent part he had done by the child deserved. Was it not an appropriate thing for people in a higher station to take a charge off the hands of a man in a lower? It seemed an eminently appropriate thing to Godfrey, for reasons that were known only to himself; and by a common fallacy, he imagined the measure would be easy because he had private motives for desiring it. This was rather a coarse mode of estimating Silas's relation to Eppie; but we must remember that many of the impressions which Godfrey was likely to gather concerning the laboring people around him would favor the idea that deep affections can hardly go along with callous palms and scant means; and he had not had the opportunity, even if he had had the power, of entering intimately into all that was exceptional in the weaver's experience. It was only the want of adequate knowledge that could have made it possible for Godfrey deliberately to entertain an unfeeling project; his natural kindness had outlived that blighting time of cruel wishes, and Nancy's praise of him as a husband was not founded entirely on a willful illusion.

"I was right," she said to herself, when she had recalled all their scenes of discussion—"I feel I was right to say him nay, though it hurt me more than anything; but how good Godfrey has been about it! Many men would have been very angry with me for standing out against their wishes; and they might have thrown out that they'd had ill luck in marrying me; but Godfrey has never been the man to say me an unkind word. It's only what he can't hide; everything seems so blank to him, I know; and the land—

18. **transported**, sent to some colony because of crime.

what a difference it 'ud make to him, when he goes to see after things, if he'd children growing up that he was doing it all for! But I won't murmur; and perhaps if he'd married a woman who'd have had children, she'd have vexed him in other ways."

This possibility was Nancy's chief comfort; and to give it greater strength, she labored to make it impossible that any other wife should have had more perfect tenderness. She had been *forced* to vex him by that one denial. Godfrey was not insensible to her loving effort, and did Nancy no injustice as to the motives of her obstinacy. It was impossible to have lived with her fifteen years and not be aware that an unselfish clinging to the right, and a sincerity clear as the flower-born dew, were her main characteristics; indeed, Godfrey felt this so strongly that his own more wavering nature, too averse to facing difficulty to be unvaryingly simple and truthful, was kept in a certain awe of this gentle wife who watched his looks with a yearning to obey them. It seemed to him impossible that he should ever confess to her the truth about Eppie; she would never recover from the repulsion the story of his earlier marriage would create, told to her now, after that long concealment. And the child, too, he thought, must become an object of repulsion; the very sight of her would be painful. The shock to Nancy's mingled pride and ignorance of the world's evil might even be too much for her delicate frame. Since he had married her with that secret on his heart, he must keep it there to the last. Whatever else he did, he could not make an irreparable breach between himself and this long-loved wife.

Meanwhile, why could he not make up his mind to the absence of children from a hearth brightened by such a wife? Why did his mind fly uneasily to that void, as if it were the sole reason why life was not thoroughly joyous to him? I suppose it is the way with all men and women who reach middle age without the clear perception that life never *can* be thoroughly joyous; under the vague dullness of the gray hours, dissatisfaction seeks a definite object, and finds it in the privation of an untried good. Dissatisfaction, seated musingly on a childless hearth, thinks with envy of the father whose return is greeted by young voices—seated at the meal where the little heads rise one above another like nursery plants, it sees a black care hovering behind every one of them, and thinks the impulses by which men abandon freedom, and seek for ties, are surely nothing but a brief madness. In Godfrey's case there were further reasons why this thought should be continually solicited by this one point in his lot: his conscience, never thoroughly easy about Eppie, now gave his childless home the aspect of a retribution; and as the time passed on, under Nancy's refusal to adopt her, any retrieval of his error became more and more difficult.

On this Sunday afternoon it was already four years since there had been any allusion to the subject between them, and Nancy supposed that it was forever buried.

"I wonder if he'll mind it less or more as he gets older," she thought; "I'm afraid more. Aged people feel the miss of children; what would father do without Priscilla? And if I die, Godfrey will be very lonely—not holding together with his brothers much. But I won't be over-anxious, and trying to make things out beforehand; I must do my best for the present."

With that last thought Nancy roused herself from her reverie, and

turned her eyes again toward the forsaken page. It had been forsaken longer than she imagined, for she was presently surprised by the appearance of the servant with the tea-things. It was, in fact, a little before the usual time for tea; but Jane had her reasons.

"Is your master come into the yard, Jane?"

"No'm, he isn't," said Jane, with a slight emphasis, of which, however, her mistress took no notice.

"I don't know whether you've seen 'em, 'm," continued Jane, after a pause, "but there's folks making haste all one way, afore the front window. I doubt something's happened. There's niver a man to be seen i' the yard, else I'd send and see. I've been up into the top attic, but there's no seeing anything for trees. I hope nobody's hurt, that's all.'

"Oh, no, I daresay, there's nothing much the matter," said Nancy. "It's perhaps Mr. Snell's bull got out again, as he did before."

"I wish he mayn't gore anybody then, that's all," said Jane, not altogether despising a hypothesis which covered a few imaginary calamities.

"That girl is always terrifying me," thought Nancy; "I wish Godfrey would come in."

She went to the front window and looked as far as she could see along the road, with an uneasiness which she felt to be childish, for there were now no such signs of excitement as Jane had spoken of, and Godfrey would not be likely to return by the village road, but by the fields. She continued to stand, however, looking at the placid churchyard with the long shadows of the gravestones across the bright green hillocks, and at the glowing autumn colors of the Rectory trees beyond. Before such calm external beauty the presence of a vague fear is more distinctly felt—like a raven flapping its slow wing across the sunny air. Nancy wished more and more that Godfrey would come in.

CHAPTER XVIII

Someone opened the door at the other end of the room, and Nancy felt that it was her husband. She turned from the window with gladness in her eyes, for the wife's chief dread was stilled.

"Dear, I'm so thankful you're come," she said, going toward him. "I began to get . . ."

She paused abruptly, for Godfrey was laying down his hat with trembling hands, and turned toward her with a pale face and a strange, unanswering glance, as if he saw her indeed, but saw her as part of a scene invisible to herself. She laid her hand on his arm, not daring to speak again; but he left the touch unnoticed, and threw himself into his chair.

Jane was already at the door with the hissing urn. "Tell her to keep away, will you?" said Godfrey; and when the door was closed again he exerted himself to speak more distinctly.

"Sit down, Nancy—there," he said, pointing to a chair opposite him. "I came back as soon as I could, to hinder anybody's telling you but me. I've had a great shock—but I care most about the shock it'll be to you."

"It isn't father and Priscilla?" said Nancy, with quivering lips, clasping her hands together tightly on her lap.

"No, it's nobody living," said Godfrey, unequal to the considerate skill with which he would have wished to make his revelation. "It's Dunstan—my brother Dunstan, that we lost sight of sixteen years ago. We've found him—found his body—his skeleton."

The deep dread Godfrey's look had

created in Nancy made her feel these words a relief. She sat in comparative calmness to hear what else he had to tell. He went on:

"The Stone-pit has gone dry suddenly—from the draining, I suppose; and there he lies—has lain for sixteen years, wedged between two great stones. There's his watch and seals, and there's my gold-handled hunting whip, with my name on; he took it away, without my knowing, the day he went hunting on Wildfire, the last time he was seen."

Godfrey paused; it was not so easy to say what came next. "Do you think he drowned himself?" said Nancy, almost wondering that her husband should be so deeply shaken by what had happened all those years ago to an unloved brother, of whom worse things had been augured.

"No, he fell in," said Godfrey, in a low but distinct voice, as if he felt some deep meaning in the fact. Presently he added, "Dunstan was the man that robbed Silas Marner."

The blood rushed to Nancy's face and neck at this surprise and shame, for she had been bred up to regard even a distant kinship with crime as a dishonor.

"O Godfrey!" she said, with compassion in her tone, for she had immediately reflected that the dishonor must be felt still more keenly by her husband.

"There was the money in the pit," he continued—"all the weaver's money. Everything's been gathered up, and they're taking the skeleton to the Rainbow. But I came back to tell you; there was no hindering it; you must know."

He was silent, looking on the ground for two long minutes. Nancy would have said some words of comfort under this disgrace, but she refrained, from an instinctive sense that there was something behind—that Godfrey had something else to tell her. Presently he lifted his eyes to her face and kept them fixed on her, as he said,

"Everything comes to light, Nancy, sooner or later. When God Almighty wills it, our secrets are found out. I've lived with a secret on my mind, but I'll keep it from you no longer. I wouldn't have you know it by somebody else, and not by me—I wouldn't have you find it out after I'm dead. I'll tell you now. It's been 'I will' and 'I won't' with me all my life—I'll make sure of myself now."

Nancy's utmost dread had returned. The eyes of the husband and wife met with awe in them, as at a crisis which suspended affection.

"Nancy," said Godfrey, slowly, "when I married you, I hid something from you—something I ought to have told you. That woman Marner found dead in the snow—Eppie's mother—that wretched woman—was my wife. Eppie is my child."

He paused, dreading the effect of his confession. But Nancy sat quite still, only that her eyes dropped and ceased to meet his. She was pale and quiet as a meditative statue, clasping her hands on her lap.

"You'll never think the same of me again," said Godfrey, after a little while, with some tremor in his voice.

She was silent.

"I oughtn't to have left the child unowned; I oughtn't to have kept it from you. But I couldn't bear to give you up, Nancy. I was led away into marrying her—I suffered for it."

Still Nancy was silent, looking down; and he almost expected that she would presently get up and say she would go to her father's. How could she have any mercy for faults that must seem so black to her, with her simple, severe notions?

But at last she lifted up her eyes to his again and spoke. There was no indignation in her voice—only deep regret.

"Godfrey, if you had but told me this six years ago, we could have done some of our duty by the child. Do you think I'd have refused to take her in, if I'd known she was yours?"

At that moment Godfrey felt all the bitterness of an error that was not simply futile, but had defeated its own end. He had not measured this wife with whom he had lived so long. But she spoke again, with more agitation.

"And—O Godfrey—if we'd had her from the first, if you'd taken to her as you ought, she'd have loved me for her mother—and you'd have been happier with me; I could better have bore my little baby dying, and our life might have been more like what we used to think it 'ud be."

The tears fell, and Nancy ceased to speak.

"But you wouldn't have married me then, Nancy, if I'd told you," said Godfrey, urged, in the bitterness of his self-reproach, to prove to himself that his conduct had not been utter folly. "You may think you would now, but you wouldn't then. With your pride and your father's, you'd have hated having anything to do with me after the talk there'd have been."

"I can't say what I should have done about that, Godfrey. I should never have married anybody else. But I wasn't worth doing wrong for—nothing is in this world. Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand—not even our marrying wasn't, you see." There was a faint, sad smile on Nancy's face as she said the last words.

"I'm a worse man than you thought I was, Nancy," said Godfrey, rather tremulously. "Can you forgive me never?"

"The wrong to me is but little, Godfrey; you've made it up to me—you've been good to me for fifteen years. It's another you did the wrong to; and I doubt it can never be all made up for."

"But we can take Eppie now," said Godfrey. "I won't mind the world knowing at last. I'll be plain and open for the rest o' my life."

"It'll be different coming to us, now she's grown up," said Nancy, shaking her head sadly. "But it's your duty to acknowledge her and provide for her; and I'll do my part by her, and pray to God Almighty to make her love me."

"Then we'll go together to Silas Marner's this very night, as soon as everything's quiet at the Stone-pits."

CHAPTER XIX

Between eight and nine o'clock that evening Eppie and Silas were seated alone in the cottage. After the great excitement the weaver had undergone from the events of the afternoon, he had felt a longing for this quietude, and had even begged Mrs. Winthrop and Aaron, who had naturally lingered behind everyone else, to leave him alone with his child. The excitement had not passed away; it had only reached that stage when the keenness of the susceptibility makes external stimulus intolerable—when there is no sense of weariness, but rather an intensity of inward life, under which sleep is an impossibility. Anyone who has watched such moments in other men remembers the brightness of the eyes and the strange definiteness that comes over coarse features from that transient influence. It is as if a new fineness of ear for all spiritual voices had sent wonder-working vibrations through the heavy mortal frame—as

if "beauty born of murmuring sound" had passed into the face of the listener.

Silas's face showed that sort of transfiguration, as he sat in his armchair and looked at Eppie. She had drawn her own chair toward his knees, and leaned forward, holding both his hands, while she looked up at him. On the table near them, lit by a candle, lay the recovered gold—the old, long-loved gold, ranged in orderly heaps, as Silas used to range it in the days when it was his only joy. He had been telling her how he used to count it every night, and how his soul was utterly desolate till she was sent to him.

"At first, I'd a sort o' feeling come across me now and then," he was saying in subdued tone, "as if you might be changed into the gold again; for sometimes, turn my head which way I would, I seemed to see the gold; and I thought I should be glad if I could feel it, and find it was come back. But that didn't last long. After a bit, I should have thought it was a curse come again, if it had drove you from me, for I'd got to feel the need o' your looks and your voice and the touch o' your little fingers. You didn't know then, Eppie, when you were such a little un—you didn't know what your old father Silas felt for you."

"But I know now, father," said Eppie. "If it hadn't been for you, they'd have taken me to the workhouse, and there'd have been nobody to love me."

"Eh, my precious child, the blessing was mine. If you hadn't been sent to save me, I should ha' gone to the grave in my misery. The money was taken away from me in time; and you see it's been kept—kept till it was wanted for you. It's wonderful—our life is wonderful."

Silas sat in silence a few minutes, looking at the money. "It takes no hold of me now," he said, ponderingly —"the money doesn't. I wonder if it ever could again—I doubt it might, if I lost you, Eppie. I might come to think I was forsaken again, and lose the feeling that God was good to me."

At that moment there was a knocking at the door; and Eppie was obliged to rise without answering Silas. Beautiful she looked, with the tenderness of gathering tears in her eyes and a slight flush on her cheeks, as she stepped to open the door. The flush deepened when she saw Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Cass. She made her little rustic curtsy, and held the door wide for them to enter.

"We're disturbing you very late, my dear," said Mrs. Cass, taking Eppie's hand, and looking in her face with an expression of anxious interest and admiration. Nancy herself was pale and tremulous.

Eppie, after placing chairs for Mr. and Mrs. Cass, went to stand against Silas, opposite to them.

"Well, Marner," said Godfrey, trying to speak with perfect firmness, "it's a great comfort to me to see you with your money again, that you've been deprived of so many years. It was one of my family did you the wrong—the more grief to me—and I feel bound to make up to you for it in every way. Whatever I can do for you will be nothing but paying a debt, even if I looked no further than the robbery. But there are other things I'm beholden—shall be beholden to you for, Marner."

Godfrey checked himself. It had been agreed between him and his wife that the subject of his fatherhood should be approached very carefully and that, if possible, the disclosure should be reserved for the future, so that it might be made to Eppie gradually. Nancy had urged this,

1. **beauty born**, etc., from Wordsworth's poem "Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower."

because she felt strongly the painful light in which Eppie must inevitably see the relation between her father and mother.

Silas, always ill at ease when he was being spoken to by "betters," such as Mr. Cass—tall, powerful, florid men, seen chiefly on horseback—answered with some constraint,

"Sir, I've a deal to thank you for a'ready. As for the robbery, I count it no loss to me. And if I did, you couldn't help it; you aren't answerable for it."

"You may look at it in that way, Marner, but I never can; and I hope you'll let me act according to my own feeling of what's just. I know you're easily contented; you've been a hard-working man all your life."

"Yes, sir, yes," said Marner, meditatively. "I should ha' been bad off without my work; it was what I held by when everything else was gone from me."

"Ah," said Godfrey, applying Marner's words simply to his bodily wants, "it was a good trade for you in this country, because there's been a great deal of linen-weaving to be done. But you're getting rather past such close work, Marner; it's time you laid by and had some rest. You look a good deal pulled down, though you're not an old man, *are* you?"

"Fifty-five, as near as I can say, sir," said Silas.

"Oh, why, you may live thirty years longer—look at old Macey! And that money on the table, after all, is but little. It won't go far either way—whether it's put out at interest, or you were to live on it as long as it would last; it wouldn't go far if you'd nobody to keep but yourself, and you've had two to keep for a good many years now."

"Eh, sir," said Silas, unaffected by anything Godfrey was saying, "I'm in no fear o' want. We shall do very well—Eppie and me 'ull do well enough. There's few working-folks have got so much laid by as that. I don't know what it is to gentlefolks, but I look upon it as a deal—almost too much. And as for us, it's little we want."

"Only the garden, father," said Eppie blushing up to the ears the moment after.

"You love a garden, do you, my dear?" said Nancy, thinking that this turn in the point of view might help her husband. "We should agree in that; I give a deal of time to the garden."

"Ah, there's plenty of gardening at the Red House," said Godfrey, surprised at the difficulty he found in approaching a proposition which had seemed so easy to him in the distance. "You've done a good part by Eppie, Marner, for sixteen years. It 'ud be a great comfort to you to see her well provided for, wouldn't it? She looks blooming and healthy, but not fit for any hardships; she doesn't look like a strapping girl come of working parents. You'd like to see her taken care of by those who can leave her well off, and make a lady of her; she's more fit for it than for a rough life, such as she might come to have in a few years' time."

A slight flush came over Marner's face and disappeared, like a passing gleam. Eppie was simply wondering Mr. Cass should talk so about things that seemed to have nothing to do with reality, but Silas was hurt and uneasy.

"I don't take your meaning, sir," he answered, not having words at command to express the mingled feelings with which he had heard Mr. Cass's words.

"Well, my meaning is this, Marner," said Godfrey, determined to come to

the point. "Mrs. Cass and I, you know, have no children—nobody to be the better for our good home and everything else we have—more than enough for ourselves. And we should like to have somebody in the place of a daughter to us—we should like to have Eppie, and treat her in every way as our own child. It 'ud be a great comfort to you in your old age, I hope, to see her fortune made in that way, after you've been at the trouble of bringing her up so well. And it's right you should have every reward for that. And Eppie, I'm sure, will always love you and be grateful to you; she'd come and see you very often, and we should all be on the lookout to do everything we could toward making you comfortable."

A plain man like Godfrey Cass, speaking under some embarrassment, necessarily blunders on words that are coarser than his intentions, and that are likely to fall gratingly on susceptible feelings. While he had been speaking, Eppie had quietly passed her arm behind Silas's head, and let her hand rest against it caressingly; she felt him trembling violently. He was silent for some moments when Mr. Cass had ended—powerless under the conflict of emotions, all alike painful. Eppie's heart was swelling at the sense that her father was in distress; and she was just going to lean down and speak to him, when one struggling dread at last gained the mastery over every other in Silas, and he said, faintly,

"Eppie, my child, speak. I won't stand in your way. Thank Mr. and Mrs. Cass."

Eppie took her hand from her father's head, and came forward a step. Her cheeks were flushed, but not with shyness this time; the sense that her father was in doubt and suffering banished that sort of self-consciousness. She dropped a low curtsy first to Mrs. Cass and then to Mr. Cass, and said,

"Thank you, ma'am—thank you, sir. But I can't leave my father, nor own anybody nearer than him. And I don't want to be a lady—thank you all the same" (here Eppie dropped another curtsy). "I couldn't give up the folks I've been used to."

Eppie's lip began to tremble a little at the last words. She retreated to her father's chair again, and held him round the neck; while Silas, with a subdued sob, put up his hand to grasp hers.

The tears were in Nancy's eyes, but her sympathy with Eppie was, naturally, divided with distress on her husband's account. She dared not speak, wondering what was going on in her husband's mind.

Godfrey felt an irritation inevitable to almost all of us when we encounter an unexpected obstacle. He had been full of his own penitence and resolution to retrieve his error as far as the time was left to him; he was possessed with all-important feelings that were to lead to a predetermined course of action which he had fixed on as the right, and he was not prepared to enter with lively appreciation into other people's feelings counteracting his virtuous resolves. The agitation with which he spoke again was not quite unmixed with anger.

"But I've a claim on you, Eppie—the strongest of all claims. It's my duty, Marner, to own Eppie as my child, and provide for her. She's my own child; her mother was my wife. I've a natural claim on her that must stand before every other."

Eppie had given a violent start, and turned quite pale. Silas, on the contrary, who had been relieved by Eppie's answer, from the dread lest his mind should be in opposition to

hers, felt the spirit of resistance in him set free, not without a touch of parental fierceness. "Then, sir," he answered, with an accent of bitterness that had been silent in him since the memorable day when his youthful hope had perished—"then, sir, why didn't you say so sixteen year ago, and claim her before I'd come to love her, i'stead o' coming to take her from me now, when you might as well take the heart out o' my body? God gave her to me because you turned your back upon her, and He looks upon her as mine; you've no right to her! When a man turns a blessing from his door, it falls to them as take it in."

"I know that, Marner. I was wrong. I've repented of my conduct in that matter," said Godfrey, who could not help feeling the edge of Silas's words.

"I'm glad to hear it, sir," said Marner, with gathering excitement; "but repentance doesn't alter what's been going on for sixteen year. Your coming now and saying 'I'm her father' doesn't alter the feelings inside us. It's me she's been calling her father ever since she could say the word."

"But I think you might look at the thing more reasonably, Marner," said Godfrey, unexpectedly awed by the weaver's direct truth-speaking. "It isn't as if she was to be taken quite away from you, so that you'd never see her again. She'll be very near you, and come to see you very often. She'll feel just the same toward you."

"Just the same?" said Marner, more bitterly than ever. "How'll she feel just the same for me as she does now, when we eat o' the same bit, and drink o' the same cup, and think o' the same things from one day's end to another? Just the same? That's idle talk. You'd cut us i' two."

Godfrey, unqualified by experience to discern the pregnancy of Marner's simple words, felt rather angry again. It seemed to him that the weaver was very selfish (a judgment readily passed by those who have never tested their own power of sacrifice) to oppose what was undoubtedly for Eppie's welfare; and he felt himself called upon, for her sake, to assert his authority.

"I should have thought, Marner," he said severely—"I should have thought your affection for Eppie would make you rejoice in what was for her good, even if it did call upon you to give up something. You ought to remember your own life's uncertain, and she's at an age now when her lot may soon be fixed in a way very different from what it would be in her father's home: she may marry some low workingman, and then, whatever I might do for her, I couldn't make her well off. You're putting yourself in the way of her welfare; and though I'm sorry to hurt you after what you've done, and what I've left undone, I feel now it's my duty to insist on taking care of my own daughter. I want to do my duty."

It would be difficult to say whether it were Silas or Eppie that was more deeply stirred by this last speech of Godfrey's. Thought had been very busy in Eppie as she listened to the contest between her old, long-loved father and this new, unfamiliar father who had suddenly come to fill the place of that black, featureless shadow which had held the ring and placed it on her mother's finger. Her imagination had darted backward in conjectures, and forward in previsions, of what this revealed fatherhood implied; and there were words in Godfrey's last speech which helped to make the previsions especially definite. Not that these thoughts, either of past

or future, determined her resolution—*that* was determined by the feelings which vibrated to every word Silas had uttered; but they raised, even apart from these feelings, a repulsion toward the offered lot, and the newly-revealed father.

Silas, on the other hand, was again stricken in conscience, and alarmed lest Godfrey's accusation should be true—lest he should be raising his own will as an obstacle to Eppie's good. For many moments he was mute, struggling for the self-conquest necessary to the uttering of the difficult words. They came out tremulously. "I'll say no more. Let it be as you will. Speak to the child. I'll hinder nothing."

Even Nancy, with all the acute sensibility of her own affections, shared her husband's view, that Marner was not justifiable in his wish to retain Eppie, after her real father had avowed himself. She felt that it was a very hard trial for the poor weaver, but her code allowed no question that a father by blood must have a claim above that of any foster-father. Besides, Nancy, used all her life to plenteous circumstances and the privileges of "respectability," could not enter into the pleasures which early nurture and habit connect with all the little aims and efforts of the poor who are born poor; to her mind, Eppie, in being restored to her birthright, was entering on a too long withheld but unquestionable good. Hence she heard Silas's last words with relief, and thought, as Godfrey did, that their wish was achieved.

"Eppie, my dear," said Godfrey, looking at his daughter, not without some embarrassment, under the sense that she was old enough to judge him, "it'll always be our wish that you should show your love and gratitude to one who's been a father to you so many years, and we shall want to help you to make him comfortable in every way. But we hope you'll come to love us as well; and though I haven't been what a father should ha' been to you all these years, I wish to do the utmost in my power for you for the rest of my life, and provide for you as my only child. And you'll have the best of mothers in my wife—that'll be a blessing you haven't known since you were old enough to know it."

"My dear, you'll be a treasure to me," said Nancy, in her gentle voice. "We shall want for nothing when we have our daughter."

Eppie did not come forward and curtsy, as she had done before. She held Silas's hand in hers, and grasped it firmly—it was a weaver's hand, with a palm and finger-tips that were sensitive to such pressure—while she spoke with colder decision than before.

"Thank you, ma'am—thank you, sir, for your offers—they're very great, and far above my wish. For I should have no delight i' life any more if I was forced to go away from my father, and knew he was sitting at home, a-thinking of me and feeling lone. We've been used to be happy together every day, and I can't think o' no happiness without him. And he says he'd nobody i' the world till I was sent to him, and he'd have nothing when I was gone. And he's took care of me and loved me from the first, and I'll cleave to him as long as he lives, and nobody shall ever come between him and me."

"But you must make sure, Eppie," said Silas, in a low voice—"you must make sure as you won't ever be sorry, because you've made your choice to stay among poor folks, and with poor clothes and things, when you might ha' had everything o' the best."

His sensitiveness on this point had increased as he listened to Eppie's words of faithful affection.

EPPIE MAKES HER CHOICE

"I can never be sorry, father," said Eppie. "I shouldn't know what to think on or to wish for with fine things about me, as I haven't been used to. And it 'ud be poor work for me to put on things, and ride in a gig, and sit in a place at church, as 'ud make them as I'm fond of think me unfitting company for 'em. What could *I* care for then?"

Nancy looked at Godfrey with a pained, questioning glance. But his eyes were fixed on the floor, where he was moving the end of his stick, as if he were pondering on something absently. She thought there was a word which might perhaps come better from her lips than from his.

"What you say is natural, my dear child—it's natural you should cling to those who've brought you up," she said, mildly; "but there's a duty you owe to your lawful father. There's perhaps something to be given up on more sides than one. When your father opens his home to you, I think it's right you shouldn't turn your back on it."

"I can't feel as I've got any father but one," said Eppie, impetuously, while the tears gathered. "I've always thought of a little home where he'd sit i' the corner, and I should fend and do everything for him; I can't think o' no other home. I wasn't brought up to be a lady, and I can't turn my mind to it. I like the working-folks, and their victuals, and their ways. And," she ended passionately, while the tears fell, "I'm promised to marry a workingman, as 'll live with father, and help me to take care of him."

Godfrey looked up at Nancy with a flushed face and smarting, dilated eyes. This frustration of a purpose toward which he had set out under the exalted consciousness that he was about to compensate in some degree for the greatest demerit of his life, made him feel the air of the room stifling.

"Let us go," he said, in an undertone.

"We won't talk of this any longer now," said Nancy, rising. "We're your well-wishers, my dear—and yours too, Marner. We shall come and see you again. It's getting late now."

In this way she covered her husband's abrupt departure, for Godfrey had gone straight to the door, unable to say more.

CHAPTER XX

Nancy and Godfrey walked home under the starlight in silence. When they entered the oaken parlor, Godfrey threw himself into his chair, while Nancy laid down her bonnet and shawl, and stood on the hearth near her husband, unwilling to leave him even for a few minutes, and yet fearing to utter any word lest it might jar on his feelings. At last Godfrey turned his head toward her, and their eyes met, dwelling in that meeting without any movement on either side. That quiet mutual gaze of a trusting husband and wife is like the first moment of rest or refuge from a great weariness or a great danger—not to be interfered with by speech or action which would distract the sensations from the fresh enjoyment of repose.

But presently he put out his hand, and as Nancy placed hers within it, he drew her toward him, and said—"that's ended!"

She bent to kiss him, and then said, as she stood by his side, "Yes, I'm afraid we must give up the hope of having her for a daughter. It wouldn't be right to want to force her to come to us against her will. We can't alter her bringing up and what's come of it."

"No," said Godfrey, with a keen decisiveness of tone, in contrast with his usually careless and unemphatic speech —"there's debts we can't pay like money debts, by paying extra for the years that have slipped by. While I've been putting off and putting off, the trees have been growing—it's too late now. Marner was in the right in what he said about a man's turning away a blessing from his door; it falls to somebody else. I wanted to pass for childless once, Nancy—I shall pass for childless now against my wish."

Nancy did not speak immediately, but after a little while she asked—"You won't make it known, then, about Eppie's being your daughter?"

"No; where would be the good to anybody?—only harm. I must do what I can for her in the state of life she chooses. I must see who it is she's thinking of marrying."

"If it won't do any good to make the thing known," said Nancy, who thought she might now allow herself the relief of entertaining a feeling which she had tried to silence before, "I should be very thankful for father and Priscilla never to be troubled with knowing what was done in the past, more than about Dunsey; it can't be helped, their knowing that."

"I shall put it in my will—I think I shall put it in my will. I shouldn't like to leave anything to be found out, like this about Dunsey," said Godfrey meditatively. "But I can't see anything but difficulties that 'ud come from telling it now. I must do what I can to make her happy in her own way. I've a notion," he added, after a moment's pause, "it's Aaron Winthrop she meant she was engaged to. I remember seeing him with her and Marner going away from church."

"Well, he's very sober and industrious," said Nancy, trying to view the matter as cheerfully as possible.

Godfrey fell into thoughtfulness again. Presently he looked up at Nancy sorrowfully, and said,

"She's a very pretty, nice girl, isn't she, Nancy?"

"Yes, dear; and with just your hair and eyes; I wondered it had never struck me before."

"I think she took a dislike to me at the thought of my being her father; I could see a change in her manner after that."

"She couldn't bear to think of not looking on Marner as her father," said Nancy, not wishing to confirm her husband's painful impression.

"She thinks I did wrong by her mother as well as by her. She thinks me worse than I am. But she *must* think it; she can never know all. It's part of my punishment, Nancy, for my daughter to dislike me. I should never have got into that trouble if I'd been true to you—if I hadn't been a fool. I'd no right to expect anything but evil could come of that marriage —and when I shirked doing a father's part, too."

Nancy was silent; her spirit of rectitude would not let her try to soften the edge of what she felt to be a just compunction.

He spoke again after a little while, but the tone was rather changed; there was tenderness mingled with the previous self-reproach.

"And I got *you*, Nancy, in spite of all; and yet I've been grumbling and uneasy because I hadn't something else—as if I deserved it."

"You've never been wanting to me, Godfrey," said Nancy, with quiet sincerity. "My only trouble would be gone if you resigned yourself to the lot that's been given us."

"Well, perhaps it isn't too late to mend a bit there. Though it *is* too late to mend some things, say what they will."

CHAPTER XXI

The next morning, when Silas and Eppie were seated at their breakfast, he said to her,

"Eppie, there's a thing I've had on my mind to do this two year, and now the money's been brought back to us, we can do it. I've been turning it over and over in the night, and I think we'll set out tomorrow, while the fine days last. We'll leave the house and everything for your godmother to take care on, and we'll make a little bundle o' things and set out."

"Where to go, daddy?" said Eppie, in much surprise.

"To my old country—to the town where I was born—up Lantern Yard. I want to see Mr. Paston, the minister; something may ha' come out to make 'em know I was innicent o' the robbery. And Mr. Paston was a man with a deal o' light—I want to speak to him about the drawing o' the lots. And I should like to talk to him about the religion o' this countryside, for I partly think he doesn't know on it."

Eppie was very joyful, for there was the prospect not only of wonder and delight at seeing a strange country, but also of coming back to tell Aaron all about it. Aaron was so much wiser than she was about most things—it would be rather pleasant to have this little advantage over him. Mrs. Winthrop, though possessed with a dim fear of dangers attendant on so long a journey, and requiring many assurances that it would not take them out of the region of carriers' carts and slow wagons, was nevertheless well pleased that Silas should revisit his own country, and find out if he had been cleared from that false accusation.

"You'd be easier in your mind for the rest o' your life, Master Marner," said Dolly—"that you would. And if there's any light to be got up the Yard as you talk on, we've need of it i' this world, and I'd be glad on it myself, if you could bring it back."

So on the fourth day from that time, Silas and Eppie, in their Sunday clothes, with a small bundle tied in a blue linen handkerchief, were making their way through the streets of a great manufacturing town. Silas, bewildered by the changes thirty years had brought over his native place, had stopped several persons in succession to ask them the name of this town, that he might be sure he was not under a mistake about it.

"Ask for Lantern Yard, father—ask this gentleman with the tassels on his shoulders a-standing at the shop door; he isn't in a hurry like the rest," said Eppie, in some distress at her father's bewilderment, and ill at ease, besides, amidst the noise, the movement, and the multitude of strange, indifferent faces.

"Eh, my child, he won't know anything about it," said Silas; "gentlefolks didn't ever go up the Yard. But happen somebody can tell me which is the way to Prison Street, where the jail is. I know the way out o' that as if I'd seen it yesterday."

With some difficulty, after many turnings and new inquiries, they reached Prison Street; and the grim walls of the jail, the first object that answered to any image in Silas's memory, cheered him with the certitude which no assurance of the town's name had hitherto given him, that he was in his native place.

"Ah," he said, drawing a long breath, "there's the jail, Eppie; that's just the same; I aren't afraid now. It's the third turning on the left hand from the jail doors—that's the way we must go."

"Oh, what a dark, ugly place!" said

39. **carriers' carts**, etc., before the time of railroads, carriers delivered packages and took passengers, in country districts.

Eppie. "How it hides the sky! It's worse than the Workhouse. I'm glad you don't live in this town now, father. Is Lantern Yard like this street?"

"My precious child," said Silas, smiling, "it isn't a big street like this. I never was easy i' this street myself, but I was fond o' Lantern Yard. The shops here are all altered, I think—I can't make 'em out; but I shall know the turning, because it's the third."

"Here it is," he said, in a tone of satisfaction, as they came to a narrow alley. "And then we must go to the left again, and then straight for'ard for a bit, up Shoe Lane, and then we shall be at the entry next to the o'erhanging window, where there's the nick in the road for the water to run. Eh, I can see it all."

"O father, I'm like as if I was stifled," said Eppie. "I couldn't ha' thought as any folks lived i' this way, so close together. How pretty the Stone-pits 'ull look when we get back!"

"It looks comical to *me*, child, now —and smells bad. I can't think as it usened to smell so."

Here and there a sallow, begrimed face looked out from a gloomy doorway at the strangers, and increased Eppie's uneasiness, so that it was a longed-for relief when they issued from the alleys into Shoe Lane, where there was a broader strip of sky.

"Dear heart!" said Silas, "why, there's people coming out o' the Yard as if they'd been to chapel at this time o' day—a weekday noon!"

Suddenly he started and stood still, with a look of distressed amazement that alarmed Eppie. They were before an opening in front of a large factory, from which men and women were streaming for their midday meal.

"Father," said Eppie, clasping his arm, "what's the matter?"

But she had to speak again and again before Silas could answer her.

"It's gone, child," he said, at last, in strong agitation—"Lantern Yard's gone. It must ha' been here, because here's the house with the o'erhanging window—I know that—it's just the same; but they've made this new opening; and see that big factory! It's all gone—chapel and all."

"Come into that little brush-shop and sit down, father—they'll let you sit down," said Eppie, always on the watch lest one of her father's strange attacks should come on. "Perhaps the people can tell you all about it."

But neither from the brush-maker, who had come to Shoe Lane only ten years ago, when the factory was already built, nor from any other source within his reach, could Silas learn anything of the old Lantern Yard friends, or of Mr. Paston, the minister.

"The old place is all swep' away," Silas said to Dolly Winthrop on the night of his return—"the little graveyard and everything. The old home's gone; I've no home but this now. I shall never know whether they got at the truth o' the robbery, nor whether Mr. Paston could ha' given me any light about the drawing o' the lots. It's dark to me, Mrs. Winthrop, that is; I doubt it'll be dark to the last."

"Well, yes, Master Marner," said Dolly, who sat with a placid, listening face, now bordered by gray hairs; "I doubt it may. It's the will o' Them above as a many things should be dark to us; but there's some things as I've never felt i' the dark about, and they're mostly what comes i' the day's work. You were hard done by that once, Master Marner, and it seems as you'll never know the rights of it; but that doesn't hinder there *being* a rights, Master Marner, for all it's dark to you and me."

"No," said Silas, "no; that doesn't hinder. Since the time the child was

sent to me and I've come to love her as myself, I've had light enough to trusten by; and now she says she'll never leave me, I think I shall trusten till I die."

CONCLUSION

There was one time of the year which was held in Raveloe to be especially suitable for a wedding. It was when the great lilacs and laburnums in the old-fashioned gardens showed their golden and purple wealth above the lichen-tinted walls, and when there were calves still young enough to want bucketfulls of fragrant milk. People were not so busy then as they must become when the full cheese-making and the mowing had set in; and besides, it was a time when a light bridal dress could be worn with comfort and seen to advantage.

Happily the sunshine fell more warmly than usual on the lilac tufts the morning that Eppie was married, for her dress was a very light one. She had often thought, though with a feeling of renunciation, that the perfection of a wedding-dress would be a white cotton, with the tiniest pink sprig at wide intervals; so that when Mrs. Godfrey Cass begged to provide one, and asked Eppie to choose what it should be, previous meditation had enabled her to give a decided answer at once.

Seen at a little distance as she walked across the churchyard and down the village, she seemed to be attired in pure white, and her hair looked like the dash of gold on a lily. One hand was on her husband's arm, and with the other she clasped the hand of her father, Silas.

"You won't be giving me away, father," she had said before they went to church; "you'll only be taking Aaron to be a son to you."

Dolly Winthrop walked behind with her husband; and there ended the little bridal procession.

There were many eyes to look at it, and Miss Priscilla Lammeter was glad that she and her father had happened to drive up to the door of the Red House just in time to see this pretty sight. They had come to keep Nancy company today, because Mr. Cass had had to go away to Lytherley, for special reasons. That seemed to be a pity, for otherwise he might have gone, as Mr. Crackenthorp and Mr. Osgood certainly would, to look on at the wedding-feast which he had ordered at the Rainbow, naturally feeling a great interest in the weaver who had been wronged by one of his own family.

"I could ha' wished Nancy had had the luck to find a child like that and bring her up," said Priscilla to her father, as they sat in the gig; "I should ha' had something young to think of then, besides the lambs and the calves."

"Yes, my dear, yes," said Mr. Lammeter; "one feels that as one gets older. Things look dim to old folks; they'd need have some young eyes about 'em, to let 'em know the world's the same as it used to be."

Nancy came out now to welcome her father and sister; and the wedding group had passed on beyond the Red House to the humbler part of the village.

Dolly Winthrop was the first to divine that old Mr. Macey, who had been set in his armchair outside his own door, would expect some special notice as they passed, since he was too old to be at the wedding-feast.

"Mr. Macey's looking for a word from us," said Dolly; "he'll be hurt if we pass him and say nothing—and him so racked with rheumatiz."

So they turned aside to shake hands

with the old man. He had looked forward to the occasion, and had his premeditated speech.

"Well, Master Marner," he said, in a voice that quavered a good deal, "I've lived to see my words come true. I was the first to say there was no harm in you, though your looks might be again' you; and I was the first to say you'd get your money back. And it's nothing but rightful as you should. And I'd ha' said the 'Amens,' and willing, at the holy matrimony; but Tookey's done it a good while now, and I hope you'll have none the worse luck."

In the open yard before the Rainbow the party of guests were already assembled, though it was still nearly an hour before the appointed feast-time. But by this means they could not only enjoy the slow advent of their pleasure; they had also ample leisure to talk of Silas Marner's strange history, and arrive by due degrees at the conclusion that he had brought a blessing on himself by acting like a father to a lone, motherless child. Even the farrier did not negative this sentiment; on the contrary, he took it up as peculiarly his own and invited any hardy person present to contradict him. But he met with no contradiction; and all differences among the company were merged in a general agreement with Mr. Snell's sentiment, that when a man had deserved his good luck, it was the part of his neighbors to wish him joy.

As the bridal group approached, a hearty cheer was raised in the Rainbow yard; and Ben Winthrop, whose jokes had retained their acceptable flavor, found it agreeable to turn in there and receive congratulations; not requiring the proposed interval of quiet at the Stone-pits before joining the company.

Eppie had a larger garden than she had ever expected there, now; and in other ways there had been alterations at the expense of Mr. Cass, the landlord, to suit Silas's larger family. For he and Eppie had declared that they would rather stay at the Stone-pits than go to any new home. The garden was fenced with stones on two sides, but in front there was an open fence, through which the flowers shone with answering gladness, as the four united people came within sight of them.

"O father," said Eppie, "what a pretty home ours is! I think nobody could be happier than we are."

THE END

the end

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Chapter I

1. How does this chapter illustrate the great harm superstition may do?

2. What is the time of this story? On what do you base your answer? How much general introduction is there? How much detailed introduction? Does the story begin in Chapter I? The exposition of a story or play consists of all the explanation needed to understand what follows. How much of Chapter I is exposition? What things needed does it convey to the reader?

3. Try to bring out the principal differences between Lantern Yard and Raveloe. What was one of the beliefs of the "brethren" of Lantern Yard? Did Silas have any fixed plan or purpose in life? What were his two closest personal ties? How was the breaking up of one connected with the breaking of the other? What is your idea of the "drawing of lots"?

4. What contrasts do you note in the characters of Silas and William? Is William, as a type, true to life? What famous friendship between two men is referred to in the chapter? Do you know of any other, from your reading?

5. What final proof did Silas have of William's treachery? Analyze Silas's reasons for leaving Lantern Yard.

6. How long had Silas lived in Raveloe when the story opens? Why is it necessary to know this? From the viewpoint of the

people of Raveloe, what peculiarities did Silas have? What effect did they have on the villagers? What do you think of Mr. Macey's explanation of the fit?

7. Before you read further, review the chapter to fix in mind all that you have learned about the weaver. What do you know of his physical appearance? Does the author dwell on any detail in this? Why? Read lines 58-62, page 154, and determine the significance of "a history and a metamorphosis" and of "fervid," as applied to Marner.

Chapter II

1. How did Silas become a miser? Was it a natural process? Why is "insect-like existence" so good a description of the life of Silas? Whose comments on the cure of Sally Oates does the author give? Why does she tell the story of the breaking of the earthenware pot?

2. Is there a conclusion or summing-up of the first two chapters? What does that indicate about what is to follow?

3. What does realism of character mean? Does this book so far present this quality? What three details make Silas seem most real to you? Are you quite prepared to understand the story?

4. Which of the incidents in this chapter is most significant, and why? Does this chapter contain as many incidents as Chapter I? What is the chief business of the chapter?

5. What do you think the story will be about? What hints for this opinion does the author give? Does such anticipation spoil the story for you? Explain fully.

6. Using expressions from this chapter, state in one sentence the theme of the whole story.

Chapter III

1. To what class of society are you introduced in this chapter? Describe the state of affairs between Godfrey and Miss Nancy. From whose point of view does the novelist present this? Why is this a good device in narration? Why did the spaniel retreat under the chair when Dunstan entered the room?

2. What situation is Godfrey facing? What hold had Dunstan over Godfrey? Why did Dunstan pick up a whip from the table? What plan is decided upon to get out of the scrape? Why did Godfrey entrust the plan to Dunstan when he should have carried it out himself? Tell all you know of Molly; of Nancy; of Bryce; of Keating. Which brother was the weaker? Explain. How had Godfrey drifted into his present situation? What did he fear most? What would a stronger character have done?

3. Is the material of this chapter interesting? What do you want to know? Does it complete anything or merely start something? What? Which do you wish to hear about—Godfrey at the Rainbow or Dunsey at the hunt? What about Silas during all this time?

4. Are the descriptions here good? Can you explain their merits? Examine some paragraph for details, expressions, phrases, words.

5. How does this chapter show that you are to read two stories, or plots, instead of one? Which will be the main plot?

Chapter IV

1. In what manner are the two plots brought near together for the first time? What error did Dunstan make which muddled the plan? Why was he not more disturbed by his accident? Why didn't he go to Batherley? Why was he so ashamed to be seen walking? List details which show his disagreeable nature.

2. What is the effect of the mist and rain on the afternoon of the hunt? What purpose does the whip serve? Explain how the two plots merge. Exactly what did Dunstan have in mind when he entered Silas's cottage? How did he happen to change his plan? Has the reader been prepared for this action of Dunstan's? Is the action perfectly clear? Do all parts fit together?

3. Where in this chapter are there hints of incidents that are to follow? Do you like such warnings, such preparation? How much has preliminary planning to do with this? Rewriting?

4. Does the chapter end at a good point? Why does it not tell of Dunsey's progress? Is any suspense aroused in your mind? What things do you desire to know?

Chapter V

1. Explain what had taken Silas from home. Why had he not locked his door? Why did the author make Silas move about the room after he returned? Is this a hint in anticipation? Of what, do you suppose? What was Marner's custom every evening after dinner? Why did he vary it this evening? Is the discovery of the loss told naturally and convincingly?

2. How now does the increasing rain help the plot? What was Marner's belief about his loss? On what did he base his conclusions?

Chapter VI

1. Does this chapter continue from the end of Chapter V or go back? Then are stories told exactly in the order in which events occur, or does the author arrange them?

2. What was the butcher like? What is the chief charm of the humor of the guests' conversation? Let members of the class represent these characters and read (or memorize

and deliver) the speeches of Chapters VI and VII. How much of this has any bearing on the plot? Why did the author insert it? Is it worth reading? Does it advance the story? Reveal character? Whose? Or interest a reader merely for its own sake?

3. What part does the landlord play? How does he draw Mr. Macey into the discussion? Do elderly people generally share Macey's views? What was Macey's opinion of himself? Does he show that "pernouncing" has come up since his time? Explain Cliff's Holiday. Into what does the conversation turn? Is the landlord's explanation of ghosts reasonable?

4. Does this chapter carry on the story?

Chapter VII

1. For what purpose did the author end Chapter VI with a discussion about ghosts? Who thought Silas a ghost? Was Jem Rodney's defense a good one? What part was the devil supposed by some to have had in the theft? Whose remarks are the keenest and most sensible? How was Silas convinced of Jem's innocence? Why does he apologize to Jem? How are your sympathies for Silas aroused?

2. How and where does this chapter pass from humor to pathos? Are these two sentiments far apart in a person's nature, or rather close together? Can you explain or illustrate?

3. Which incidents of Chapters VI and VII are plot incidents? Which character incidents? Which advance the story? Do you lose interest when the story stands still?

Chapter VIII

1. What view of the robbery still connected Silas with the devil? Was the suspicion of Mr. Snell natural? Why? How much of this chapter is really presented from the viewpoint of the villagers? Why did the author choose this method? What provisions does the author make to keep suspicion from Dunstan?

2. Did Godfrey go to Tarley to speak about the robbery? Why did he go? Why did no news of the accident reach Godfrey earlier? Could such an incident be used in a modern story?

3. Describe how both plots are becoming more and more complicated. Analyze Godfrey's thoughts as he rode home. What resolution did he make; why did he not keep it? What is likely to happen to Godfrey? To Silas? Are the threads of equal interest now? What is Godfrey's struggle? Is this good narrative material?

Chapter IX

1. What details of this conversation show that the Squire was more concerned with himself than with anyone else? Are the natures of his oldest sons accounted for here? Why does the old man want the war to continue? Can you show a similar case from recent world events? What amazes the old man? When was Godfrey most frightened? Why did the truth not come out in this interview? How did Godfrey steer away from danger? What single phrase in this conversation exactly describes Godfrey? Did Godfrey say he wanted to marry Nancy? What did he say? Was his actual truth a lie in intent? Explain.

2. What new complication has started for Godfrey? Does this help you to understand the construction of a story?

3. Does the author speak for herself in this chapter? Where?

Chapter X

1. How much time does this chapter cover? Contrast the two mental states of Silas—after the robbery, and after the drawing of lots. What was Mr. Macey's purpose in visiting Silas? Did he succeed? Why do you like Mrs. Winthrop? Why did she visit Silas?

2. Are the incidents of this chapter plot or character incidents? Does the story move or stand still? Then why is the material worth reading? Why did Silas say, "I've never been to church"? What is your idea of the difference between the church in Raveloe and that in Lantern Yard? What is Dolly's most comic mistake? Have you seen fond mothers who are recalled to your mind by Dolly's "showing off" of Aaron? Link this with "realism in fiction." How did Aaron sing?

3. How is contrast used here? Is it effective? How does the author vivify the debate in Godfrey's mind? Do persons discuss matters with themselves?

Chapter XI

1. In general how had Godfrey been acting toward Nancy? Do you think she really meant all she intended to do? Why is not all the conversation between Nancy and her aunt given? How is condensation secured? What traits of Nancy's character are revealed by the events of dressing for the evening? What traits are directly stated by the author?

2. Do you agree with the author's description of a lady? Do you like Priscilla? Why? What remark of hers did you enjoy most? How did she insult the Gunns?

3. How much of this chapter advances the plot? Why is so much time spent in delineating Nancy? Which characters help most in showing us what she is? What slight detail made

Godfrey know that Nancy really cared for him? Why would a quarrel have pleased him?

4. Does the chapter end at a good place?

Chapter XII

1. Why did Molly choose this particular evening? Did she have any just reasons for her feelings? Why had Godfrey never acknowledged her? How old was the child?

2. Give all the reasons why Molly failed to reach Raveloe. How does the child get into the cottage? What was Silas's first thought on seeing her? Why? His second thought?

Chapter XIII

1. Why did the author have the question about the child addressed to Godfrey by Nancy? Why is this called the climax of the sub-plot? Is it also the climax of the main plot, or does that come a little later? Can you find it? Exactly where does Silas make a decision, a choice, as important as Godfrey's answer to Nancy about the child? What will be the probable consequences of these two decisions?

2. At this point, do you think Godfrey will ever tell the true story of this night? On what do you base your opinion? Do you want him to confess? Why? From Godfrey's point of view, was luck with him? How did he try to soothe his conscience? Was he successful? Point out the flaws in Godfrey's reasoning about himself and his actions.

Chapter XIV

1. How does this chapter really give the kernel of the whole story? Can you state the theme in a single sentence? Is it true to human nature?

2. What change did the coming of the child bring into Silas's life? Tell of Marner's attempt to punish Eppie. How did Silas make Eppie really his child? Is she like a real youngster or merely a "story-book" character? Give reasons for your opinion.

Chapter XV

1. How did Godfrey act toward Eppie? Did he feel any regret? Is doing one's mere duty a very high rule of action, or life? What is likely to be the feeling behind acts based on a sense of duty? What five things are particularly stated about Godfrey? Which one do you think is the most important?

2. Why does Part I end here? Is the story finished? What more is there to tell? Who will be the center of the rest of the story? Do you believe any new characters should be introduced or should the story depend on those we now know? Has the material so far been unified?

Part II—Chapter XVI

1. Why does the author not tell what occurred in the period between Part I and Part II? What did she entrust to the reader? Why does Part II open at the close of church? What does this enable the author to do?

2. What does an old person mean by saying that he has his second sight? Do you know the physical or physiological explanations of this? How did Eppie know Aaron liked working for Silas? What facts important for the story are brought out in the conversation about a garden? What do the dog and the cats in Marner's cottage indicate about the life there? Note the details which show Silas's changed life. Does some of Marner's talk to Dolly recall the style, the expressions, of any great book? Try to find the resemblances. Where did Silas pick up the phrases? Is such imitation natural and usual? What was the best advice Dolly gave Silas? Is it a good rule for everybody's life?

3. Why did this story have to cover so many years? Are there still two plots?

Chapter XVII

1. What fact is brought out in the conversation between Nancy and Priscilla? Do you recall a similar conversation earlier in the story? Why does the author make Godfrey wish to have children, yet remain childless? Does it look like retribution? Was Nancy right in her reasoning about adopting a child? Carried out logically, this course in most persons' lives would result in what? Was Nancy selfish? Inexperienced? Narrow-minded? What about this showed Godfrey's selfishness and inability to understand other persons' feelings? How does the author create the impression that something is about to occur?

Chapter XVIII

1. Isn't it usual for drowned bodies to rise to the surface after several days? How is this taken into account in this accident? Notice how skillfully the author kept secret all that happened to Dunstan after he left the weaver's cottage. Reread the close of Chapter IV. When Godfrey says "It's been 'I will' and 'I won't' with me all my life," what short description of him do you recall? Are there other points in the story where Godfrey makes resolutions? What is the bitterest thing in all the years of Godfrey's married life?

2. Show that determination to act promptly has at last come to Godfrey. Had you suspected Dunstan's end? Was it deserved? What did you as reader know which Godfrey never suspected? Would you prefer that the

author had not described the robbery early in the book, but only here in the clearing-up? Is any portion of the plot really concluded here, or do you anticipate something further? Explain.

Chapter XIX

1. Notice again the order in which the characters affected by the same disclosure are presented. Which come first—the more important? How many details in this chapter repeat or recall earlier ones?

2. Was Godfrey right in wanting to carry out his resolution that very evening? Why was it nevertheless an unfortunate time?

3. Cite the small actions which mean so much in the visit of Godfrey and Nancy. Just at what point did Eppie cease feeling like an inferior? What indicates this? Is Silas right in letting Eppie decide? What helped a great deal in her decision?

4. What mistake did Godfrey make about people like Silas and Eppie? What threefold reason did Eppie give in refusing Godfrey's offer? Which part of Eppie's answer convinces Godfrey that his cause is hopeless? Why? How has the author provided against the possibility that Godfrey would make a legal claim?

Chapter XX

1. Has Godfrey learned his lesson? Has he become any better because of his disappointment? Why does Nancy not want her father and Priscilla to know the story?

Chapter XXI

1. Why did Silas want to visit Lantern Yard? Was his reason a good one? What did he learn? Does Silas's description of the old Lantern Yard give a better picture than the earlier references? Does he still believe in the drawing of lots? What purpose does this visit serve? What effect has it on the characters in the story? Has Silas found happiness? What is his rule of life now? Would you feel satisfied if the story ended here?

Conclusion

1. Would such a conclusion be likely in a contemporary novel? Why? Is it necessary here? Is it interesting? Why was Godfrey away? How was his pride affected?

2. What do you think of Mr. Lammeter's philosophy in lines 77 to 80, page 268?

3. Does the author work in all the persons naturally or does her thoroughness appear slightly strained? Is Macey changed much? Is he still "'cute"?

General Questions and Topics

1. Which will you remember longest—the plot or the characters? Which incidents are most vivid in your mind now?

2. Could you make a play of this? The class might decide how many incidents are needed to convey the story, make an outline, decide on the acts, stage settings, etc., and perhaps, go so far as to complete and perform the drama. Would you include the Conclusion?

3. Explain what you enjoyed most in the story. What did you actually learn from it? Memorize a passage of half a page or more.

4. Imagine a gathering of the class at the Rainbow. Let each pupil represent a character in the story or some other villager and take part in the discussion about the peddler's tinder-box. This exercise may be a class composition, planned, distributed, and written by all the members. Or it may be merely outlined and discussed, then become an exercise in oral composition, having the speeches and actions of the various characters spring from the conditions which arise in the general meeting at the Rainbow.

5. Sixteen years intervene between Chapters XV and XVI. Imagine some situations or incidents in the lives of the characters during this time. In your imaginary scenes try to harmonize your characters with what you know of their dispositions and actions. Here are some suggestions: Eppie at school. Godfrey chats with her. Marner delivers cloth at the Red House. Dolly tells Ben of a prank of Eppie's. The Gunns discuss the Lammeter sisters. The choir divides the Christmas money. Tookey proves that Mr. Macey cut a coat too large. Eppie cooks her first meal.

6. Read again the distinction between realism and romance (page 149). Illustrate the characterization of realism there given by concrete details from *Silas Marner*. Give illustrations of romance from *Quentin Durward*.

7. In what sense does the statement that "character is fate" (page 150) find illustration in the portrayal of Godfrey Cass? Review the story to find passages that bring out this idea.

Theme Topics. 1. The process of cloth-making today as compared with that of the hand loom. 2. Describe a stone-pit familiar to you (or something similar) and work out a possible mystery. 3. Write a brief scenario of such parts as you think would give action sufficient to interest an audience.

Library Reading. Other realistic novels that may be read in connection with *Silas Marner* are *The Mill on the Floss*, George Eliot; *The Warden*, Trollope; *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, Howells; *The Woodlanders*, Hardy.

NARRATIVES FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

AN INTRODUCTION TO "TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY"

Your travels through the land of fiction have been marked by unceasing variety. Every author sees something different in life. One will be attracted by the humble people of an English village. Another will take delight in tracing a momentous struggle between French princes to determine the future of their nation. But no matter what aspect of human existence appeals to an author, there is one demand we always make in the end: "Is his report about human beings essentially true?" Even where we know that the author is not faithful to the commonplace facts, we seek truth to human nature or the forces that rule our lives.

There is one kind of story in which we can be pretty sure of the truth of what we read, and that is narrative from personal experience. Here it is easy to discern whether the author has acute powers of observation and whether he is awake to the meaning of what he sees. If his account is to entertain, it should have one other quality—it should have style. In comparing Hawthorne and Scott an attempt was made to explain style. It was defined as clothing material worth telling in language worth reading. Unless the author who records his own experiences can clothe his comments in a fresh, personal expression, we shall quickly conclude that he is a dull fellow whom we need not bother about. If, on the other hand, he can weave words together in a spontaneous, vital way that reveals his own alert or brave or humorous personality, we shall follow him as willingly as we might walk with our liveliest friend.

Of all the narratives of personal experience, perhaps the most delightful have been written by Robert Louis Stevenson. He possessed a style so supple that it reveals the delightful personality of the writer; it exhibits him as an exceptionally interesting man—one who charmed nearly everyone who knew him. The first of his outings, described as *An Inland Voyage*, was in northern France when he was twenty-six years old. It began at Antwerp in Belgium and extended almost to Paris in France. It was a very peaceful canoe trip in company with a friend with whom he had taken similar trips in various parts of Scotland. It covered barely three weeks, in September, 1876. As they traveled along rivers and canals in a long-settled country, they saw no wild life, but they had many unexpected experiences in the out-of-the-way places they visited. It is always enlightening to compare a foreign people with those at home, to note how much alike all men are, yet to discover ways in which they differ. Stevenson's account is interesting for still another reason. He had a very active mind and very original views. A chance remark in a boating club or the receipt of letters at a stopping point would set him going. His story is filled with observations that stimulate our powers and make life a more various and curious spectacle forever after.

A second trip, described in *Travels with a Donkey*, was taken in southern France in a range of mountains called the Cévennes, almost exactly two years later. It began at Le Monastier, a town in the department of Haute-Loire near the source of the Loire, and wound around southward to Alais on the Gardon in the department of Gard. It extended from September 22 to October 4, 1878, barely two weeks. This time Stevenson traveled alone, except for a donkey. He could not get into the wild parts of the Cévennes, yet the people, the places, the author's comments and reflections, make this fully as rich a record as the *Inland Voyage*. The story should show anyone how much there is in camping besides the frolic of setting up the tent and building the fire. To Stevenson his journey was a sort of exploration of unfamiliar scenes and places. To you it will be a companionship from which you will learn a good deal about life told in a very entertaining manner.

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY

Robert Louis Stevenson

My dear Sidney Colvin:

The journey which this little book is to describe was very agreeable and fortunate for me. After an uncouth beginning, I had the best of luck to the end. But we are all travelers in what John Bunyan calls the wilderness of this world—all, too, travelers with a donkey; and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend. He is a fortunate voyager who finds many. We travel, indeed, to find them. They are the end and the reward of life. They keep us worthy of ourselves; and, when we are alone, we are only nearer to the absent.

Every book is, in an intimate sense, a circular letter to the friends of him who writes it. They alone take his meaning; they find private messages, assurances of love, and expressions of gratitude dropped for them in every corner. The public is but a generous patron who defrays the postage. Yet, though the letter is directed to all, we have an old and kindly custom of addressing it on the outside to one. Of what shall a man be proud, if he is not proud of his friends? And so, my dear Sidney Colvin, it is with pride that I sign myself affectionately yours,

R. L. S.

1. **Sidney Colvin** (1845-1927), an English literary and art critic; he was a close friend of Stevenson's and the editor of his works. 6. **John Bunyan** (1628-1688), author of *Pilgrim's Progress*.

PART I

VELAY

The Donkey, the Pack, and the Packsaddle

In a little place called Le Monastier, in a pleasant highland valley fifteen miles from Le Puy, I spent about a month of fine days. Monastier is notable for the making of lace, for drunkenness, for freedom of language, and for unparalleled political dissension. There are adherents of each of the four French parties—Legitimists, Orleanists, Imperialists, and Republicans—in this little mountain-town; and they all hate, loathe, decry, and ~~calumniate~~ each other. Except for business purposes, or to give each other the lie in a tavern brawl, they have laid aside even the civility of speech. 'Tis a mere mountain Poland. In the midst of this Babylon I found myself a rallying-point; everyone was anxious to be kind and helpful to the stranger. This was not merely from the natural hospitality of mountain people, nor even from the surprise with which I was regarded as a man living of his own free will in Monastier, when he might just as well have lived anywhere else in this big world; it arose a good deal from my projected excursion southward through the Cévennes. A

9. **parties.** The Legitimists believed in a monarchy with a descendant of the elder line of Bourbons (kings of France before the French Revolution) on the throne; the Orleanists advocated a limited monarchy, and desired a ruler from a younger Bourbon line; the Imperialists wished a descendant of Napoleon to rule; the Republicans supported the Republic, which had been established a few years before Stevenson made his journey.

17. **mountain Poland,** a reference to the political dissensions of Poland. 18. **Babylon,** Babel, i.e., confusion. See *Genesis* xi, 4-9.

traveler of my sort was a thing hitherto unheard of in that district. I was looked upon with contempt, like a man who should project a journey to the moon, but yet with a respectful interest, like one setting forth for the inclement pole. All were ready to help in my preparations; a crowd of sympathizers supported me at the critical moment of a bargain; not a step was taken but was heralded by glasses round and celebrated by a dinner or a breakfast.

It was already hard upon October before I was ready to set forth, and at the high altitudes over which my road lay there was no Indian summer to be looked for. I was determined, if not to camp out, at least to have the means of camping out in my possession; for there is nothing more harassing to an easy mind than the necessity of reaching shelter by dusk, and the hospitality of a village inn is not always to be reckoned sure by those who trudge on foot. A tent, above all for a solitary traveler, is troublesome to pitch, and troublesome to strike again; and even on the march it forms a conspicuous feature in your baggage. A sleeping-sack, on the other hand, is always ready—you have only to get into it; it serves a double purpose—a bed by night, a portmanteau by day; and it does not advertise your intention of camping out to every curious passer-by. This is a huge point. If the camp is not secret, it is but a troubled resting-place; you become a public character; the convivial rustic visits your bedside after an early supper; and you must sleep with one eye open, and be up before the day. I decided on a sleeping-sack; and after repeated visits to Le Puy, and a deal of high living for myself and my advisers, a sleeping-sack was designed, constructed, and triumphally brought home.

This child of my invention was nearly six feet square, exclusive of two triangular flaps to serve as a pillow by night and as the top and bottom of the sack by day. I call it "the sack," but it was never a sack by more than courtesy; only a sort of long roll, or sausage, green waterproof cart-cloth without and blue sheep's fur within. It was commodious as a valise, warm and dry for a bed. There was luxurious turning room for one; and at a pinch the thing might serve for two. I could bury myself in it up to the neck; for my head I trusted to a fur cap, with a hood to fold down over my ears and a band to pass under my nose like a respirator; and in case of heavy rain I proposed to make myself a little tent, or tentlet, with my waterproof coat, three stones, and a bent branch.

It will readily be conceived that I could not carry this huge package on my own, merely human, shoulders. It remained to choose a beast of burden. Now a horse is a fine lady among animals, flighty, timid, delicate in eating, of tender health; he is too valuable and too restive to be left alone, so that you are chained to your brute as to a fellow galley-slave; a dangerous road puts him out of his wits; in short, he's an uncertain and exacting ally, and adds thirty-fold to the troubles of the voyager. What I required was something cheap and small and hardy, and of a stolid and peaceful temper; and all these requisites pointed to a donkey.

There dwelt an old man in Monastier, of rather unsound intellect according to some, much followed by street-boys, and known to fame as Father Adam. Father Adam had a cart, and to draw the cart a diminutive she-ass, not much bigger than a dog, the color of a mouse, with a kindly eye and a determined under-jaw. There

was something neat and high-bred, a Quakerish elegance, about the rogue that hit my fancy on the spot. Our first interview was in Monastier market-place. To prove her good temper, one child after another was set upon her back to ride, and one after another went head over heels into the air; until a want of confidence began to reign in youthful bosoms, and the experiment was discontinued from a dearth of subjects. I was already backed by a deputation of my friends; but as if this were not enough, all the buyers and sellers came round and helped me in the bargain; and the ass and I and Father Adam were the center of a hubbub for near half an hour. At length she passed into my service for the consideration of sixty-five francs and a glass of brandy. The sack had already cost eighty francs and two glasses of beer; so that Modestine, as I instantly baptized her, was upon all accounts the cheaper article. Indeed, that was as it should be; for she was only an appurtenance of my mattress, or self-acting bedstead on four casters.

I had a last interview with Father Adam in a billiard room at the witching hour of dawn, when I administered the brandy. He professed himself greatly touched by the separation, and declared he had often bought white bread for the donkey when he had been content with black bread for himself; but this, according to the best authorities, must have been a flight of fancy. He had a name in the village for brutally misusing the ass; yet it is certain that he shed a tear, and the tear made a clean mark down one cheek.

By the advice of a fallacious local saddler, a leather pad was made for me with rings to fasten on my bundle; and I thoughtfully completed my kit and arranged my toilet. By way of armory and utensils, I took a revolver, a little spirit-lamp and pan, a lantern and some halfpenny candles, a jack-knife, and a large leather flask. The main cargo consisted of two entire changes of warm clothing—besides my traveling wear of country velveteen, pilot-coat, and knitted spencer—some books, and my railway-rug, which, being also in the form of a bag, made me a double castle for cold nights. The permanent larder was represented by cakes of chocolate and tins of Bologna sausage. All this, except what I carried about my person, was easily stowed into the sheepskin bag; and by good fortune I threw in my empty knapsack, rather for convenience of carriage than from any thought that I should want it on my journey. For more immediate needs, I took a leg of cold mutton, a bottle of Beaujolais, an empty bottle to carry milk, an egg-beater, and a considerable quantity of black bread and white, like Father Adam, for myself and donkey, only in my scheme of things the destinations were reversed.

Monastrians, of all shades of thought in politics, had agreed in threatening me with many ludicrous misadventures, and with sudden death in many surprising forms. Cold, wolves, robbers, above all the nocturnal practical joker, were daily and eloquently forced on my attention. Yet in these vaticinations, the true, patent danger was left out. Like Christian, it was from my pack I suffered by the way. Before telling my own mishaps, let me, in two words, relate the lesson of my experience. If the pack is well strapped at the ends and hung at full length—not doubled, for your life—across the pack-saddle, the traveler is safe. The saddle will certainly not fit, such is the im-

20. **franc**, at normal exchange worth a little over nineteen cents.

70. **Beaujolais**, a kind of wine. 86. **Christian**, in *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

WHERE MODESTINE WAS BOUGHT

perfection of our transitory life; it will assuredly topple and tend to overset; but there are stones on every roadside, and a man soon learns the art of correcting any tendency to overbalance with a well-adjusted stone.

On the day of my departure I was up a little after five; by six, we began to load the donkey; and ten minutes after, my hopes were in the dust. The pad would not stay on Modestine's back for half a moment. I returned it to its maker, with whom I had so contumelious a passage that the street outside was crowded from wall to wall with gossips looking on and listening. The pad changed hands with much vivacity; perhaps it would be more descriptive to say that we threw it at each other's heads; and, at any rate, we were very warm and unfriendly, and spoke with a deal of freedom.

I had a common donkey packsaddle —a *barde*, as they call it—fitted upon Modestine; and once more loaded her with my effects. The doubled sack, my pilot-coat—for it was warm, and I was to walk in my waistcoat—a great bar of black bread, and an open basket containing the white bread, the mutton, and the bottles, were all corded together in a very elaborate system of knots, and I looked on the result with fatuous content. In such a monstrous deck-cargo, all poised *above* the donkey's shoulders, with nothing below to balance, on a brand-new packsaddle that had not yet been worn to fit the animal, and fastened with brand-new girths that might be expected to stretch and slacken by the way, even a very careless traveler should have seen disaster brewing. That elaborate system of knots, again, was the work of too many sympathizers to be very artfully designed. It is true they tightened the cords with a will; as many as three at a time would have a foot against Modestine's quarters, and be hauling with clenched teeth; but I learned afterwards that one thoughtful person, without any exercise of force, can make a more solid

job than half a dozen heated and enthusiastic grooms. I was then but a novice; even after the misadventure of the pad nothing could disturb my security, and I went forth from the stable-door as an ox goeth to the slaughter.

The Green Donkey-driver

The bell of Monastier was just striking nine as I got quit of these preliminary troubles and descended the hill through the common. As long as I was within sight of the windows, a secret shame and the fear of some laughable defeat withheld me from tampering with Modestine. She tripped along upon her four small hoofs with a sober daintiness of gait; from time to time she shook her ears or her tail; and she looked so small under the bundle that my mind misgave me. We got across the ford without difficulty—there was no doubt about the matter, she was docility itself—and once on the other bank, where the road begins to mount through pine-woods, I took in my right hand the unhallowed staff, and with a quaking spirit applied it to the donkey. Modestine brisked up her pace for perhaps three steps, and then relapsed into her former minuet. Another application had the same effect, and so with the third. I am worthy the name of an Englishman, and it goes against my conscience to lay my hand rudely on a female. I desisted, and looked her all over from head to foot; the poor brute's knees were trembling and her breathing was distressed; it was plain that she could go no faster on a hill. God forbid, thought I, that I should brutalize this innocent creature; let her go at her own pace, and let me patiently follow.

What that pace was, there is no word mean enough to describe; it was something as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run; it kept me hanging on each foot for an incredible length of time; in five minutes it exhausted the spirit and set up a fever in all the muscles of the leg. And yet I had to keep close at hand and measure my advance exactly upon hers; for if I dropped a few yards into the rear, or went on a few yards ahead, Modestine came instantly to a halt and began to browse. The thought that this was to last from here to Alais nearly broke my heart. Of all conceivable journeys, this promised to be the most tedious. I tried to tell myself it was a lovely day; I tried to charm my foreboding spirit with tobacco; but I had a vision ever present to me of the long, long roads, up hill and down dale, and a pair of figures ever infinitesimally moving, foot by foot, a yard to the minute, and, like things enchanted in a nightmare, approaching no nearer to the goal.

In the meantime there came up behind us a tall peasant, perhaps forty years of age, of an ironical, snuffy countenance, and arrayed in the green tail-coat of the country. He overtook us hand over hand, and stopped to consider our pitiful advance.

"Your donkey," says he, "is very old?"

I told him I believed not.

Then, he supposed, we had come far.

I told him we had but newly left Monastier.

"*Et vous marchez comme ça!*" cried he; and, throwing back his head, he laughed long and heartily. I watched him, half prepared to feel offended, until he had satisfied his mirth; and then, "You must have no pity on these animals," said he; and, plucking a switch out of a thicket, he began to

6. as an ox, etc. See *Proverbs* vii, 22.

86. Et vous, etc., And you walk like that!

lace Modestine about the stern-works, uttering a cry. The rogue pricked up her ears and broke into a good round pace, which she kept up without flagging, and without exhibiting the least symptom of distress, as long as the peasant kept beside us. Her former panting and shaking had been, I regret to say, a piece of comedy.

My *deus ex machina*, before he left me, supplied some excellent, if inhumane, advice; presented me with the switch, which he declared she would feel more tenderly than my cane; and finally taught me the true cry, or Masonic word, of donkey-drivers, "Proot!" All the time he regarded me with a comical, incredulous air, which was embarrassing to confront; and smiled over my donkey-driving, as I might have smiled over his orthography, or his green tail-coat. But it was not my turn for the moment.

I was proud of my new lore, and thought I had learned the art to perfection. And certainly Modestine did wonders for the rest of the forenoon, and I had a breathing space to look about me. It was Sabbath; the mountain-fields were all vacant in the sunshine; and as we came down through St. Martin de Frugères, the church was crowded to the door, there were people kneeling without upon the steps; and the sound of the priest's chanting came forth out of the dim interior. It gave me a home feeling on the spot; for I am a countryman of the Sabbath, so to speak, and all Sabbath observances, like a Scotch accent, strike in me mixed feelings, grateful and the reverse. It is only a traveler, hurrying by like a person from another planet, who can rightly enjoy the peace and beauty of the great ascetic feast. The sight of the resting country does his spirit good. There is something better than music in the wide, unusual silence; and it disposes him to amiable thoughts, like the sound of a little river or the warmth of sunlight.

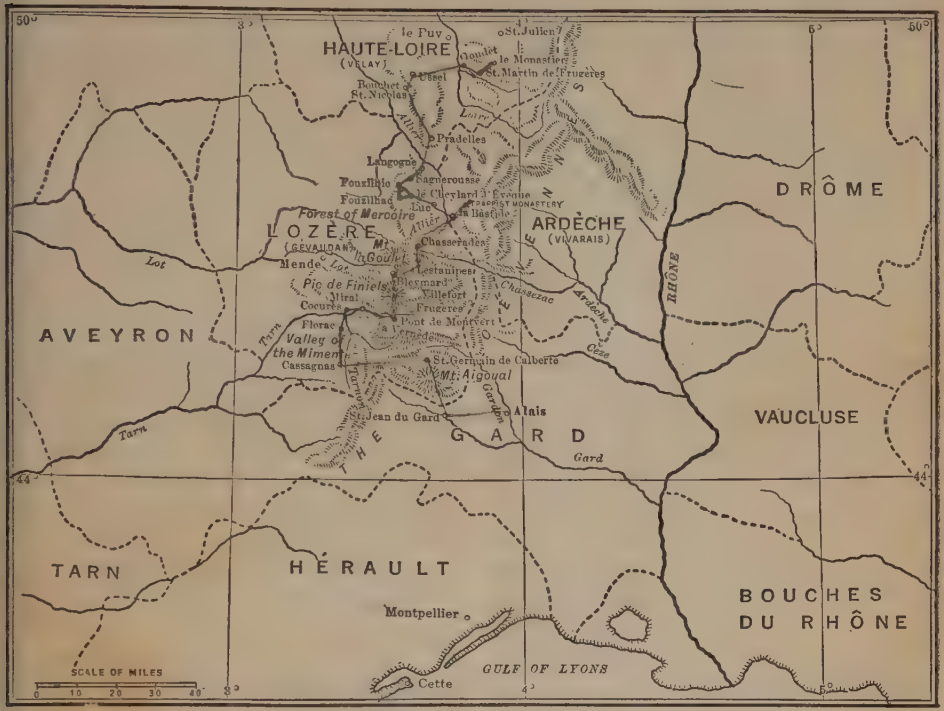
In this pleasant humor I came down the hill to where Goudet stands in a green end of a valley, with Château Beaufort opposite upon a rocky steep and the stream, as clear as crystal, lying in a deep pool between them. Above and below, you may hear it wimpling over the stones, an amiable stripling of a river, which it seems absurd to call the Loire. On all sides Goudet is shut in by mountains; rocky footpaths, practicable at best for donkeys, join it to the outer world of France; and the men and women drink and swear, in their green corner, or look up at the snow-clad peaks in winter from the threshold of their homes, in an isolation, you would think, like that of Homer's Cyclops. But it is not so; the postman reaches Goudet with the letter-bag; the aspiring youth of Goudet are within a day's walk of the railway at Le Puy; and here in the inn you may find an engraved portrait of the host's nephew, Régis Senac, "Professor of Fencing and Champion of the Two Americas," a distinction gained by him, along with the sum of five hundred dollars, at Tammany Hall, New York, on the tenth of April, 1876.

I hurried over my midday meal, and was early forth again. But, alas, as we climbed the interminable hill upon the other side, "Proot!" seemed to have lost its virtue. I prooted like a lion, I prooted mellifluously like a sucking-dove; but Modestine would be neither softened nor intimidated

10. **deus ex machina**, the god from the machine. Sometimes in Greek drama a god was suddenly dropped on the stage by machinery, in order to get the characters out of difficulties.

72. **Cyclops**, Polyphemus, the one-eyed giant who lived alone with his flocks. See the *Odyssey*, Book IX, lines 131-172 and lines 200 ff.

She held doggedly to her pace; nothing but a blow would move her, and that only for a second. I must follow at her heels, incessantly belaboring. A He and Modestine met nickering for joy, and I had to separate the pair and beat down their young romance with a renewed and feverish bastinado.



MAP SHOWING STEVENSON'S JOURNEY

moment's pause in this ignoble toil, and she relapsed into her own private gait. I think I never heard of anyone in as mean a situation. I must reach the Lake of Bouchet, where I meant to camp, before sundown, and, to have even a hope of this, I must instantly maltreat this uncomplaining animal. The sound of my own blows sickened me. Once when I looked at her, she had a faint resemblance to a lady of my acquaintance who formerly loaded me with kindness; and this increased my horror of my cruelty.

To make matters worse, we encountered another donkey, ranging at will upon the roadside; and this other donkey chanced to be a gentleman. If the other donkey had had the heart of a male under his hide, he would have fallen upon me tooth and hoof; and this was a kind of consolation— he was plainly unworthy of Modestine's affection. But the incident saddened me, as did everything that spoke of my donkey's sex.

It was blazing hot up the valley, windless, with vehement sun upon my shoulders; and I had to labor so consistently with my stick that the sweat ran into my eyes. Every five minutes, too, the pack, the basket, and the pilot-coat would take an ugly slew to one side or the other; and I had to stop Modestine, just when I had got her to a tolerable pace of about two miles an

hour, to tug, push, shoulder, and readjust the load. And at last, in the village of Ussel, saddle and all, the whole hypothec turned round and groveled in the dust below the donkey's belly. She, none better pleased, incontinently drew up and seemed to smile; and a party of one man, two women, and two children came up, and, standing round me in a half-circle, encouraged her by their example.

I had the devil's own trouble to get the thing righted; and the instant I had done so, without hesitation it toppled and fell down upon the other side. Judge if I was hot! And yet not a hand was offered to assist me. The man, indeed, told me I ought to have a package of a different shape. I suggested, if he knew nothing better to the point in my predicament, he might hold his tongue. And the good-natured dog agreed with me smilingly. It was the most despicable fix. I must plainly content myself with the pack for Modestine, and take the following items for my own share of the portage: a cane, a quart flask, a pilot-jacket heavily weighted in the pockets, two pounds of black bread, and an open basket full of meats and bottles. I believe I may say I am not devoid of greatness of soul; for I did not recoil from this infamous burden. I disposed it, Heaven knows how, so as to be mildly portable, and then proceeded to steer Modestine through the village. She tried, as was indeed her invariable habit, to enter every house and every courtyard in the whole length; and, encumbered as I was, without a hand to help myself, no words can render an idea of my difficulties. A priest, with six or seven others, was examining a church in process of repair, and he and his acolytes laughed loudly as they saw my plight. I remembered having laughed myself when I had seen good men struggling with adversity in the person of a jackass, and the recollection filled me with penitence. That was in my old light days, before this trouble came upon me. God knows at least that I shall never laugh again, thought I. But oh, what a cruel thing is a farce to those engaged in it!

A little out of the village, Modestine, filled with the demon, set her heart upon a by-road, and positively refused to leave it. I dropped all my bundles, and, I am ashamed to say, struck the poor sinner twice across the face. It was pitiful to see her lift up her head with shut eyes, as if waiting for another blow. I came very near crying; but I did a wiser thing than that, and sat squarely down by the roadside to consider my situation under the cheerful influence of tobacco and a nip of brandy. Modestine, in the meanwhile, munched some black bread with a contrite, hypocritical air. It was plain that I must make a sacrifice to the gods of shipwreck. I threw away the empty bottle destined to carry milk; I threw away my own white bread, and, disdaining to act by general average, kept the black bread for Modestine; lastly, I threw away the cold leg of mutton and the egg-whisk, although this last was dear to my heart. Thus I found room for everything in the basket, and even stowed the boating-coat on the top. By means of an end of cord I slung it under one arm; and although the cord cut my shoulder, and the jacket hung almost to the ground, it was with a heart greatly lightened that I set forth again.

I had now an arm free to thrash Modestine, and cruelly I chastised her. If I were to reach the lakeside before dark, she must bestir her little shanks to some tune. Already the sun had

4. hypothec, in Scotch law a term meaning a lien upon property; here "lot."

gone down into a windy-looking mist; and although there were still a few streaks of gold far off to the east on the hills and the black firwoods, all was cold and gray about our onward path. An infinity of little country by-roads led hither and thither among the fields. It was the most pointless labyrinth. I could see my destination overhead, or rather the peak that dominates it; but choose as I pleased, the roads always ended by turning away from it, and sneaking back toward the valley, or northward along the margin of the hills. The failing light, the waning color, the naked, unhomely, stony country through which I was traveling, threw me into some despondency. I promise you, the stick was not idle; I think every decent step that Modestine took must have cost me at least two emphatic blows. There was not another sound in the neighborhood but that of my unwearying bastinado.

Suddenly, in the midst of my toils, the load once more bit the dust, and, as by enchantment, all the cords were simultaneously loosened, and the road scattered with my dear possessions. The packing was to begin again from the beginning; and as I had to invent a new and better system, I do not doubt but I lost half an hour. It began to be dusk in earnest as I reached a wilderness of turf and stones. It had the air of being a road which should lead everywhere at the same time; and I was falling into something not unlike despair when I saw two figures stalking toward me over the stones. They walked one behind the other like tramps, but their pace was remarkable. The son led the way, a tall, ill-made, somber, Scotch-looking man; the mother followed, all in her Sunday's best, with an elegantly embroidered ribbon to her cap, and a new felt hat atop, and proffering, as she strode along with kilted petticoats, a string of obscene and blasphemous oaths.

I hailed the son and asked him my direction. He pointed loosely west and northwest, muttered an inaudible comment, and, without slacking his pace for an instant, stalked on, as he was going, right athwart my path. The mother followed without so much as raising her head. I shouted and shouted after them, but they continued to scale the hillside, and turned a deaf ear to my outcries. At last, leaving Modestine by herself, I was constrained to run after them, hailing the while. They stopped as I drew near, the mother still cursing; and I could see she was a handsome, motherly, respectable-looking woman. The son once more answered me roughly and inaudibly, and was for setting out again. But this time I simply collared the mother, who was nearest me, and, apologizing for my violence, declared that I could not let them go until they had put me on my road. They were neither of them offended—rather mollified than otherwise; told me I had only to follow them; and then the mother asked me what I wanted by the lake at such an hour. I replied, in the Scotch manner, by inquiring if she had far to go herself. She told me, with another oath, that she had an hour and a half's road before her. And then, without salutation, the pair strode forward again up the hillside in the gathering dusk. I returned for Modestine, pushed her briskly forward, and, after a sharp ascent of twenty minutes, reached the edge of a plateau. The view, looking back on my day's journey, was both wild and sad. Mount Mézenc and the peaks beyond St. Julien stood out in trenchant gloom against a cold glitter in the east; and the intervening field of hills had fallen together into one

17. **unhomely**, inhospitable looking.

broad wash of shadow, except here and there the outline of a wooded sugar-loaf in black, here and there a white, irregular patch to represent a cultivated farm, and here and there a blot where the Loire, the Gazeille, or the Lausonne wandered in a gorge.

Soon we were on a highroad, and surprise seized on my mind as I beheld a village of some magnitude close at hand; for I had been told that the neighborhood of the lake was uninhabited except by trout. The road smoked in the twilight with children driving home cattle from the fields; and a pair of mounted stride-legged women, hat and cap and all, dashed past me at a hammering trot from the canton where they had been to church and market. I asked one of the children where I was. At Bouchet St. Nicolas, he told me. Thither, about a mile south of my destination, and on the other side of a respectable summit, had these confused roads and treacherous peasantry conducted me. My shoulder was cut, so that it hurt sharply; my arm ached like toothache from perpetual beating; I gave up the lake and my design to camp, and asked for the auberge.

I Have a Goad

The auberge of Bouchet St. Nicolas was among the least pretentious I have ever visited; but I saw many more of the like upon my journey. Indeed, it was typical of these French highlands. Imagine a cottage of two stories, with a bench before the door; the stable and kitchen in a suite, so that Modestine and I could hear each other dining; furniture of the plainest, earthen floors, a single bedchamber for travelers, and that without any convenience but beds. In the kitchen cooking and eating go forward side by side, and the family sleep at night. Anyone who has a fancy to wash must do so in public at the common table. The food is sometimes spare; hard fish and omelet have been my portion more than once; the wine is of the smallest, the brandy abominable to man; and the visit of a fat sow, grouting under the table and rubbing against your legs, is no impossible accompaniment to dinner.

But the people of the inn, in nine cases out of ten, show themselves friendly and considerate. As soon as you cross the doors, you cease to be a stranger; and although this peasantry are rude and forbidding on the highway, they show a tincture of kind breeding when you share their hearth. At Bouchet, for instance, I uncorked my bottle of Beaujolais, and asked the host to join me. He would take but little.

"I am an amateur of such wine, do you see," he said, "and I am capable of leaving you not enough."

In these hedge-inns the traveler is expected to eat with his own knife; unless he ask, no other will be supplied; with a glass, a whang of bread, and an iron fork, the table is completely laid. My knife was cordially admired by the landlord of Bouchet, and the spring filled him with wonder.

"I should never have guessed that," he said. "I would bet," he added, weighing it in his hand, "that this cost you not less than five francs."

When I told him it had cost me twenty, his jaw dropped.

He was a mild, handsome, sensible, friendly old man, astonishingly ignorant. His wife, who was not so pleasant in her manners, knew how to read, although I do not suppose she ever did so. She had a share of brains and spoke with a cutting emphasis, like one who ruled the roost.

31. **auberge**, inn.

54. **grouting**, rooting with her snout. 68. **amateur**, here, lover. 74. **whang**, a large piece.

"My man knows nothing," she said, with an angry nod; "he is like the beasts."

And the old gentleman signified acquiescence with his head. There was no contempt on her part, and no shame on his; the facts were accepted loyally, and no more about the matter.

I was tightly cross-examined about my journey; and the lady understood in a moment, and sketched out what I should put into my book when I got home. "Whether people harvest or not in such or such a place; if there were forests; studies of manners; what, for example, I and the master of the house say to you; the beauties of nature, and all that." And she interrogated me with a look.

"It is just that," said I.

"You see," she added to her husband, "I understood that."

They were both much interested by the story of my misadventures.

"In the morning," said the husband, "I will make you something better than your cane. Such a beast as that feels nothing; it is in the proverb—*dur comme un âne;* you might beat her insensible with a cudgel, and yet you would arrive nowhere."

Something better! I little knew what he was offering.

The sleeping-room was furnished with two beds. I had one; and I will own I was a little abashed to find a young man and his wife and child in the act of mounting into the other. This was my first experience of the sort; and if I am always to feel equally silly and extraneous, I pray God it be my last as well. I kept my eyes to myself, and know nothing of the woman except that she had beautiful arms, and seemed no whit abashed by my appearance. As a matter of fact, the situation was more trying to me than to the pair. A pair keep each other in countenance; it is the single gentleman who has to blush. But I could not help attributing my sentiments to the husband, and sought to conciliate his tolerance with a cup of brandy from my flask. He told me that he was a cooper of Alais traveling to St. Etienne in search of work, and that in his spare moments he followed the fatal calling of a maker of matches. Me he readily enough divined to be a brandy merchant.

I was up first in the morning (Monday, September 23), and hastened my toilet guiltily, so as to leave a clear field for madam, the cooper's wife. I drank a bowl of milk, and set off to explore the neighborhood of Bouchet. It was perishing cold, a gray, windy, wintry morning; misty clouds flew fast and low; the wind piped over the naked platform; and the only speck of color was away behind Mount Mézenc and the eastern hills, where the sky still wore the orange of the dawn.

It was five in the morning, and four thousand feet above the sea; and I had to bury my hands in my pockets and trot. People were trooping out to the labors of the field by twos and threes, and all turned round to stare upon the stranger. I had seen them coming back last night, I saw them going afield again; and there was the life of Bouchet in a nutshell.

When I came back to the inn for a bit of breakfast, the landlady was in the kitchen combing out her daughter's hair; and I made her my compliments upon its beauty.

"O no," said the mother; "it is not so beautiful as it ought to be. Look, it is too fine."

Thus does a wise peasantry console itself under adverse physical circumstances, and, by a startling democratic

29. **dur comme un âne**, tough as a donkey.

56. **St. Etienne**, a village in Loire, the next department to the northeast of Haute-Loire.

process, the defects of the majority decide the type of beauty.

"And where," said I, "is monsieur?"

"The master of the house is upstairs," she answered, "making you a goad."

Blessed be the man who invented goads! Blessed the innkeeper of Bouchet St. Nicolas, who introduced me to their use! This plain wand, with an eighth of an inch of pin, was indeed a scepter when he put it in my hands. Thenceforward Modestine was my slave. A prick, and she passed the most inviting stable-door. A prick, and she broke forth into a gallant little trotlet that devoured the miles. It was not a remarkable speed, when all was said; and we took four hours to cover ten miles at the best of it. But what a heavenly change since yesterday! No more wielding of the ugly cudgel; no more flailing with an aching arm; no more broadsword exercise, but a discreet and gentlemanly fence. And what although now and then a drop of blood should appear on Modestine's mouse-colored, wedge-like rump? I should have preferred it otherwise, indeed; but yesterday's exploits had purged my heart of all humanity. The perverse little devil, since she would not be taken with kindness, must even go with pricking.

It was bleak and bitter cold, and, except a cavalcade of stride-legged ladies and a pair of post-runners, the road was dead solitary all the way to Pradelles. I scarce remember an incident but one. A handsome foal with a bell about his neck came charging up to us upon a stretch of common, sniffed the air martially as one about to do great deeds, and, suddenly thinking otherwise in his green young heart, put about and galloped off as he had come, the bell tinkling in the wind. For a long while afterwards I saw his noble attitude as he drew up, and heard the note of his bell; and when I struck the highroad, the song of the telegraph-wires seemed to continue the same music.

Pradelles stands on a hillside, high above the Allier, surrounded by rich meadows. They were cutting aftermath on all sides, which gave the neighborhood, this gusty autumn morning, an untimely smell of hay. On the opposite bank of the Allier the land kept mounting for miles to the horizon; a tanned and sallow autumn landscape, with black blots of fir-wood and white roads wandering through the hills. Over all this the clouds shed a uniform and purplish shadow, sad and somewhat menacing, exaggerating height and distance, and throwing into still higher relief the twisted ribbons of the highway. It was a cheerless prospect, but one stimulating to a traveler. For I was now upon the limit of Velay, and all that I beheld lay in another county—wild Gévaudan, mountainous, uncultivated, and but recently disforested from terror of the wolves.

Wolves, alas, like bandits, seem to flee the traveler's advance; and you may trudge through all our comfortable Europe, and not meet with an adventure worth the name. But here, if anywhere, a man was on the frontiers of hope. For this was the land of the ever-memorable Beast, the Napoleon Bonaparte of wolves. What a career was his! He lived ten months at free quarters in Gévaudan and Vivarais; he ate women and children and "shepherdesses celebrated for their beauty"; he pursued armed horsemen; he has been seen at broad noonday chasing a post-chaise and outrider along the king's highroad, and chaise and outrider fleeing before him at the gallop. He was placarded like a

85. Beast. The wolf appeared in 1765 and was not killed until 1787.

political offender, and ten thousand francs were offered for his head. And yet, when he was shot and sent to Versailles, behold! a common wolf, and even small for that. "Though I could reach from pole to pole," sang Alexander Pope; the little corporal shook Europe; and if all wolves had been as this wolf, they would have changed the history of man. M. Elie Berthet has made him the hero of a novel, which I have read, and do not wish to read again.

I hurried over my lunch, and was proof against the landlady's desire that I should visit Our Lady of Pradelles, "who performed many miracles, although she was of wood"; and before three-quarters of an hour I was goading Modestine down the steep descent that leads to Langogne on the Allier. On both sides of the road, in big dusty fields, farmers were preparing for next spring. Every fifty yards a yoke of great-necked stolid oxen were patiently haling at the plow. I saw one of these mild, formidable servants of the glebe, who took a sudden interest in Modestine and me. The furrow down which he was journeying lay at an angle to the road, and his head was solidly fixed to the yoke like those of caryatids below a ponderous cornice; but he screwed round his big honest eyes and followed us with a ruminating look, until his master bade him turn the plow and proceed to reascend the field. From all these furrowing plowshares, from the feet of oxen, from a laborer here and there who was breaking the dry clods with a hoe, the wind carried away a thin dust like so much smoke. It was a fine, busy, breathing, rustic landscape; and as I continued to descend, the highlands of Gévaudan kept mounting in front of me against the sky.

I had crossed the Loire the day before; now I was to cross the Allier; so near are these two confluents in their youth. Just at the bridge of Langogne, as the long-promised rain was beginning to fall, a lassie of some seven or eight addressed me in the sacramental phrase, *"D'où'st que vous venez?"* She did it with so high an air that she set me laughing; and this cut her to the quick. She was evidently one who reckoned on respect, and stood looking after me in silent dudgeon, as I crossed the bridge and entered the county of Gévaudan.

7. **Pope** (1689-1744), an English poet; he apparently did not write the line Stevenson quotes. **little corporal**, Napoleon. 11. **Berthet** (1815-1891), a minor French novelist.

33. **caryatid**, in classical architecture, a draped female figure used as a support. 56. **D'où'st**, etc., where do you come from?

THE BRIDGE OF LANGOGNE

SIMILE METAPHOR

PART II

UPPER GÉVAUDAN

A Camp in the Dark

The way also here was very wearisome through dirt and slabbiness; nor was there on all this ground so much as one inn or victualing-house wherein to refresh the feebler sort.

Pilgrim's Progress.

The next day (Tuesday, September 24) it was two o'clock in the afternoon before I got my journal written up and my knapsack repaired, for I was determined to carry my knapsack in the future and have no more ado with baskets; and half an hour afterwards I set out for Le Cheylard l'Evêque, a place on the borders of the forest of Mercoire. A man, I was told, should walk there in an hour and a half; and I thought it scarce too ambitious to suppose that a man encumbered with a donkey might cover the same distance in four hours.

All the way up the long hill from Langogne it rained and hailed alternately; the wind kept freshening steadily, although slowly; plentiful, hurrying clouds—some dragging veils of straight rain-shower, others massed and luminous, as though promising snow—careered out of the north and followed me along my way. I was soon out of the cultivated basin of the Allier, and away from the plowing oxen, and such-like sights of the country. Moor, heathery marsh, tracts of rock and pines, woods of birch all jeweled with the autumn yellow, here and there a few naked cottages and bleak fields—these were the characters of the country. Hill and valley followed valley and hill; the little green and stony cattle-tracks wandered in and out of one another, split into three or four, died away in marshy hollows, and began again sporadically on hillsides or at the borders of a wood.

There was no direct road to Cheylard, and it was no easy affair to make a passage in this uneven country and through this intermittent labyrinth of tracks. It must have been about four when I struck Sagnerousse, and went on my way rejoicing in a sure point of departure. Two hours afterwards, the dusk rapidly falling, in a lull of the wind, I issued from a fir-wood where I had long been wandering, and found, not the looked-for village, but another marish bottom among rough-and-tumble hills. For some time past I had heard the ringing of cattle-bells ahead; and now, as I came out of the skirts of the wood, I saw near upon a dozen cows and perhaps as many more black figures, which I conjectured to be children, although the mist had almost unrecognizably exaggerated their forms. These were all silently following each other round and round in a circle, now taking hands, now breaking up with chains and reverences. A dance of children appeals to very innocent and lively thoughts; but, at nightfall on the marshes, the thing was eerie and fantastic to behold. Even I, who am well enough read in Herbert Spencer, felt a sort of silence fall for an instant on my mind. The next, I was pricking Modestine forward, and guiding her like an unruly ship through the open. In a path, she went doggedly ahead of her own accord, as before a fair wind; but once on the turf or among heather, and the brute became demented. The tendency of lost travelers to go round in a

52. **marish bottom**, marshy valley. 70. **Herbert Spencer** (1820-1903), an English philosopher.

circle was developed in her to the degree of passion, and it took all the steering I had in me to keep even a decently straight course through a single field.

While I was thus desperately tacking through the bog, children and cattle began to disperse, until only a pair of girls remained behind. From these I sought direction on my path. The peasantry in general were but little disposed to counsel a wayfarer. One old devil simply retired into his house, and barricaded the door on my approach; and I might beat and shout myself hoarse, he turned a deaf ear. Another, having given me a direction which, as I found afterwards, I had misunderstood, complacently watched me going wrong without adding a sign. He did not care a stalk of parsley if I wandered all night upon the hills! As for these two girls, they were a pair of impudent sly sluts, with not a thought but mischief. One put out her tongue at me, the other bade me follow the cows; and they both giggled and jogged each other's elbows. The Beast of Gévaudan ate about a hundred children of this district; I began to think of him with sympathy.

Leaving the girls, I pushed on through the bog, and got into another wood and upon a well-marked road. It grew darker and darker. Modestine, suddenly beginning to smell mischief, bettered the pace of her own accord, and from that time forward gave me no trouble. It was the first sign of intelligence I had occasion to remark in her. At the same time, the wind freshened into half a gale, and another heavy discharge of rain came flying up out of the north. At the other side of the wood I sighted some red windows in the dusk. This was the hamlet of Fouzilhic; three houses on a hillside, near a wood of birches. Here I found a delightful old man, who came a little way with me in the rain to put me safely on the road for Cheylard. He would hear of no reward; but shook his hands above his head almost as if in menace, and refused volubly and shrilly, in unmitigated patois.

All seemed right at last. My thoughts began to turn upon dinner and a fireside, and my heart was agreeably softened in my bosom. Alas, and I was on the brink of new and greater miseries! Suddenly, at a single swoop, the night fell. I have been abroad in many a black night, but never in a blacker. A glimmer of rocks, a glimmer of the track where it was well beaten, a certain fleecy density, or night within night, for a tree—this was all that I could discriminate. The sky was simply darkness overhead; even the flying clouds pursued their way invisibly to human eyesight. I could not distinguish my hand at arm's length from the track, nor my goad, at the same distance, from the meadows or the sky.

Soon the road that I was following split, after the fashion of the country, into three or four in a piece of rocky meadow. Since Modestine had shown such a fancy for beaten roads, I tried her instinct in this predicament. But the instinct of an ass is what might be expected from the name; in half a minute she was clambering round and round among some bowlders, as lost a donkey as you would wish to see. I should have camped long before had I been properly provided; but as this was to be so short a stage, I had brought no wine, no bread for myself, and a little over a pound for my lady-friend. Add to this, that I and Modestine were both handsomely wetted by the showers. But now, if I could have found some water, I should have camped at once in spite of all. Water, however, being entirely absent, except in the form of rain, I determined

to return to Fouzilhic, and ask a guide a little further on my way—"A little farther lend thy guiding hand."

The thing was easy to decide, hard to accomplish. In this sensible roaring blackness I was sure of nothing but the direction of the wind. To this I set my face; the road had disappeared, and I went across country, now in marshy opens, now baffled by walls unscalable to Modestine, until I came once more in sight of some red windows. This time they were differently disposed. It was not Fouzilhic, but Fouzilhac, a hamlet little distant from the other in space, but worlds away in the spirit of its inhabitants. I tied Modestine to a gate, and groped forward, stumbling among rocks, plunging mid-leg in bog, until I gained the entrance of the village. In the first lighted house there was a woman who would not open to me. She could do nothing, she cried to me through the door, being alone and lame; but if I would apply at the next house, there was a man who could help me if he had a mind.

They came to the next door in force, a man, two women, and a girl, and brought a pair of lanterns to examine the wayfarer. The man was not ill-looking, but had a shifty smile. He leaned against the doorpost, and heard me state my case. All I asked was a guide as far as Cheylard.

"*C'est que, voyez-vous, il fait noir,*" said he.

I told him that was just my reason for requiring help.

"I understand that," said he, looking uncomfortable; "*mais—c'est—de la peine.*"

I was willing to pay, I said. He shook his head. I rose as high as ten francs; but he continued to shake his head. "Name your own price, then," said I.

"*Ce n'est pas ça,*" he said at length, and with evident difficulty; "but I am not going to cross the door—*mais je ne sortirai pas de la porte.*"

I grew a little warm, and asked him what he proposed that I should do.

"Where are you going beyond Cheylard?" he asked by way of answer.

"That is no affair of yours," I returned, for I was not going to indulge his bestial curiosity; "it changes nothing in my present predicament."

"*C'est vrai, ça,*" he acknowledged, with a laugh; "*oui, c'est vrai. Et d'où venez-vous?*"

A better man than I might have felt nettled.

"Oh," said I, "I am not going to answer any of your questions, so you may spare yourself the trouble of putting them. I am late enough already; I want help. If you will not guide me yourself, at least help me to find someone else who will."

"Hold on," he cried suddenly. "Was it not you who passed in the meadow while it was still day?"

"Yes, yes," said the girl, whom I had not hitherto recognized; "it was monsieur; I told him to follow the cow."

"As for you, mademoiselle," said I, "you are a *farceuse.*"

"And," added the man, "what the devil have you done to be still here?"

What the devil, indeed! But there I was. "The great thing," said I, "is to make an end of it"; and once more proposed that he should help me to find a guide.

"*C'est que,*" he said again, "*c'est que —il fait noir.*"

"Very well," said I; "take one of your lanterns."

2. **A little, etc.** The first line of Milton's *Samson Agonistes* runs, "A little onward lend thy guiding hand." 37. **C'est que, etc.,** you see, it is dark. 42. **mais, etc.,** that's just the trouble.

49. **Ce n'est pas ça,** it's not that. 61. **C'est vrai, etc.,** that's true, yes, that's true. And where do you come from? 81. **farceuse,** silly joker.

"No," he cried, drawing a thought backward, and again intrenching himself behind one of his former phrases; "I will not cross the door."

I looked at him. I saw unaffected terror struggling on his face with unaffected shame; he was smiling pitifully and wetting his lip with his tongue, like a detected schoolboy. I drew a brief picture of my state, and asked him what I was to do.

"I don't know," he said; "I will not cross the door."

Here was the Beast of Gévaudan, and no mistake.

"Sir," said I, with my most commanding manners, "you are a coward."

And with that I turned my back upon the family party, who hastened to retire within their fortifications; and the famous door was closed again, but not till I had overheard the sound of laughter. *Filia barbara pater barbarior.* Let me say it in the plural: the Beasts of Gévaudan.

The lanterns had somewhat dazzled me, and I plowed distressfully among stones and rubbish-heaps. All the other houses in the village were both dark and silent; and though I knocked at here and there a door, my knocking was unanswered. It was a bad business; I gave up Fouzilhac with my curses. The rain had stopped, and the wind, which still kept rising, began to dry my coat and trousers. "Very well," thought I, "water or no water, I must camp." But the first thing was to return to Modestine. I am pretty sure I was twenty minutes groping for my lady in the dark; and if it had not been for the unkindly services of the bog, into which I once more stumbled, I might have still been groping for her at the dawn. My next business was to gain the shelter of a wood, for the wind was cold as well as boisterous. How, in this well-wooded district, I should have been so long in finding one, is another of the insoluble mysteries of this day's adventures; but I will take my oath that I put near an hour to the discovery.

At last black trees began to show upon my left, and suddenly crossing the road, made a cave of unmitigated blackness right in front. I call it a cave without exaggeration; to pass below that arch of leaves was like entering a dungeon. I felt about until my hand encountered a stout branch and to this I tied Modestine, a haggard, drenched, desponding donkey. Then I lowered my pack, laid it along the wall on the margin of the road, and unbuckled the straps. I knew well enough where the lantern was; but where were the candles? I groped and groped among the tumbled articles, and, while I was thus groping, suddenly I touched the spirit-lamp. Salvation! This would serve my turn as well. The wind roared unwearyingly among the trees; I could hear the boughs tossing and the leaves churning through half a mile of forest; yet the scene of my encampment was not only as black as the pit, but admirably sheltered. At the second match the wick caught flame. The light was both livid and shifting; but it cut me off from the universe, and doubled the darkness of the surrounding night.

I tied Modestine more conveniently for herself, and broke up half the black bread for her supper, reserving the other half against the morning. Then I gathered what I should want within reach, took off my wet boots and gaiters, which I wrapped in my waterproof, arranged my knapsack for a pillow under the flap of my sleeping-bag, insinuated my limbs into the interior, and buckled myself in like a

24. **Filia barbara**, etc., a father more barbarous than a barbarous daughter, an adaptation of Horace's line, "O matre pulchra filia pulchrior," "O mother more beautiful than a beautiful daughter."

bambino. I opened a tin of Bologna sausage and broke a cake of chocolate, and that was all I had to eat. It may sound offensive, but I ate them together, bite by bite, by way of bread and meat. All I had to wash down this revolting mixture was neat brandy, a revolting beverage in itself. But I was rare and hungry; ate well, and smoked one of the best cigarettes in my experience. Then I put a stone in my straw hat, pulled the flap of my fur cap over my neck and eyes, put my revolver ready to my hand, and snuggled well down among the sheepskins.

I questioned at first if I were sleepy, for I felt my heart beating faster than usual, as if with an agreeable excitement to which my mind remained a stranger. But as soon as my eyelids touched, that subtle glue leaped between them, and they would no more come separate. The wind among the trees was my lullaby. Sometimes it sounded for minutes together with a steady, even rush, not rising nor abating; and again it would swell and burst like a great crashing breaker, and the trees would patter me all over with big drops from the rain of the afternoon. Night after night, in my own bedroom in the country, I have given ear to this perturbing concert of the wind among the woods; but whether it was a difference in the trees, or the lie of the ground, or because I was myself outside and in the midst of it, the fact remains that the wind sang to a different tune among these woods of Gévaudan. I hearkened and hearkened; and meanwhile sleep took gradual possession of my body and subdued my thoughts and senses; but still my last waking effort was to listen and distinguish, and my last conscious state was one of wonder at the foreign clamor in my ears.

1. **bambino**, baby. 7. **neat**, undiluted.

Twice in the course of the dark hours—once when a stone galled me underneath the sack, and again when the poor, patient Modestine, growing angry, pawed and stamped upon the road—I was recalled for a brief while to consciousness, and saw a star or two overhead, and the lacelike edge of the foliage against the sky. When I awoke for the third time (Wednesday, September 25), the world was flooded with a blue light, the mother of the dawn. I saw the leaves laboring in the wind and the ribbon of the road; and, on turning my head, there was Modestine, tied to a beech, and standing half across the path in an attitude of inimitable patience. I closed my eyes again, and set to thinking over the experience of the night. I was surprised to find how easy and pleasant it had been, even in this tempestuous weather. The stone which annoyed me would not have been there had I not been forced to camp blindfold in the opaque night; and I had felt no other inconvenience, except when my feet encountered the lantern or the second volume of Peyrat's *Pastors of the Desert* among the mixed contents of my sleeping-bag; nay, more, I had felt not a touch of cold, and awakened with unusually lightsome and clear sensations.

With that, I shook myself, got once more into my boots and gaiters, and, breaking up the rest of the bread for Modestine, strolled about to see in what part of the world I had awakened. Ulysses, left on Ithaca, and with a mind unsettled by the goddess, was not more pleasantly astray. I have been after an adventure all my life, a pure dispassionate adventure, such as befell early and heroic voyagers; and thus to be found by morning in a

77. **Peyrat's Pastors of the Desert**, a history of the Protestant insurrections in southern France from 1685-1789.
88. **Ulysses**, the hero of the *Odyssey*, whose home was on Ithaca, awoke on the island without recognizing it.

random woodside nook in Gévaudan—not knowing north from south, as strange to my surroundings as the first man upon the earth, an inland castaway—was to find a fraction of my daydreams realized. I was on the skirts of a little wood of birch sprinkled with a few beeches; behind, it adjoined another wood of fir; and in front, it broke up and went down in open order into a shallow and meadowy dale. All around there were bare hill-tops, some near, some far away, as the perspective closed or opened, but none apparently much higher than the rest. The wind huddled the trees. The golden specks of autumn in the birches tossed shiveringly. Overhead, the sky was full of strings and shreds of vapor, flying, vanishing, reappearing, and turning about an axis like tumblers, as the wind hounded them through heaven. It was wild weather and famishing cold. I ate some chocolate, swallowed a mouthful of brandy, and smoked a cigarette before the cold should have time to disable my fingers. And by the time I had got all this done, and had made my pack and bound it on the packsaddle, the day was tiptoe on the threshold of the east. We had not gone many steps along the lane, before the sun, still invisible to me, sent a glow of gold over some cloud mountains that lay ranged along the eastern sky.

The wind had us on the stern, and hurried us bitingly forward. I buttoned myself into my coat, and walked on in a pleasant frame of mind with all men, when suddenly, at a corner, there was Fouzilhic, once more in front of me. Nor only that, but there was the old gentleman who had escorted me so far the night before, running out of his house at sight of me, with hands upraised in horror.

"My poor boy!" he cried, "what does this mean?"

I told him what had happened. He beat his old hands like clappers in a mill, to think how lightly he had let me go; but when he heard of the man of Fouzilhac, anger and depression seized upon his mind.

"This time, at least," said he, "there shall be no mistake."

And he limped along, for he was very rheumatic, for about half a mile, and until I was almost within sight of Cheylard, the destination I had hunted for so long.

Cheylard and Luc

Candidly, it seemed little worthy of all this searching. A few broken ends of village, with no particular street, but a succession of open places heaped with logs and fagots; a couple of tilted crosses, a shrine to Our Lady of All Graces on the summit of a little hill; and all this, upon a rattling highland river, in the corner of a naked valley. What went ye out for to see? thought I to myself. But the place had a life of its own. I found a board commemorating the liberalities of Cheylard for the past year, hung up, like a banner, in the diminutive and tottering church. In 1877, it appeared, the inhabitants subscribed forty-eight francs ten centimes for the "Work of the Propagation of the Faith." Some of this, I could not help hoping, would be applied to my native land. Cheylard scrapes together halfpence for the darkened souls in Edinburgh; while Balquidder and Dunrossness bemoan the ignorance of Rome. Thus, to the high entertainment of the angels, do we pelt each other with evangelists, like schoolboys bickering in the snow.

The inn was again singularly un-

21. **tumbler**, acrobat. 30. **day was tiptoe**, inaccurately quoted from *Romeo and Juliet*, III, v, 9-10.

72. **What . . . see.** *Matthew* xi, 7. 86. **Balquidder and Dunrossness**, out-of-the-way places in Scotland and the Shetland Isles.

pretentious. The whole furniture of a not ill-to-do family was in the kitchen: the beds, the cradle, the clothes, the plate-rack, the meal-chest, and the photograph of the parish priest. There were five children, one of whom was set to its morning prayers at the stair-foot after my arrival. I was kindly received by these good folk. They were much interested in my misadventure. The wood in which I had slept belonged to them; the man of Fouzilhac they thought a monster of iniquity, and counseled me warmly to summon him at law—"because I might have died." The good wife was horror-stricken to see me drink over a pint of uncreamed milk.

"You will do yourself an evil," she said. "Permit me to boil it for you."

After I had begun the morning on this delightful liquor, she having an infinity of things to arrange, I was permitted—nay, requested—to make a bowl of chocolate for myself. My boots and gaiters were hung up to dry, and, seeing me trying to write my journal on my knee, the eldest daughter let down a hinged table in the chimney-corner for my convenience. Here I wrote, drank my chocolate, and finally ate an omelet before I left. The table was thick with dust; for, as they explained, it was not used except in winter weather. I had a clear look up the vent, through brown agglomerations of soot and blue vapor, to the sky; and whenever a handful of twigs was thrown on to the fire, my legs were scorched by the blaze.

The husband had begun life as a muleteer, and when I came to charge Modestine, showed himself full of the prudence of his art. "You will have to change this package," said he; "it ought to be in two parts, and then you might have double the weight."

I explained that I wanted no more weight; and for no donkey hitherto created would I cut my sleeping-bag in two.

"It fatigues her, however," said the innkeeper; "it fatigues her greatly on the march. Look."

Alas, there were her two forelegs no better than raw beef on the inside, and blood was running from under her tail. They told me when I left, and I was ready to believe it, that before a few days I should come to love Modestine like a dog. Three days had passed, we had shared some misadventures, and my heart was still as cold as a potato toward my beast of burden. She was pretty enough to look at; but then she had given proof of dead stupidity, redeemed indeed by patience, but aggravated by flashes of sorry and ill-judged light-heartedness. And I own this new discovery seemed another point against her. What the devil was the good of a she-ass if she could not carry a sleeping-bag and a few necessaries? I saw the end of the fable rapidly approaching, when I should have to carry Modestine. Æsop was the man to know the world! I assure you I set out with heavy thoughts upon my short day's march.

It was not only heavy thoughts about Modestine that weighted me upon the way; it was a leaden business altogether. For first, the wind blew so rudely that I had to hold on the pack with one hand from Cheylard to Luc; and second, my road lay through one of the most beggarly countries in the world. It was like the worst of the Scotch highlands, only worse; cold, naked, and ignoble, scant of wood, scant of heather, scant of life. A road and some fences broke the unvarying waste, and the line of the road was marked by upright pillars, to serve in time of snow.

42. **charge**, load.

74. **fable**, the well-known story of "The Miller, His Son, and the Ass." It belongs, however, to the French writer La Fontaine, and not to Æsop.

Why anyone should desire to visit either Luc or Cheylard is more than my much-inventing spirit can suppose. For my part, I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move; to feel the needs and hitches of our life more nearly; to come down off this feather-bed of civilization, and find the globe granite underfoot and strewn with cutting flints. Alas, as we get up in life, and are more preoccupied with our affairs, even a holiday is a thing that must be worked for. To hold a pack upon a packsaddle against a gale out of the freezing north is no high industry, but it is one that serves to occupy and compose the mind. And when the present is so exacting, who can annoy himself about the future?

I came out at length above the Allier. A more unsightly prospect at this season of the year it would be hard to fancy. Shelving hills rose round it on all sides, here dabbled with wood and fields, there rising to peaks alternately naked and hairy with pines. The color throughout was black or ashen, and came to a point in the ruins of the castle of Luc, which pricked up impudently from below my feet, carrying on a pinnacle a tall white statue of Our Lady, which, I heard with interest, weighed fifty quintals, and was to be dedicated on the sixth of October. Through this sorry landscape trickled the Allier and a tributary of nearly equal size, which came down to join it through a broad, nude valley in Vivarais. The weather had somewhat lightened, and the clouds massed in squadron; but the fierce wind still hunted them through heaven, and cast great ungainly splashes of shadow and sunlight over the scene.

Luc itself was a straggling double file of houses wedged between hill and river. It had no beauty, nor was there any notable feature, save the old castle overhead with its fifty quintals of brand-new Madonna. But the inn was clean and large. The kitchen, with its two box-beds hung with clean check curtains, with its wide stone chimney, its chimney-shelf four yards long and garnished with lanterns and religious statuettes, its array of chests and pair of ticking clocks, was the very model of what a kitchen ought to be; a melodrama kitchen, suitable for bandits or noblemen in disguise. Nor was the scene disgraced by the landlady, a handsome, silent, dark old woman, clothed and hooded in black like a nun. Even the public bedroom had a character of its own, with the long deal tables and benches, where fifty might have dined, set out as for a harvest-home, and the three box-beds along the wall. In one of these, lying on straw and covered with a pair of table-napkins, did I do penance all night long in goose-flesh and chattering teeth, and sigh from time to time, as I awakened, for my sheepskin sack and the lee of some great wood.

PART III

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

Father Apollinaris

Next morning (Thursday, September 26) I took the road in a new order. The sack was no longer doubled, but hung at full length across the saddle, a green sausage six feet long with a tuft of blue wool hanging out of either end. It was more picturesque, it spared the donkey, and, as I began to see, it would insure stability, blow high, blow low. But it was not without a pang that I had so decided. For although I had purchased a new cord, and made all as fast as I was able, I was yet jealously uneasy lest the flaps should tumble out and scatter my effects along the line of march.

My way lay up the bald valley of the river, along the march of Vivarais and Gévaudan. The hills of Gévaudan on the right were a little more naked, if anything, than those of Vivarais upon the left, and the former had a monopoly of a low, dotty underwood that grew thickly in the gorges and died out in solitary burrs upon the shoulders and the summits. Black bricks of fir-wood were plastered here and there upon both sides, and here and there were cultivated fields. A railway ran beside the river; the only bit of railway in Gévaudan, although there are many proposals afoot and surveys being made, and even, as they tell me, a station standing ready-built in Mende. A year or two hence and this may be another world. The desert is beleaguered. Now may some Languedocian Wordsworth turn the sonnet into patois: "Mountains and vales and floods, heard *ye* that whistle?"

18. **march**, boundary. 38. **sonnet**. Wordsworth, in his sonnet, "Proud Were Ye, Mountains," protested against the construction of a railroad in the beautiful lake region of England. Languedoc was an ancient government of southern France.

At a place called La Bastide I was directed to leave the river, and follow a road that mounted on the left among the hills of Vivarais, the modern Ardèche; for I was now come within a little way of my strange destination, the Trappist monastery of Our Lady of the Snows. The sun came out as I left the shelter of a pine-wood, and I beheld suddenly a fine wild landscape to the south. High, rocky hills, as blue as sapphire, closed the view, and between these lay ridge upon ridge, heathery, craggy, the sun glittering on veins of rock, the underwood clambering in the hollows, as rude as God made them at the first. There was not a sign of man's hand in all the prospect; and indeed not a trace of his passage, save where generation after generation had walked in twisted footpaths in and out among the beeches, and up and down upon the channeled slopes. The mists, which had hitherto beset me, were now broken into clouds, and fled swiftly and shone brightly in the sun. I drew a long breath. It was grateful to come, after so long, upon a scene of some attraction for the human heart. I own I like definite form in what my eyes are to rest upon; and if landscapes were sold, like the sheets of characters of my boyhood, one penny plain and twopence colored, I should go the length of twopence every day of my life.

But if things had grown better to the south, it was still desolate and inclement near at hand. A spidery cross on every hill-top marked the neighborhood of a religious house; and a quarter of a mile beyond, the outlook southward opening out and growing

47. **Trappist**, a branch of the Cistercian monastic order named from the French village Soligny-la-Trappe.

THE ROADWAY LEADING TO OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

bolder with every step, a white statue of the Virgin at the corner of a young plantation directed the traveler to Our Lady of the Snows. Here, then, I struck leftward, and pursued my way, driving my secular donkey before me, and creaking in my secular boots and gaiters, toward the asylum of silence.

I had not gone very far ere the wind brought to me the clanging of a bell, and somehow, I can scarce tell why, my heart sank within me at the sound. I have rarely approached anything with more unaffected terror than the monastery of Our Lady of the Snows. This it is to have had a Protestant education. And suddenly, on turning a corner, fear took hold on me from head to foot—slavish, superstitious fear; and though I did not stop in my advance, yet I went on slowly, like a man who should have passed a bourn unnoticed, and strayed into the country of the dead. For there upon the narrow, new-made road, between the stripling pines, was a medieval friar, fighting with a barrowful of turfs. Every Sunday of my childhood I used to study the Hermits of Marco Sadeler—enchanting prints, full of wood and field and medieval landscapes, as large as a county, for the imagination to go a-traveling in; and here, sure enough, was one of Marco Sadeler's heroes. He was robed in white like any specter, and the hood falling back, in the instancy of his contention with the barrow, disclosed a pate as bald and yellow as a skull. He might have been buried any time these thousand years, and all the lively parts of him resolved into earth and broken up with the farmer's harrow. I was troubled besides in my mind as to etiquette. Durst I address a person who was

30. **Marco Sadeler**, publisher of the prints of his father, Jan Sadeler, a famous Flemish engraver of the sixteenth century.

under a vow of silence? Clearly not. But drawing near, I doffed my cap to him with a far-away, superstitious reverence. He nodded back, and cheerfully addressed me. Was I going to the monastery? Who was I? An Englishman? Ah, an Irishman, then?

"No," I said, "a Scotsman."

A Scotsman? Ah, he had never seen a Scotsman before. And he looked me all over, his good, honest, brawny countenance shining with interest, as a boy might look upon a lion or an alligator. From him I learned with disgust that I could not be received at Our Lady of the Snows; I might get a meal, perhaps, but that was all. And then, as our talk ran on, and it turned out that I was not a peddler, but a literary man, who drew landscapes and was going to write a book, he changed his manner of thinking as to my reception—for I fear they respect persons even in a Trappist monastery — and told me I must be sure to ask for the Father Prior, and state my case to him in full. On second thoughts he determined to go down with me himself; he thought he could manage for me better. Might he say that I was a geographer?

No; I thought, in the interests of truth, he positively might not.

"Very well, then" (with disappointment), "an author."

It appeared he had been in a seminary with six young Irishmen, all priests long since, who had received newspapers and kept him informed of the state of ecclesiastical affairs in England. And he asked me eagerly after Dr. Pusey, for whose conversion the good man had continued ever since to pray night and morning.

"I thought he was very near the truth," he said; "and he will reach it yet; there is so much virtue in prayer."

He must be a stiff, ungodly Protestant who can take anything but pleasure in this kind and hopeful story. While he was thus near the subject, the good father asked me if I were a Christian; and when he found I was not, or not after his way, he glossed it over with great good-will.

The road which we were following, and which this stalwart father had made with his own two hands within the space of a year, came to a corner, and showed us some white buildings a little farther on beyond the wood. At the same time, the bell once more sounded abroad. We were hard upon the monastery. Father Apollinaris—for that was my companion's name—stopped me.

"I must not speak to you down there," he said. "Ask for the Brother Porter, and all will be well. But try to see me as you go out again through the wood, where I may speak to you. I am charmed to have made your acquaintance."

And then suddenly raising his arms, flapping his fingers, and crying out twice, "I must not speak, I must not speak!" he ran away in front of me, and disappeared into the monastery-door.

I own this somewhat ghastly eccentricity went a good way to revive my terrors. But where one was so good and simple, why should not all be alike? I took heart of grace, and went forward to the gate as far as Modestine, who seemed to have a disaffection for monasteries, would permit. It was the first door, in my acquaintance of her, which she had not shown an indecent haste to enter. I summoned the place in form, though with a quaking heart. Father Michael, the Father Hos-

42. **Dr. Pusey**, a Church of England theologian, who for a time was expected to enter the Roman church.

94. **Father Hospitaler**, the monk appointed to receive and care for strangers.

pitaler, and a pair of brown-robed brothers came to the gate and spoke with me awhile. I think my sack was the great attraction; it had already beguiled the heart of poor Apollinaris, who had charged me on my life to show it to the Father Prior. But whether it was my address, or the sack, or the idea speedily published among that part of the brotherhood who attend on strangers that I was not a peddler after all, I found no difficulty as to my reception. Modestine was led away by a layman to the stables, and I and my pack were received into Our Lady of the Snows.

The Monks

Father Michael, a pleasant, fresh-faced, smiling man, perhaps of thirty-five, took me to the pantry, and gave me a glass of liqueur to stay me until dinner. We had some talk, or rather I should say he listened to my prattle indulgently enough, but with an abstracted air, like a spirit with a thing of clay. And truly when I remember that I descanted principally on my appetite, and that it must have been by that time more than eighteen hours since Father Michael had so much as broken bread, I can well understand that he would find an earthly savor in my conversation. But his manner, though superior, was exquisitely gracious; and I find I have a lurking curiosity as to Father Michael's past.

The whet administered, I was left alone for a little in the monastery garden. This is no more than the main court, laid out in sandy paths and beds of party-colored dahlias, and with a fountain and a black statue of the Virgin in the center. The buildings stand around it four-square, bleak, as yet unseasoned by the years and weather, and with no other features than a belfry and a pair of slated gables. Brothers in white, brothers in brown, passed silently along the sanded alleys; and when I first came out, three hooded monks were kneeling on the terrace at their prayers. A naked hill commands the monastery upon one side, and the wood commands it on the other. It lies exposed to wind; the snow falls off and on from October to May, and sometimes lies six weeks on end; but if they stood in Eden, with a climate like heaven's, the buildings themselves would offer the same wintry and cheerless aspect; and for my part, on this wild September day, before I was called to dinner, I felt chilly in and out.

When I had eaten well and heartily, Brother Ambrose, a hearty, conversable Frenchman—for all those who wait on strangers have the liberty to speak—led me to a little room in that part of the building which is set apart for *MM. les retraitants.* It was clean and whitewashed, and furnished with strict necessaries, a crucifix, a bust of the late Pope, the *Imitation* in French, a book of religious meditations, and the life of Elizabeth Seton, evangelist, it would appear, of North America and of New England in particular. As far as my experience goes, there is a fair field for some more evangelization in these quarters; but think of Cotton Mather! I should like to give him a reading of this little work in heaven, where I hope he dwells; but perhaps he knows all that already, and much more; and perhaps he and Mrs. Seton are the dearest friends, and gladly unite their

73. **MM. les retraitants**, men who have retired to the monastery for rest and reflection only. 76. **Imitation**, *De Imitatione Christi*, a Latin religious treatise usually ascribed to Thomas à Kempis (1380-1471). 78. **Elizabeth Seton**, the founder of the Sisters of Charity in America, in 1809. 84. **Cotton Mather** (1663-1728), a Puritan theologian of New England.

voices in the everlasting psalm. Over the table, to conclude the inventory of the room, hung a set of regulations for *MM. les retraitants:* what services they should attend, when they were to tell their beads or meditate, and when they were to rise and go to rest. At the foot was a notable N. B.: "*Le temps libre est employé à l'examen de conscience, à la confession, à faire de bonnes résolutions,*" etc. To make good resolutions, indeed! You might talk as fruitfully of making the hair grow on your head.

I had scarce explored my niche when Brother Ambrose returned. An English boarder, it appeared, would like to speak with me. I professed my willingness, and the friar ushered in a fresh, young little Irishman of fifty, a deacon of the Church, arrayed in strict canonicals, and wearing on his head what, in default of knowledge, I can only call the ecclesiastical shako. He had lived seven years in retreat at a convent of nuns in Belgium, and now five at Our Lady of the Snows; he never saw an English newspaper; he spoke French imperfectly, and had he spoken it like a native, there was not much chance of conversation where he dwelt. With this, he was a man eminently sociable, greedy of news, and simple-minded like a child. If I was pleased to have a guide about the monastery, he was no less delighted to see an English face and hear an English tongue.

He showed me his own room, where he passed his time among breviaries, Hebrew Bibles, and the Waverley novels. Thence he led me to the cloisters, into the chapter-house, through the vestry, where the brothers' gowns and broad straw hats were hanging up, each with his religious name upon a board—names full of legendary suavity and interest, such as Basil, Hilarion, Raphael, or Pacifique; into the library, where were all the works of Veuillot and Chateaubriand, and the *Odes et Ballades*, if you please, and even Molière, to say nothing of innumerable fathers and a great variety of local and general historians. Thence my good Irishman took me round the workshops, where brothers bake bread, and make cartwheels, and take photographs; where one superintends a collection of curiosities, and another a gallery of rabbits. For in a Trappist monastery each monk has an occupation of his own choice, apart from his religious duties and the general labors of the house. Each must sing in the choir, if he has a voice and ear, and join in the haymaking if he has a hand to stir; but in his private hours, although he must be occupied, he may be occupied on what he likes. Thus I was told that one brother was engaged with literature; while Father Apollinaris busies himself in making roads, and the Abbot employs himself in binding books. It is not so long since this Abbot was consecrated, by the way; and on that occasion, by a special grace, his mother was permitted to enter the chapel and witness the ceremony of consecration. A proud day for her to have a son a mitered abbot; it makes you glad to think they let her in.

In all these journeyings to and fro, many silent fathers and brethren fell in our way. Usually they paid no more regard to our passage than if we had been a cloud; but sometimes the good deacon had a permission to ask of them, and it was granted by a peculiar

9. **Le temps**, etc. Free time is to be employed in examination of the conscience, in confession, and in the making of good resolutions.

49. **Basil**, etc., monks of note ranging from the fourth to the seventeenth century. 51. **Veuillot and Chateaubriand**, French writers recent at that time, and particularly pleasing to Catholics. 53. **Molière**, Jean Baptiste Poquelin (1622-1673), the greatest French writer of comedies.

movement of the hands, almost like that of a dog's paws in swimming, or refused by the usual negative signs, and in either case with lowered eyelids and a certain air of contrition, as of a man who was steering very close to evil.

The monks, by special grace of their Abbot, were still taking two meals a day; but it was already time for their grand fast, which begins somewhere in September and lasts till Easter, and during which they eat but once in the twenty-four hours, and that at two in the afternoon, twelve hours after they have begun the toil and vigil of the day. Their meals are scanty, but even of these they eat sparingly; and though each is allowed a small carafe of wine, many refrain from this indulgence. Without doubt, the most of mankind grossly overeat themselves; our meals serve not only for support, but as a hearty and natural diversion from the labor of life. Although excess may be hurtful, I should have thought this Trappist regimen defective. And I am astonished, as I look back, at the freshness of face and cheerfulness of manner of all whom I beheld. A happier nor a healthier company I should scarce suppose that I have ever seen. As a matter of fact, on this bleak upland, and with the incessant occupation of the monks, life is of an uncertain tenure, and death no infrequent visitor, at Our Lady of the Snows. This, at least, was what was told me. But if they die easily, they must live healthily in the meantime, for they seemed all firm of flesh and high in color; and the only morbid sign that I could observe, an unusual brilliancy of eye, was one that served rather to increase the general impression of vivacity and strength.

Those with whom I spoke were singularly sweet-tempered, with what I can only call a holy cheerfulness in air and conversation. There is a note, in the direction to visitors, telling them not to be offended at the curt speech of those who wait upon them, since it is proper to monks to speak little. The note might have been spared; to a man the hospitalers were all brimming with innocent talk, and, in my experience of the monastery, it was easier to begin than to break off a conversation. With the exception of Father Michael, who was a man of the world, they showed themselves full of kind and healthy interest in all sorts of subjects—in politics, in voyages, in my sleeping-sack—and not without a certain pleasure in the sound of their own voices.

As for those who are restricted to silence, I can only wonder how they bear their solemn and cheerless isolation.

And yet, apart from any view of mortification, I can see a certain policy, not only in the exclusion of women, but in this vow of silence. I have had some experience of lay phalansteries, of an artistic, not to say a bacchanalian, character; and seen more than one association easily formed and yet more easily dispersed. With a Cistercian rule, perhaps they might have lasted longer. In the neighborhood of women it is but a touch-and-go association that can be formed among defenseless men; the stronger electricity is sure to triumph; the dreams of boyhood, the schemes of youth, are abandoned after an interview of ten minutes, and the arts and sciences, and professional male jollity, deserted at once for two sweet eyes and a caressing accent. And next after this, the tongue is the great divider.

77. **lay phalansteries**, the dwelling-places of people having property in common, i.e., art communities, etc.
82. **Cistercian rule**, strict rules such as govern the Cistercian monks, to which order the Trappists belong.

I am almost ashamed to pursue this worldly criticism of a religious rule; but there is yet another point in which the Trappist order appeals to me as a model of wisdom. By two in the morning the clapper goes upon the bell, and so on, hour by hour, and sometimes quarter by quarter, till eight, the hour of rest; so infinitesimally is the day divided among different occupations. The man who keeps rabbits, for example, hurries from his hutches to the chapel, the chapter-room, or the refectory, all day long; every hour he has an office to sing, a duty to perform; from two, when he rises in the dark, till eight, when he returns to receive the comfortable gift of sleep, he is upon his feet and occupied with manifold and changing business. I know many persons, worth several thousands in the year, who are not so fortunate in the disposal of their lives. Into how many houses would not the note of the monastery-bell, dividing the day into manageable portions, bring peace of mind and healthful activity of body? We speak of hardships, but the true hardship is to be a dull fool, and permitted to mismanage life in our own dull and foolish manner.

From this point of view, we may perhaps better understand the monk's existence. A long novitiate, and every proof of constancy of mind and strength of body is required before admission to the order; but I could not find that many were discouraged. In the photographer's studio, which figures so strangely among the outbuildings, my eye was attracted by the portrait of a young fellow in the uniform of a private of foot. This was one of the novices, who came of the age for service, and marched and drilled and mounted guard for the proper time among the garrison of Algiers. Here was a man who had surely seen both sides of life before deciding; yet as soon as he was set free from service he returned to finish his novitiate.

This austere rule entitles a man to heaven as by right. When the Trappist sickens, he quits not his habit; he lies in the bed of death as he has prayed and labored in his frugal and silent existence; and when the Liberator comes, at the very moment, even before they have carried him in his robe to lie his little last in the chapel among continual chantings, joy-bells break forth, as if for a marriage, from the slated belfry, and proclaim throughout the neighborhood that another soul has gone to God.

At night, under the conduct of my kind Irishman, I took my place in the gallery to hear compline and *Salve Regina*, with which the Cistercians bring every day to a conclusion. There were none of those circumstances which strike the Protestant as childish or as tawdry in the public offices of Rome. A stern simplicity, heightened by the romance of the surroundings, spoke directly to the heart. I recall the whitewashed chapel, the hooded figures in the choir, the lights alternately occluded and revealed, the strong, manly singing, the silence that ensued, the sight of cowled heads bowed in prayer, and then the clear, trenchant beating of the bell, breaking in to show that the last office was over and the hour of sleep had come; and when I remember, I am not surprised that I made my escape into the court with somewhat whirling fancies, and stood like a man bewildered in the windy, starry night.

But I was weary; and when I had quieted my spirits with Elizabeth

70. **compline**, the last service of the day. 71. **Salve Regina**, "Hail, Queen," the hymn sung after compline.

Seton's memoirs—a dull work—the cold and the raving of the wind among the pines—for my room was on that side of the monastery which adjoins the woods—disposed me readily to slumber. I was wakened at black midnight, as it seemed, though it was really two in the morning, by the first stroke upon the bell. All the brothers were then hurrying to the chapel; the dead in life, at this untimely hour, were already beginning the uncomforted labors of their day. The dead in life—there was a chill reflection. And the words of a French song came back into my memory, telling of the best of our mixed existence:

Que t'as de belles filles,
Giroflé!
Girofla!
Que t'as de belles filles,
L'Amour les comptera!

And I blessed God that I was free to wander, free to hope, and free to love.

The Boarders

But there was another side to my residence at Our Lady of the Snows. At this late season there were not many boarders; and yet I was not alone in the public part of the monastery. This itself is hard by the gate, with a small dining-room on the ground-floor, and a whole corridor of cells similar to mine upstairs. I have stupidly forgotten the board for a regular *retraitant;* but it was somewhere between three and five francs a day, and I think most probably the first. Chance visitors like myself might give what they chose as a free-will offering, but nothing was demanded. I may mention that when I was going away, Father Michael refused twenty francs as excessive. I explained the reasoning which led me to offer him so much; but even then, from a curious point of honor, he would not accept it with his own hand. "I have no right to refuse for the monastery," he explained, "but I should prefer if you would give it to one of the brothers."

I had dined alone, because I arrived late; but at supper I found two other guests. One was a country parish priest, who had walked over that morning from the seat of his cure near Mende to enjoy four days of solitude and prayer. He was a grenadier in person, with the hale color and circular wrinkles of a peasant; and as he complained much of how he had been impeded by his skirts upon the march, I have a vivid fancy portrait of him, striding along, upright, big-boned, with kilted cassock, through the bleak hills of Gévaudan. The other was a short, grizzling, thickset man, from forty-five to fifty, dressed in tweed with a knitted spencer, and the red ribbon of a decoration in his button-hole. This last was a hard person to classify. He was an old soldier, who had seen service and risen to the rank of commandant; and he retained some of the brisk, decisive manners of the camp. On the other hand, as soon as his resignation was accepted, he had come to Our Lady of the Snows as a boarder, and, after a brief experience of its ways, had decided to remain as a novice. Already the new life was beginning to modify his appearance; already he had acquired somewhat of the quiet and smiling air of the brethren; and he was as yet neither an officer nor a Trappist, but partook of the character of each. And certainly here was a man in an interesting nick of life. Out of the noise of cannon and

19. Que t'as, etc., "What fine daughters you have, Giroflé! Girofla! What fine daughters you have. Love will number them!" This song is from A. C. Lecocq's comic opera *Giroflé-Girofla.*

trumpets, he was in the act of passing into this still country bordering on the grave, where men sleep nightly in their grave-clothes, and, like phantoms, communicate by signs.

At supper we talked politics. I make it my business, when I am in France, to preach political good-will and moderation, and to dwell on the example of Poland, much as some alarmists in England dwell on the example of Carthage. The priest and the Commandant assured me of their sympathy with all I said, and made a heavy sighing over the bitterness of contemporary feeling.

"Why, you cannot say anything to a man with which he does not absolutely agree," said I, "but he flies up at you in a temper."

They both declared that such a state of things was antichristian.

While we were thus agreeing, what should my tongue stumble upon but a word in praise of Gambetta's moderation. The old soldier's countenance was instantly suffused with blood; with the palms of his hands he beat the table like a naughty child.

"*Comment, monsieur?*" he shouted. "*Comment?* Gambetta moderate? Will you dare to justify these words?"

But the priest had not forgotten the tenor of our talk. And suddenly, in the height of his fury, the old soldier found a warning look directed on his face; the absurdity of his behavior was brought home to him in a flash; and the storm came to an abrupt end, without another word.

It was only in the morning, over our coffee (Friday, September 27), that this couple found out I was a heretic. I suppose I had misled them by some admiring expressions as to the monastic life around us; and it was only by a point-blank question that the truth came out. I had been tolerantly used, both by simple Father Apollinaris and astute Father Michael; and the good Irish deacon, when he heard of my religious weakness, had only patted me upon the shoulder and said, "You must be a Catholic and come to heaven." But I was now among a different sect of orthodox. These two men were bitter and upright and narrow, like the worst of Scotsmen, and indeed, upon my heart, I fancy they were worse. The priest snorted aloud like a battle-horse.

"*Et vous prétendez mourir dans cette espèce de croyance?*" he demanded; and there is no type used by mortal printers large enough to qualify his accent.

I humbly indicated that I had no design of changing.

But he could not away with such a monstrous attitude. "No, no," he cried; "you must change. You have come here, God has led you here, and you must embrace the opportunity."

I made a slip in policy; I appealed to the family affections, though I was speaking to a priest and a soldier, two classes of men circumstantially divorced from the kind and homely ties of life.

"Your father and mother?" cried the priest. "Very well; you will convert them in their turn when you go home."

I think I see my father's face! I would rather tackle the Gætulian lion in his den than embark on such an enterprise against the family theologian.

But now the hunt was up; priest and soldier were in full cry for my con-

10. **example of Poland.** See note on line 17, page 275. 12. **Carthage.** This city, before its destruction by Rome, was in a weakened condition due to internal strife. 25. **Gambetta,** Léon (1838-1882), a French statesman. 30. **Comment, monsieur,** what, sir? 44. **heretic,** here, a Protestant.

63. **Et vous,** etc., and you mean to die in that kind of faith? 86. **Gætulian lion.** Gætulia was in Roman times a wild region of northern Africa.

version; and the Work of the Propagation of the Faith, for which the people of Cheylard subscribed forty-eight francs ten centimes during 1877, was being gallantly pursued against myself. It was an odd but most effective proselytising. They never sought to convince me in argument, where I might have attempted some defense; but took it for granted that I was both ashamed and terrified at my position, and urged me solely on the point of time. Now, they said, when God had led me to Our Lady of the Snows, now was the appointed hour.

"Do not be withheld by false shame," observed the priest, for my encouragement.

For one who feels very similarly to all sects of religion, and who has never been able, even for a moment, to weigh seriously the merit of this or that creed on the eternal side of things, however much he may see to praise or blame upon the secular and temporal side, the situation thus created was both unfair and painful. I committed my second fault in tact, and tried to plead that it was all the same thing in the end, and we were all drawing near by different sides to the same kind and undiscriminating Friend and Father. That, as it seems to lay-spirits, would be the only gospel worthy of the name. But different men think differently; and this revolutionary aspiration brought down the priest with all the terrors of the law. He launched into harrowing details of hell. The damned, he said—on the authority of a little book which he had read not a week before, and which, to add conviction to conviction, he had fully intended to bring along with him in his pocket—were to occupy the same attitude through all eternity in the midst of dismal tortures. And as he thus expatiated, he grew in nobility of aspect with his enthusiasm.

As a result the pair concluded that I should seek out the Prior, since the Abbot was from home, and lay my case immediately before him.

"*C'est mon conseil comme ancien militaire,*" observed the Commandant; "*et celui de monsieur comme prêtre.*"

"*Oui,*" added the curé, sententiously nodding; "*comme ancien militaire—et comme prêtre.*"

At this moment, whilst I was somewhat embarrassed how to answer, in came one of the monks, a little brown fellow, as lively as a grig, and with an Italian accent, who threw himself at once into the contention, but in a milder and more persuasive vein, as befitted one of these pleasant brethren. Look at him, he said. The rule was very hard; he would have dearly liked to stay in his own country, Italy—it was well known how beautiful it was, the beautiful Italy; but then there were no Trappists in Italy; and he had a soul to save; and here he was.

I am afraid I must be, at bottom, what a cheerful Indian critic has dubbed me, "a faddling hedonist"; for this description of the brother's motives gave me somewhat of a shock. I should have preferred to think he had chosen the life for its own sake, and not for ulterior purposes; and this shows how profoundly I was out of sympathy with these good Trappists, even when I was doing my best to sympathize.

But to the curé the argument seemed decisive.

"Hear that!" he cried. "And I have seen a marquis here, a marquis, a marquis"—he repeated the holy word three times over—"and other persons high in society; and generals. And here, at your side, is this gentle-

54. **C'est mon**, etc., it is my advice as an old soldier and that of this gentleman as a priest. 58. **Oui**, yes. 64. **grig**, cricket. 78. **faddling hedonist**, a trifling pleasure-seeker.

man, who has been so many years in armies—decorated, an old warrior. And here he is, ready to dedicate himself to God."

I was by this time so thoroughly embarrassed that I pleaded cold feet, and made my escape from the apartment. It was a furious windy morning, with a sky much cleared, and long and potent intervals of sunshine; and I wandered until dinner in the wild country toward the east, sorely staggered and beaten upon by the gale, but rewarded with some striking views.

At dinner the Work of the Propagation of the Faith was recommenced, and on this occasion still more distastefully to me. The priest asked me many questions as to the contemptible faith of my fathers, and received my replies with a kind of ecclesiastical titter.

"Your sect," he said once; "for I think you will admit it would be doing it too much honor to call it a religion."

"As you please, monsieur," said I. "*La parole est à vous.*"

At length I grew annoyed beyond endurance; and although he was on his own ground, and, what is more to the purpose, an old man, and so holding a claim upon my toleration, I could not avoid a protest against this uncivil usage. He was sadly discountenanced.

"I assure you," he said, "I have no inclination to laugh in my heart. I have no other feeling but interest in your soul."

And there ended my conversion. Honest man! he was no dangerous deceiver; but a country parson, full of zeal and faith. Long may he tread Gévaudan with his kilted skirts—a man strong to walk and strong to comfort his parishioners in death! I dare say he would beat bravely through a snowstorm where his duty called him; and it is not always the most faithful believer who makes the cunningest apostle.

29. **La parole**, etc., the word [sect] is yours.

PART IV

UPPER GÉVAUDAN (*Continued*)

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was sweet, the water ran;
No need was there for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanserai.—*Old Play*

Across the Goulet

The wind fell during dinner, and the sky remained clear; so it was under better auspices that I loaded Modestine before the monastery gate. My Irish friend accompanied me so far on the way. As we came through the wood, there was Père Apollinaire hauling his barrow; and he too quitted his labors to go with me for perhaps a hundred yards, holding my hand between both of his in front of him. I parted first from one and then from the other with unfeigned regret, but yet with the glee of the traveler who shakes off the dust of one stage before hurrying forth upon another. Then Modestine and I mounted the course of the Allier, which here led us back into Gévaudan toward its sources in the Forest of Mercoire. It was but an inconsiderable burn before we left its

27. **burn**, brook.

guidance. Thence, over a hill, our way lay through a naked plateau, until we reached Chasseradès at sundown.

The company in the inn-kitchen that night were all men employed in survey for one of the projected railways. They were intelligent and conversable, and we decided the future of France over hot wine, until the state of the clock frightened us to rest. There were four beds in the little upstairs room; and we slept six. But I had a bed to myself, and persuaded them to leave the window open.

"*Hé bourgeois; il est cinq heures!*" was the cry that wakened me in the morning (Saturday, September 28). The room was full of a transparent darkness, which dimly showed me the other three beds and the five different nightcaps on the pillows. But out of the window the dawn was growing ruddy in a long belt over the hilltops, and day was about to flood the plateau. The hour was inspiriting; and there seemed a promise of calm weather, which was perfectly fulfilled. I was soon under way with Modestine. The road lay for a while over the plateau, and then descended through a precipitous village into the valley of the Chassezac. This stream ran among green meadows, well hidden from the world by its steep banks; the broom was in flower, and here and there was a hamlet sending up its smoke.

At last the path crossed the Chassezac upon a bridge, and, forsaking this deep hollow, set itself to cross the mountain of La Goulet. It wound up through Lestampes by upland fields and woods of beech and birch, and with every corner brought me into an acquaintance with some new interest. Even in the gully of the Chassezac my ear had been struck by a noise like that of a great bass bell ringing at the distance of many miles; but this, as I continued to mount and draw nearer to it, seemed to change in character, and I found at length that it came from someone leading flocks afield to the note of a rural horn. The narrow street of Lestampes stood full of sheep, from wall to wall—black sheep and white, bleating like the birds in spring, and each one accompanying himself upon the sheep-bell round his neck. It made a pathetic concert, all in treble. A little higher, and I passed a pair of men in a tree with pruning-hooks, and one of them was singing the music of a *bourrée*. Still farther, and when I was already threading the birches, the crowing of cocks came cheerfully up to my ears, and along with that the voice of a flute discoursing a deliberate and plaintive air from one of the upland villages. I pictured to myself some grizzled, apple-cheeked, country schoolmaster fluting in his bit of a garden in the clear autumn sunshine. All these beautiful and interesting sounds filled my heart with an unwonted expectation; and it appeared to me that, once past this range which I was mounting, I should descend into the garden of the world. Nor was I deceived, for I was now done with rains and winds and a bleak country. The first part of my journey ended here; and this was like an induction of sweet sounds into the other and more beautiful.

There are other degrees of feyness, as of punishment, besides the capital; and I was now led by my good spirits into an adventure which I relate in the interest of future donkey-drivers. The road zigzagged so widely on the hillside that I chose a short cut by map and compass, and struck through the dwarf woods to catch the road

15, **Hé bourgeois**, etc., Hey, sir, it's five o'clock.

64, **bourrée**, a lively dance. 87, **feyness**, the state in which one is driven by fate to do acts that will bring destruction.

again upon a higher level. It was my one serious conflict with Modestine. She would none of my short cut; she turned in my face, she backed, she reared; she, whom I had hitherto imagined to be dumb, actually brayed with a loud, hoarse flourish, like a cock crowing for the dawn. I plied the goad with one hand; with the other, so steep was the ascent, I had to hold on the packsaddle. Half a dozen times she was nearly over backwards on the top of me; half a dozen times from sheer weariness of spirit, I was nearly giving it up, and leading her down again to follow the road. But I took the thing as a wager, and fought it through. I was surprised, as I went on my way again, by what appeared to be chill raindrops falling on my hand, and more than once looked up in wonder at the cloudless sky. But it was only sweat which came dropping from my brow.

Over the summit of the Goulet there was no marked road—only upright stones posted from space to space to guide the drovers. The turf underfoot was springy and well scented. I had no company but a lark or two, and met but one bullock-cart between Lestampes and Bleymard. In front of me I saw a shallow valley, and beyond that the range of the Lozère, sparsely wooded and well enough modeled in the flanks, but straight and dull in outline. There was scarce a sign of culture; only about Bleymard, the white highroad from Villefort to Mende traversed a range of meadows, set with spiry poplars, and sounding from side to side with the bells of flocks and herds.

A Night Among the Pines

From Bleymard after dinner, although it was already late, I set out to scale a portion of the Lozère. An ill-marked stony drove-road guided me forward; and I met nearly half a dozen bullock-carts descending from the woods, each laden with a whole pine-tree for the winter's firing. At the top of the woods, which do not climb very high upon this cold ridge, I struck leftward by a path among the pines, until I hit on a dell of green turf, where a streamlet made a little spout over some stones to serve me for a water-tap. "In a more sacred or sequestered bower—nor nymph nor faunus haunted." The trees were not old, but they grew thickly round the glade; there was no outlook except northeastward upon distant hill-tops, or straight upward to the sky; and the encampment felt secure and private like a room. By the time I had made my arrangements and fed Modestine, the day was already beginning to decline. I buckled myself to the knees into my sack and made a hearty meal; and as soon as the sun went down, I pulled my cap over my eyes and fell asleep.

Night is a dead, monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afield. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman

58. **In a more sacred, etc.** Cf. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 705-708.

speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Toward two in the morning they declare the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only, like the luxurious Montaigne, "that we may the better and more sensibly relish it." We have a moment to look upon the stars, and there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighborhood, that we have escaped out of the Bastille of civilization, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draft; and feeling broad awake after this internal, cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, colored, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint, silvery vapor stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stockstill.

By the whiteness of the packsaddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the color of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish gray behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a peddler, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at Chasseradès and the congregated nightcaps; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theaters and pass-keys and close rooms. I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle, habitable place; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists; at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself. And yet even while I was exulting in my solitude I became aware of a strange lack. I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch. For there is a fellowship more quiet even than

16. **arcana**, plural of *arcanum*, mystery. 28. **Montaigne**, Michel de (1533-1592), a famous French essayist. 31. **Bastille**, a prison in Paris used especially for political offenders. It fell before the attack of a mob in the French Revolution (1789).

solitude, and which, rightly understood, is solitude made perfect. And to live out-of-doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free.

As I thus lay between content and longing, a faint noise stole toward me through the pines. I thought, at first, it was crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs at some very distant farm; but steadily and gradually it took articulate shape in my ears, until I became aware that a passenger was going by upon the highroad in the valley, and singing loudly as he went. There was more of good-will than grace in his performance; but he trolled with ample lungs; and the sound of his voice took hold upon the hillside and set the air shaking in the leafy glens. I have heard people passing by night in sleeping cities; some of them sang; one, I remember, played loudly on the bagpipes. I have heard the rattle of a cart or carriage spring up suddenly after hours of stillness, and pass, for some minutes, within the range of my hearing as I lay abed. There is a romance about all who are abroad in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business. But here the romance was double: first, this glad passenger, lit internally with wine, who sent up his voice in music through the night; and then I, on the other hand, buckled into my sack, and smoking alone in the pine-woods between four and five thousand feet toward the stars.

When I awoke again (Sunday, September 29), many of the stars had disappeared; only the stronger companions of the night still burned visibly overhead; and away toward the east I saw a faint haze of light upon the horizon such as had been the Milky Way when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glow-worm light put on my boots and gaiters; then I broke up some bread for Modestine, filled my can at the water-tap, and lit my spirit-lamp to boil myself some chocolate. The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain-tops of Vivarais. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight; I looked round me for something beautiful and unexpected; but the still black pine-trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained unchanged in figure. Nothing had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

I drank my water chocolate, which was hot if it was not rich, and strolled here and there, and up and down about the glade. While I was thus delaying, a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured direct out of the quarter of the morning. It was cold, and set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes in its passage; and I could see the thin, distant spires of pine along the edge of the hill rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely.

I hastened to prepare my pack, and tackle the steep ascent that lay before me; but I had something on my mind. It was only a fancy; yet a fancy will sometimes be importunate. I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravanserai. The room was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the inimitable ceiling, nor yet of the view which I

commanded from the windows; but I felt I was in someone's debt for all this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along, until I had left enough for my night's lodging. I trust they did not fall to some rich and churlish drover.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The Donkey, the Pack, and the Packsaddle. 1. Some student should report to the class on Stevenson's essay, "A Mountain Town in France."

2. Was Stevenson wise in choosing a sleeping-sack instead of a tent? Give your reasons.

3. Do you agree with Stevenson's characterization of a horse?

4. Do you think that Stevenson made a wise choice of articles for his kit? Would you take all of them? Can you explain why his arrangement of the pack was unwise?

The Green Donkey driver. 1. Students will be interested in tracing Stevenson's trip on the map given on page 281. For the relation of the small area covered by Stevenson to the rest of the country a complete map of France should be consulted.

2. Pick out the points in this section where Stevenson's humor is delightful. Why do the onlookers at various points laugh at him? Take up each case.

3. Do the peasants in this part of France seem different from country dwellers in America?

I Have a Goad. How does the inn compare with small American hotels?

2. Pick out the most picturesque scene in this section. Read it aloud to the class. At the end of the period the class can vote as to the best selection.

A Camp in the Dark. 1. Why does Stevenson say Fouzilhac was "worlds away" from Fouzilhic in the spirit of its inhabitants?

2. This section contains some unusually fine descriptions. Pick out the one you like the best and read it aloud as in the preceding section.

3. Stevenson thought this one of the three best chapters in the book. Do you like it? Why? Why do you suppose he liked it?

4. What traits of Stevenson appear in this and earlier chapters?

Cheylard and Luc. 1. How do the two inns in this section differ? How are they like the one at Bouchet St. Nicholas?

2. Do you think Stevenson enjoyed this part of his trip? What explanation does he give for visiting these places? Do you think civilization is a feather bed?

Father Apollinaris. Why do you suppose Stevenson would wish to visit a monastery? What interest in religion has he shown before? Why should his heart sink as he approached it? Why was he well received?

The Monks. 1. Why do you suppose this site was chosen for the monastery?

2. From your knowledge of Stevenson's philosophy of life, can you guess why he thought New England needed evangelizing?

3. Can you recall having mismanaged your life at any time like a dull fool? Does your school program help you? Do you think Stevenson was right?

4. What traits of Stevenson come out in this section? Where and how?

The Boarders. What motives brought these boarders to the monastery? Which of the men is the most interesting to you? Why did their attempt to convert Stevenson fail?

Across the Goulet. Should you have liked to take this part of the trip? Why?

A Night Among the Pines. Stevenson regarded this as one of the best chapters in the book. Why do you suppose he thought so? Which is the best paragraph? Do you like it because of the ideas or because of the language?

Review

1. What incident or place in this first half of his trip did Stevenson most enjoy? Give your reasons. Which would you have enjoyed most?

2. How did Stevenson like the inns? Why did he not sleep in the open every night? Was he really out exploring?

3. Where does Stevenson's friendliness appear most clearly? Who was the most interesting person he met? Do you think these French living in the Cévennes resemble each other in any respects? Are they in any way like American mountaineers?

Intensive Study

(Page 308, line 44, to page 309, line 7)

1. Why does Stevenson leave the drove-road?
2. Why does he select the dell of green turf?
3. Why does he call night under a roof monotonous?
4. In what sense could Stevenson "hear Nature breathing deeply and freely"?
5. What part of the night pleases him most?
6. How do the animals spend this period?
7. What trait of Stevenson's appears most strongly in this passage?

PART V

*THE COUNTRY OF THE CAMISARDS**

We traveled in the print of olden wars;
Yet all the land was green;
And love we found, and peace,
Where fire and war had been.
They pass and smile, the children of the sword—
No more the sword they wield;
And oh, how deep the corn
Along the battlefield!"

W. P. Bannatyne

Across the Lozère

The track that I had followed in the evening soon died out, and I continued to follow over a bald turf ascent a row of stone pillars, such as had conducted me across the Goulet. It was already warm. I tied my jacket on the pack, and walked in my knitted waistcoat. Modestine herself was in high spirits, and broke of her own accord, for the first time in my experience, into a jolting trot that sent the oats swashing in the pocket of my coat. The view, back upon the northern Gévaudan, extended with every step; scarce a tree, scarce a house, appeared upon the fields of wild hill that ran north, east, and west, all blue and gold in the haze and sunlight of the morning. A multitude of little birds kept sweeping and twittering about my path; they perched on the stone pillars, they pecked and strutted on the turf, and I saw them circle in volleys in the blue air, and show, from time to time, translucent flickering wings between the sun and me.

Almost from the first moment of my march, a faint, large noise, like a distant surf, had filled my ears. Sometimes I was tempted to think it the voice of a neighboring waterfall, and sometimes a subjective result of the utter stillness of the hill. But as I continued to advance, the noise increased and became like the hissing of an enormous tea-urn, and at the same time breaths of cool air began to reach me from the direction of the summit. At length I understood. It was blowing stiffly from the south upon the other slope of the Lozère, and every step that I took I was drawing nearer to the wind.

Although it had been long desired, it was quite unexpectedly at last that my eyes rose above the summit. A step that seemed no way more decisive than many other steps that had preceded it—and, "like stout Cortes when, with eagle eyes, he stared on the Pacific," I took possession, in my own name, of a new quarter of the world. For behold, instead of the gross turf rampart I had been mounting for so long, a view into the hazy air of heaven, and a land of intricate blue hills below my feet.

The Lozère lies nearly east and west, cutting Gévaudan into two unequal parts; its highest point, this Pic de Finiels, on which I was then standing, rises upwards of five thousand six hundred feet above the sea, and in clear weather commands a view over all lower Languedoc to the Mediterranean Sea. I have spoken with people who either pretended or believed that they had seen, from the Pic de Finiels, white ships sailing by Montpellier and Cette. Behind

*Camisards, the Protestants living in the Cévennes. Their name comes from the blouse (*camisa*) which they wore over their armor for identification in night attacks.

58. **like stout Cortes**, etc., a reference to Keats's sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," in which Keats named Cortes instead of Balboa as the discoverer of the Pacific. 74. **Languedoc**, a former division of France, including the country of Stevenson's journey and the adjoining departments.

was the upland northern country through which my way had lain, peopled by a dull race, without wood, without much grandeur of hill-form, and famous in the past for little beside wolves. But in front of me, half-veiled in sunny haze, lay a new Gévaudan, rich, picturesque, illustrious for stirring events. Speaking largely, I was in the Cévennes at Monastier, and during all my journey; but there is a strict and local sense in which only this confused and shaggy country at my feet has any title to the name, and in this sense the peasantry employ the word. These are the Cévennes with an emphasis—the Cévennes of the Cévennes. In that undecipherable labyrinth of hills, a war of bandits, a war of wild beasts, raged for two years between the Grand Monarch with all his troops and marshals on the one hand, and a few thousand Protestant mountaineers upon the other. A hundred and eighty years ago the Camisards held a station even on the Lozère, where I stood; they had an organization, arsenals, a military and religious hierarchy; their affairs were "the discourse of every coffee-house" in London; England sent fleets in their support; their leaders prophesied and murdered; with colors and drums, and the singing of old French psalms, their bands sometimes affronted daylight, marched before walled cities, and dispersed the generals of the King; and sometimes at night, or in masquerade, possessed themselves of strong castles, and avenged treachery upon their allies and cruelty upon their foes. There, a hundred and eighty years ago, was the chivalrous Roland, "Count and Lord Roland, generalissimo of the Protestants in France," grave, silent, imperious, pock-marked ex-dragoon, whom a lady followed in his wanderings, out of love. There was Cavalier, a baker's apprentice with a genius for war, elected brigadier of Camisards at seventeen, to die at fifty-five the English governor of Jersey. There again was Castanet, a partisan leader in a voluminous peruke and with a taste for controversial divinity. Strange generals, who moved apart to take counsel with the God of Hosts, and fled or offered battle, set sentinels or slept in an unguarded camp, as the Spirit whispered to their hearts! And there, to follow these and other leaders, was the rank and file of prophets and disciples, bold, patient, indefatigable, hardy to run upon the mountains, cheering their rough life with psalms, eager to fight, eager to pray, listening devoutly to the oracles of brainsick children, and mystically putting a grain of wheat among the pewter balls with which they charged their muskets.

I had traveled hitherto through a dull district, and in the track of nothing more notable than the child-eating Beast of Gévaudan, the Napoleon Bonaparte of wolves. But now I was to go down into the scene of a romantic chapter—or, better, a romantic footnote—in the history of the world. What was left of all this bygone dust and heroism? I was told that Protestantism still survived in this head seat of Protestant resistance; so much the priest himself had told me in the monastery parlor. But I had yet to learn if it were a bare survival, or a lively and generous tradition. Again, if in the northern Cévennes the people are narrow in religious judgments, and more filled with zeal than charity, what was

21. **Grand Monarch**, Louis XIV (1638-1715). 44. **Roland**, Roland Laporte. In 1704 he was betrayed by one of his officers, and killed.

49. **Cavalier, Jean.** After his defeat in 1704 he made a treaty unpopular with both sides and removed to England. 53. **Jersey**, an English Channel island. 54. **Castanet**, André. He resumed hostilities in 1705, was defeated, and executed.

I to look for in this land of persecution and reprisal—in a land where the tyranny of the Church produced the Camisard rebellion, and the terror of the Camisards threw the Catholic peasantry into legalized revolt upon the other side, so that Camisard and Florentin skulked for each other's lives among the mountains?

Just on the brow of the hill, where I paused to look before me, the series of stone pillars came abruptly to an end; and only a little below, a sort of track appeared and began to go down a breakneck slope, turning like a corkscrew as it went. It led into a valley between falling hills, stubbly with rocks like a reaped field of corn, and floored farther down with green meadows. I followed the track with precipitation; the steepness of the slope, the continual agile turning of the line of descent, and the old, unwearied hope of finding something new in a new country, all conspired to lend me wings. Yet a little lower and a stream began, collecting itself together out of many fountains, and soon making a glad noise among the hills. Sometimes it would cross the track in a bit of waterfall, with a pool, in which Modestine refreshed her feet.

The whole descent is like a dream to me, so rapidly was it accomplished. I had scarcely left the summit ere the valley had closed round my path, and the sun beat upon me, walking in a stagnant lowland atmosphere. The track became a road, and went up and down in easy undulations. I passed cabin after cabin, but all seemed deserted; and I saw not a human creature, nor heard any sound except that of the stream. I was, however, in a different country from the day before. The stony skeleton of the world was here vigorously displayed to sun and air. The slopes were steep and changeful. Oak-trees clung along the hills, well grown, wealthy in leaf, and touched by the autumn with strong and luminous colors. Here and there another stream would fall in from the right or the left, down a gorge of snow-white and tumultuary bowlders. The river in the bottom—for it was rapidly growing a river, collecting on all hands as it trotted on its way—here foamed awhile in desperate rapids, and there lay in pools of the most enchanting sea-green shot with watery browns. As far as I have gone, I have never seen a river of so changeful and delicate a hue; crystal was not more clear, the meadows were not by half so green; and at every pool I saw I felt a thrill of longing to be out of these hot, dusty, and material garments, and bathe my naked body in the mountain air and water. All the time as I went on I never forgot it was the Sabbath: the stillness was a perpetual reminder: and I heard in spirit the church-bells clamoring all over Europe, and the psalms of a thousand churches.

At length a human sound struck upon my ear—a cry strangely modulated between pathos and derision; and looking across the valley, I saw a little urchin sitting in a meadow, with his hands about his knees, and dwarfed to almost comical smallness by the distance. But the rogue had picked me out as I went down the road, from oak-wood on to oak-wood, driving Modestine; and he made me the compliments of the new country in this tremulous, high-pitched salutation. And as all noises are lovely and natural at a sufficient distance, this also, coming through so much clean hill air and crossing all the green valley, sounded pleasant to my ear, and seemed a thing rustic, like the oaks or the river.

8. **Florentin**, so named because this band of the Catholics organized at the town of St. Florient.

A little after, the stream that I was following fell into the Tarn, at Pont de Montvert of bloody memory.

Pont de Montvert

One of the first things I encountered in Pont de Montvert was, if I remember rightly, the Protestant temple; but this was but the type of other novelties. A subtle atmosphere distinguishes a town in England from a town in France, or even in Scotland. At Carlisle you can see you are in one country; at Dumfries, thirty miles away, you are as sure that you are in the other. I should find it difficult to tell in what particulars Pont de Montvert differed from Monastier or Langogne, or even Bleymard; but the difference existed, and spoke eloquently to the eyes. The place, with its houses, its lanes, its glaring river-bed, wore an indescribable air of the South.

All was Sunday bustle in the streets and in the public-house, as all had been Sabbath peace among the mountains. There must have been near a score of us at dinner by eleven before noon; and after I had eaten and drunken, and sat writing up my journal, I suppose as many more came dropping in one after another, or by twos and threes. In crossing the Lozère I had not only come among new, natural features, but moved into the territory of a different race. These people, as they hurriedly dispatched their viands in an intricate sword-play of knives, questioned and answered me with a degree of intelligence which excelled all that I had met, except among the railway folk at Chasseradès. They had open, telling faces, and were lively both in speech and manner. They not only entered thoroughly into the spirit of my little trip, but more than one declared, if he were rich enough, he would like to set forth on such another.

Even physically there was a pleasant change. I had not seen a pretty woman since I left Monastier, and there but one. Now of the three who sat down with me to dinner, one was certainly not beautiful—a poor, timid thing of forty, quite troubled at this roaring table d'hôte, whom I squired and helped to wine, and pledged, and tried generally to encourage, with quite a contrary effect; but the other two, both married, were both more handsome than the average of women. And Clarisse? What shall I say of Clarisse? She waited the table with a heavy, placable nonchalance, like a performing cow; but her great gray eyes were steeped in amorous languor; her features, although fleshy, were of an original and accurate design; her mouth had a curl; her nostril spoke of dainty pride; her cheek fell into strange and interesting lines. It was a face capable of strong emotion, and, with training, it offered the promise of delicate sentiment. It seemed pitiful to see so good a model left to country admirers and a country way of thought. Beauty should at least have touched society; then, in a moment, it throws off a weight that lay upon it, it becomes conscious of itself, it puts on an elegance, learns a gait and a carriage of the head, and, in a moment, *patet dea*. Before I left, I assured Clarisse of my hearty admiration. She took it like milk, without embarrassment or wonder, merely looking at me steadily with her great eyes; and I own the result upon myself was some confusion. If Clarisse could read English, I should not dare to add that her figure was unworthy of her face. Hers was a

11. **Carlisle**, a town in northwest England. 12. **Dumfries**, a town in southern Scotland. They are only about thirty miles apart.

83. **patet dea**, the goddess stands revealed.

case for stays; but that may perhaps grow better as she gets up in years.

Pont de Montvert, or Greenhill Bridge, as we might say at home, is a place memorable in the story of the

THE INN WHERE STEVENSON DINED, AT PONT DE MONTVERT

Camisards. It was here that the war broke out; here that those southern Covenanters slew their Archbishop Sharpe. The persecution on the one hand, the febrile enthusiasm on the other, are almost equally difficult to understand in these quiet, modern days, and with our easy modern beliefs and disbeliefs. The Protestants were one and all beside their right minds with zeal and sorrow. They were all prophets and prophetesses. Children at the breast would exhort their parents to good works. "A child of fifteen months at Quissac spoke from its mother's arms, agitated and sobbing, distinctly and with a loud voice." Marshal Villars has seen a town where all the women "seemed possessed by the devil," and had trembling fits, and uttered prophecies publicly upon the streets. A prophetess of Vivarais was hanged at Montpellier because blood flowed from her eyes and nose, and she declared that she was weeping tears of blood for the misfortunes of the Protestants. And it was not only women and children. Stalwart, dangerous fellows, used to swing the sickle or to wield the forest ax, were likewise shaken with strange paroxysms, and spoke oracles with sobs and streaming tears. A persecution unsurpassed in violence had lasted near a score of years, and this was the result

9. **Archbishop Sharpe**, an Episcopal archbishop of Scotland who was murdered in 1679 by the Covenanters, who vowed to maintain Presbyterian doctrines when England tried to force Episcopacy upon them.

24. **Marshal Villars**, the military leader who suppressed the Camisards.

upon the persecuted; hanging, burning, breaking on the wheel, had been vain; the dragoons had left their hoof-marks over all the country-side; there were men rowing in the galleys, and women pining in the prisons of the Church; and not a thought was changed in the heart of any upright Protestant.

Now the head and forefront of the persecution—after Lamoignon de Bâville—François de Langlade du Chayla (pronounced Chéïla), Archpriest of the Cévennes and Inspector of Missions in the same country, had a house in which he sometimes dwelt in the town of Pont de Montvert. He was a conscientious person, who seems to have been intended by nature for a pirate, and now fifty-five, an age by which a man has learned all the moderation of which he is capable. A missionary in his youth in China, he there suffered martyrdom, was left for dead, and only succored and brought back to life by the charity of a pariah. We must suppose the pariah devoid of second sight, and not purposely malicious in this act. Such an experience, it might be thought, would have cured a man of the desire to persecute; but the human spirit is a thing strangely put together; and, having been a Christian martyr, Du Chayla became a Christian persecutor. The Work of the Propagation of the Faith went roundly forward in his hands. His house in Pont de Montvert served him as a prison. There he plucked out the hairs of the beard, and closed the hands of his prisoners upon live coals, to convince them that they were deceived in their opinions. And yet had not he himself tried and proved the inefficacy of these carnal arguments among the Buddhists in China?

Not only was life made intolerable in Languedoc, but flight was rigidly forbidden. One Massip, a muleteer, and well acquainted with the mountain-paths, had already guided several troops of fugitives in safety to Geneva; and on him, with another convoy, consisting mostly of women dressed as men, Du Chayla, in an evil hour for himself, laid his hands. The Sunday following, there was a conventicle of Protestants in the woods of Altefage upon Mount Bougés; where there stood up one Séguier—Spirit Séguier, as his companions called him—a wool-carder, tall, black-faced, and toothless, but a man full of prophecy. He declared, in the name of God, that the time for submission had gone by, and they must betake themselves to arms for the deliverance of their brethren and the destruction of the priests.

The next night, July 24, 1702, a sound disturbed the Inspector of Missions as he sat in his prison-house at Pont de Montvert; the voices of many men upraised in psalmody drew nearer and nearer through the town. It was ten at night; he had his court about him, priests, soldiers, and servants, to the number of twelve or fifteen; and now dreading the insolence of a conventicle below his very windows, he ordered forth his soldiers to report. But the psalm-singers were already at his door, fifty strong, led by the inspired Séguier, and breathing death. To their summons, the archpriest made answer like a stout old persecutor, and bade his garrison fire upon the mob. One Camisard (for, according to some, it was in this night's work that they came by the name) fell at this discharge; his comrades burst in the door with hatchets and a beam of wood, overran the lower story of the house, set free the prisoners, and finding one of them in the

11. **Lamoignon de Bâville**, the harshest of the persecutors.

vine, a sort of Scavenger's Daughter of the place and period, redoubled in fury against Du Chayla, and sought by repeated assaults to carry the upper floors. But he, on his side, had given absolution to his men, and they bravely held the staircase.

"Children of God," cried the prophet, "hold your hands. Let us burn the house, with the priest and the satellites of Baal."

The fire caught readily. Out of an upper window Du Chayla and his men lowered themselves into the garden by means of knotted sheets; some escaped across the river under the bullets of the insurgents; but the archpriest himself fell, broke his thigh, and could only crawl into the hedge. What were his reflections as this second martyrdom drew near? A poor, brave, besotted, hateful man, who had done his duty resolutely according to his light both in the Cévennes and China. He found at least one telling word to say in his defense; for when the roof fell in and the upbursting flames discovered his retreat, and they came and dragged him to the public place of the town, raging and calling him damned—"If I be damned," said he, "why should you also damn yourselves?"

Here was a good reason for the last; but in the course of his inspectorship he had given many stronger which all told in a contrary direction; and these he was now to hear. One by one, Séguier first, the Camisards drew near and stabbed him. "This," they said, "is for my father broken on the wheel. This for my brother in the galleys. That for my mother or my sister imprisoned in your cursed convents." Each gave his blow and his reason; and then all kneeled and sang psalms around the body till the dawn. With the dawn, still singing, they defiled away toward Frugères, farther up the Tarn, to pursue the work of vengeance, leaving Du Chayla's prison-house in ruins and his body pierced with two-and-fifty wounds upon the public place.

'Tis a wild night's work, with its accompaniment of psalms; and it seems as if a psalm must always have a sound of threatening in that town upon the Tarn. But the story does not end, even so far as concerns Pont de Montvert, with the departure of the Camisards. The career of Séguier was brief and bloody. Two more priests and a whole family at Ladevèze, from the father to the servants, fell by his hand or by his orders; and yet he was but a day or two at large, and restrained all the time by the presence of the soldiery. Taken at length by a famous soldier of fortune, Captain Poul, he appeared unmoved before his judges.

"Your name?" they asked.

"Pierre Séguier."

"Why are you called Spirit?"

"Because the Spirit of the Lord is with me."

"Your domicile?"

"Lately in the desert, and soon in heaven."

"Have you no remorse for your crimes?"

"I have committed none. My soul is like a garden full of shelter and of fountains."

At Pont de Montvert, on the twelfth of August, he had his right hand stricken from his body, and was burned alive. And his soul was like a garden? So perhaps was the soul of Du Chayla, the Christian martyr. And perhaps if you could read in my soul, or I could read in yours, our own composure might seem little less surprising.

Du Chayla's house still stands, with a new roof, beside one of the bridges

1. Scavenger's Daughter, a medieval instrument of torture. 10. priest . . . Baal, *II Kings*, x, 19.

of the town, and if you are curious you may see the terrace-garden into which he dropped.

In the Valley of the Tarn

A new road leads from Pont de Montvert to Florac by the valley of the Tarn; a smooth, sandy ledge, it runs about halfway between the summit of the cliffs and the river in the bottom of the valley; and I went in and out, as I followed it, from bays of shadow into promontories of afternoon sun. This was a pass like that of Killiecrankie; a deep turning gully in the hills, with the Tarn making a wonderful hoarse uproar far below, and craggy summits standing in the sunshine high above. A thin fringe of ash-trees ran about the hilltops, like ivy on a ruin; but on the lower slopes, and far up every glen, the Spanish chestnut-trees stood each four-square to heaven under its tented foliage. Some were planted each on its own terrace, no larger than a bed; some, trusting in their roots, found strength to grow and prosper and be straight and large upon the rapid slopes of the valley; others, where there was a margin to the river, stood marshaled in a line and mighty like cedars of Lebanon. Yet even where they grew most thickly they were not to be thought of as a wood, but as a herd of stalwart individuals; and the dome of each tree stood forth separate and large, and as it were a little hill, from among the domes of its companions. They gave forth a faint, sweet perfume which pervaded the air of the afternoon; autumn had put tints of gold and tarnish in the green; and the sun so shone through and kindled the broad foliage that each chestnut was relieved against another, not in shadow, but in light. A humble sketcher here laid down his pencil in despair.

I wish I could convey a notion of the growth of these noble trees; of how they strike out boughs like the oak, and trail sprays of drooping foliage like the willow; of how they stand on upright, fluted columns like the pillars of a church; or like the olive, from the most shattered bole can put out smooth and youthful shoots, and begin a new life upon the ruins of the old. Thus they partake of the nature of many different trees; and even their prickly topknots, seen near at hand against the sky, have a certain palm-like air that impresses the imagination. But their individuality, although compounded of so many elements, is but the richer and the more original. And to look down upon a level filled with these knolls of foliage, or to see a clan of old, unconquerable chestnuts cluster "like herded elephants" upon the spur of a mountain, is to rise to higher thoughts of the powers that are in Nature.

Between Modestine's laggard humor and the beauty of the scene, we made little progress all that afternoon; and at last finding the sun, although still far from setting, was already beginning to desert the narrow valley of the Tarn, I began to cast about for a place to camp in. This was not easy to find; the terraces were too narrow, and the ground, where it was unterraced, was usually too steep for a man to lie upon. I should have slipped all night, and awakened toward morning with my feet or my head in the river.

After perhaps a mile, I saw, some sixty feet above the road, a little plateau large enough to hold my sack, and securely parapeted by the trunk of an aged and enormous chestnut.

13. Killiecrankie, a wooded pass in Perthshire, Scotland. 31. cedars of Lebanon. *Psalms* xcii, 12.

Thither, with infinite trouble, I goaded and kicked the reluctant Modestine, and there I hastened to unload her. There was only room for myself upon the plateau, and I had to go nearly as high again before I found so much as standing room for the ass. It was on a heap of rolling stones, on an artificial terrace, certainly not five feet square in all. Here I tied her to a chestnut, and having given her corn and bread and made a pile of chestnut-leaves, of which I found her greedy, I descended once more to my own encampment.

The position was unpleasantly exposed. One or two carts went by upon the road; and as long as daylight lasted I concealed myself, for all the world like a hunted Camisard, behind my fortification of vast chestnut trunk; for I was passionately afraid of discovery and the visit of jocular persons in the night. Moreover, I saw that I must be early awake; for these chestnut gardens had been the scene of industry no farther gone than on the day before. The slope was strewn with lopped branches, and here and there a great package of leaves was propped against a trunk; for even the leaves are serviceable, and the peasants use them in winter by way of fodder for their animals. I picked a meal in fear and trembling, half lying down to hide myself from the road; and I dare say I was as much concerned as if I had been a scout from Joani's band above upon the Lozère or from Salomon's across the Tarn in the old times of psalm-singing and blood. Or, indeed, perhaps more; for the Camisards had a remarkable confidence in God; and a tale comes back into my memory of how the Count of Gévaudan, riding with a party of dragoons and a notary at his saddlebow to enforce the oath of fidelity in all the country hamlets, entered a valley in the woods, and found Cavalier and his men at dinner, gayly seated on the grass, and their hats crowned with box-tree garlands, while fifteen women washed their linen in the stream. Such was a field festival in 1703; at that date Antony Watteau would be painting similar subjects.

This was a very different camp from that of the night before in the cool and silent pine-woods. It was warm and even stifling in the valley. The shrill song of frogs, like the tremolo note of a whistle with a pea in it, rang up from the riverside before the sun was down. In the growing dusk, faint rustlings began to run to and fro among the fallen leaves; from time to time a faint chirping or cheeping noise would fall upon my ear; and from time to time I thought I could see the movement of something swift and indistinct between the chestnuts. A profusion of large ants swarmed upon the ground; bats whisked by, and mosquitoes droned overhead. The long boughs with their bunches of leaves hung against the sky like garlands; and those immediately above and around me had somewhat the air of a trellis which should have been wrecked and half overthrown in a gale of wind.

Sleep for a long time fled my eyelids; and just as I was beginning to feel quiet stealing over my limbs, and settling densely on my mind, a noise at my head startled me broad awake again, and, I will frankly confess it, brought my heart into my mouth. It was such a noise as a person would make scratching loudly with a finger-nail, it came from under the knapsack which served me for a pillow, and it was thrice repeated before I had time to sit up and turn about. Nothing

39–40. **Joani, Salomon,** leaders of the Camisards.

56. **Antony Watteau** (1684-1721), a French painter who excelled in rural scenes.

was to be seen, nothing more was to be heard, but a few of these mysterious rustlings far and near, and the ceaseless accompaniment of the river and the frogs. I learned next day that the chestnut gardens are infested by rats; rustling, chirping, and scraping were probably all due to these; but the puzzle, for the moment, was insoluble, and I had to compose myself for sleep, as best I could, in wondering uncertainty about my neighbors.

I was wakened in the gray of the morning (Monday, September 30) by the sound of footsteps not far off upon the stones, and opening my eyes, I beheld a peasant going by among the chestnuts by a footpath that I had not hitherto observed. He turned his head neither to the right nor to the left, and disappeared in a few strides among the foliage. Here was an escape! But it was plainly more than time to be moving. The peasantry were abroad; scarce less terrible to me in my nondescript position than the soldiers of Captain Poul to an undaunted Camisard. I fed Modestine with what haste I could; but as I was returning to my sack, I saw a man and a boy come down the hillside in a direction crossing mine. They unintelligibly hailed me, and I replied with inarticulate but cheerful sounds, and hurried forward to get into my gaiters.

The pair, who seemed to be father and son, came slowly up to the plateau, and stood close beside me for some time in silence. The bed was open, and I saw with regret my revolver lying patently disclosed on the blue wool. At last, after they had looked me all over, and the silence had grown laughably embarrassing, the man demanded in what seemed unfriendly tones:

"You have slept here?"

"Yes," said I. "As you see."

"Why?" he asked.

"My faith," I answered lightly, "I was tired."

He next inquired where I was going and what I had had for dinner; and then, without the least transition, "*C'est bien,*" he added. "Come along." And he and his son, without another word, turned off to the next chestnut-tree but one, which they set to pruning. The thing had passed off more simply than I hoped. He was a grave, respectable man; and his unfriendly voice did not imply that he thought he was speaking to a criminal, but merely to an inferior.

I was soon on the road, nibbling a cake of chocolate and seriously occupied with a case of conscience. Was I to pay for my night's lodging? I had slept ill, the bed was full of fleas in the shape of ants, there was no water in the room, the very dawn had neglected to call me in the morning. I might have missed a train, had there been any in the neighborhood to catch. Clearly, I was dissatisfied with my entertainment; and I decided I should not pay unless I met a beggar.

The valley looked even lovelier by morning; and soon the road descended to the level of the river. Here, in a place where many straight and prosperous chestnuts stood together, making an aisle upon a swarded terrace, I made my morning toilet in the water of the Tarn. It was marvelously clear, thrillingly cool; the soapsuds disappeared as if by magic in the swift current, and the white bowlders gave one a model for cleanliness. To wash in one of God's rivers in the open air seems to me a sort of cheerful solemnity or semi-pagan act of worship. To dabble among dishes in a bedroom may perhaps make clean the body; but the imagination takes no share in such a cleansing. I went

56. C'est bien, all right.

on with a light and peaceful heart, and sang psalms to the spiritual ear as I advanced.

Suddenly up came an old woman, who point-blank demanded alms.

"Good!" thought I; "here comes the waiter with the bill."

And I paid for my night's lodging on the spot. Take it how you please, but this was the first and the last beggar that I met with during all my tour.

A step or two farther I was overtaken by an old man in a brown nightcap, clear-eyed, weather-beaten, with a faint, excited smile. A little girl followed him, driving two sheep and a goat; but she kept in our wake, while the old man walked beside me and talked about the morning and the valley. It was not much past six; and for healthy people who have slept enough, that is an hour of expansion and of open and trustful talk.

"*Connaissez-vous le Seigneur?*" he said at length.

I asked him what Seigneur he meant; but he only repeated the question with more emphasis and a look in his eyes denoting hope and interest.

"Ah!" said I, pointing upwards, "I understand you now. Yes, I know Him; He is the best of acquaintances."

The old man said he was delighted. "Hold," he added, striking his bosom; "it makes me happy here." There were a few who knew the Lord in these valleys, he went on to tell me; not many, but a few. "Many are called," he quoted, "and few chosen."

"My father," said I, "it is not easy to say who know the Lord; and it is none of our business. Protestants and Catholics, and even those who worship stones, may know Him and be known by Him; for He has made all."

24. **Connaissez-vous**, etc., do you know the Lord?

I did not know I was so good a preacher.

The old man assured me he thought as I did, and repeated his expressions of pleasure at meeting me. "We are so few," he said. "They call us Moravians here; but down in the department of Gard, where there are also a good number, they are called Derbists, after an English pastor."

I began to understand that I was figuring, in questionable taste, as a member of some sect to me unknown; but I was more pleased with the pleasure of my companion than embarrassed by my own equivocal position. Indeed I can see no dishonesty in not avowing a difference, and especially in these high matters where we have all a sufficient assurance that, whoever may be in the wrong, we ourselves are not completely in the right. The truth is much talked about; but this old man in a brown nightcap showed himself so simple, sweet, and friendly that I am not unwilling to profess myself his convert. He was, as a matter of fact, a Plymouth Brother. Of what that involves in the way of doctrine I have no idea, nor the time to inform myself; but I know right well that we are all embarked upon a troublesome world, the children of one Father, striving in many essential points to do and to become the same. And although it was somewhat in a mistake that he shook hands with me so often and showed himself so ready to receive my words, that was a mistake of the truth-finding sort. For charity begins blindfold; and only through a series of similar misapprehensions rises at length into a settled principle.

55. **Moravians**, a religious sect that traces its origin to John Huss (1369-1415) in Bohemia and Moravia.

58. **Derbists**, a religious sect, commonly known as Plymouth Brethren, that arose about 1800 at Plymouth, England.

of love and patience, and a firm belief in all our fellow-men. If I deceived this good old man, in the like manner I would willingly go on to deceive others. And if ever at length, out of our separate and sad ways, we should all come together into one common house, I have a hope, to which I cling clearly, that my mountain Plymouth Brother will hasten to shake hands with me again.

Thus, talking like Christian and Faithful by the way, he and I came down upon a hamlet by the Tarn. It was but a humble place, called La Vernède, with less than a dozen houses, and a Protestant chapel on a knoll. Here he dwelt; and here, at the inn, I ordered my breakfast. The inn was kept by an agreeable young man, a stone-breaker on the road, and his sister, a pretty and engaging girl. The village schoolmaster dropped in to speak with the stranger. And these were all Protestants—a fact which pleased me more than I should have expected; and, what pleased me still more, they seemed all upright and simple people. The Plymouth Brother hung round me with a sort of yearning interest, and returned at least thrice to make sure I was enjoying my meal. His behavior touched me deeply at the time, and even now moves me in recollection. He feared to intrude, but he would not willingly forego one moment of my society; and he seemed never weary of shaking me by the hand.

When all the rest had drifted off to their day's work, I sat for near half an hour with the young mistress of the house, who talked pleasantly over her seam of the chestnut harvest, and the beauties of the Tarn, and old family affections, broken up when young folk go from home, yet still subsisting. Hers, I am sure, was a sweet nature, with a country plainness and much delicacy underneath; and he who takes her to his heart will doubtless be a fortunate young man.

The valley below La Vernède pleased me more and more as I went forward. Now the hills approached from either hand, naked and crumbling, and walled in the river between cliffs; and now the valley widened and became green. The road led me past the old castle of Miral on a steep; past a battlemented monastery, long since broken up and turned into a church and parsonage, and past a cluster of black roofs, the village of Cocurès, sitting among vineyards and meadows and orchards thick with red apples, and where, along the highway, they were knocking down walnuts from the roadside trees, and gathering them in sacks and baskets. The hills, however much the vale might open, were still tall and bare, with cliffy battlements and here and there a pointed summit; and the Tarn still rattled through the stones with a mountain noise. I had been led, by bagmen of a picturesque turn of mind, to expect a horrific country after the heart of Byron; but to my Scotch eyes it seemed smiling and plentiful, as the weather still gave an impression of high summer to my Scotch body; although the chestnuts were already picked out by the autumn, and the poplars, that here began to mingle with them, had turned into pale gold against the approach of winter.

There was something in this landscape, smiling although wild, that explained to me the spirit of the Southern Covenanters. Those who

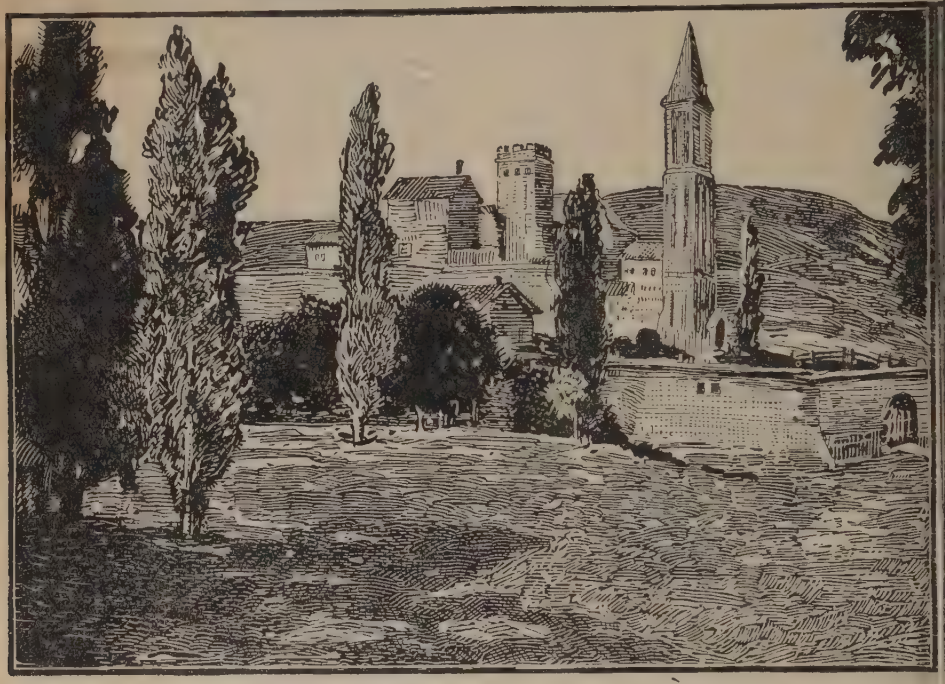
12. **Christian and Faithful.** See *Pilgrim's Progress*, Part I, Chapter X.

80. **Byron**, Lord (1788-1824). This famous English poet shows his love of wild nature in *Childe Harold*, Canto II.

took to the hills for conscience' sake in Scotland had all gloomy and bedeviled thoughts; for once that they received God's comfort they would be twice engaged with Satan; but the Camisards had only bright and supporting visions. They dealt much more in blood, both given and taken; yet I find no obsession of the

a transporting desire. The feeling cannot be expressed in words. It is a thing that must have been experienced to be understood. However weary we might be, we thought no more of our weariness and grew light, so soon as the psalms fell upon our ears."

The valley of the Tarn and the



THE PROTESTANT CHAPEL AT LA VERNÈDE

Evil One in their records. With a light conscience, they pursued their life in these rough times and circumstances. The soul of Séguier, let us not forget, was like a garden. They knew they were on God's side, with a knowledge that has no parallel among the Scots; for the Scots, although they might be certain of the cause, could never rest confident of the person.

"We flew," says one old Camisard, "when we heard the sound of psalm-singing, we flew as if with wings. We felt within us an animating ardor,

people whom I met at La Vernède not only explain to me this passage, but the twenty years of suffering which those, who were so stiff and so bloody when once they betook themselves to war, endured with the meekness of children and the constancy of saints and peasants.

Florac

On a branch of the Tarn stands Florac, the seat of a subprefecture, with an old castle, an alley of planes,

44. plane, sycamore.

many quaint street-corners, and a live fountain welling from the hill. It is notable, besides, for handsome women, and as one of the two capitals, Alais being the other, of the country of the Camisards.

The landlord of the inn took me, after I had eaten, to an adjoining café, where I, or rather my journey, became the topic of the afternoon. Everyone had some suggestion for my guidance; and the subprefectorial map was fetched from the subprefecture itself, and much thumbed among coffee-cups and glasses of liqueur. Most of these kind advisers were Protestant, though I observed that Protestant and Catholic intermingled in a very easy manner; and it surprised me to see what a lively memory still subsisted of the religious war. Among the hills of the southwest, by Mauchline, Cumnock, or Carsphairn, in isolated farms or in the manse, serious Presbyterian people still recall the days of the great persecution, and the graves of local martyrs are still piously regarded. But in towns and among the so-called better classes, I fear that these old doings have become an idle tale. If you met a mixed company in the King's Arms at Wigtown, it is not likely that the talk would run on Covenanters. Nay, at Muirkirk of Glenluce, I found the beadle's wife had not so much as heard of Prophet Peden. But these Cévenols were proud of their ancestors in quite another sense; the war was their chosen topic; its exploits were their own patent of nobility; and where a man or a race has had but one adventure, and that heroic, we must expect and pardon some prolixity of reference.

They told me the country was still full of legends hitherto uncollected; I heard from them about Cavalier's descendants—not direct descendants, be it understood, but only cousins or nephews—who were still prosperous people in the scene of the boy-general's exploits; and one farmer had seen the bones of old combatants dug up into the air of an afternoon in the nineteenth century, in a field where the ancestors had fought, and the great-grandchildren were peaceably ditching.

Later in the day one of the Protestant pastors was so good as to visit me—a young man, intelligent and polite, with whom I passed an hour or two in talk. Florac, he told me, is part Protestant, part Catholic; and the difference in religion is usually doubled by a difference in politics. You may judge of my surprise, coming as I did from such a babbling, purgatorial Poland of a place as Monastier, when I learned that the population lived together on very quiet terms; and there was even an exchange of hospitalities between households thus doubly separated. Black Camisard and White Camisard, militiaman and Miquelet and dragoon, Protestant prophet and Catholic cadet of the White Cross, they had all been sabering and shooting, burning, pillaging, and murdering, their hearts hot with indignant passion; and here, after a hundred and seventy years, Protestant is still Protestant, Catholic still Catholic, in mutual toleration and mild amity of life. But the race of man, like that indomitable nature whence it sprang, has medicating virtues of its own; the years and seasons bring various harvests; the sun returns after the rain; and mankind outlives secular animosities, as a single man awakens from the passions

13. **subprefecture**, the town hall. 23, 35. **Mauchline**, etc., **Wigtown**, **Muirkirk**, towns in southwestern Scotland. 38. **Prophet Peden**, Alexander Peden (1626-1688), a famous Covenanter preacher, who was greatly persecuted.

77. **Miquelet**, the leader of a bandit troop.

of a day. We judge our ancestors from a more divine position; and the dust being a little laid with several centuries, we can see both sides adorned with human virtues and fighting with a show of right.

I have never thought it easy to be just, and find it daily even harder than I thought. I own I met these Protestants with delight and a sense of coming home. I was accustomed to speak their language, in another and deeper sense of the word than that which distinguishes between French and English; for the true babel is a divergence upon morals. And hence I could hold more free communication with the Protestants, and judge them more justly, than the Catholics. Father Apollinaris may pair off with my mountain Plymouth Brother as two guileless and devout old men; yet I ask myself if I had as ready a feeling for the virtues of the Trappist; or had I been a Catholic, if I should have felt so warmly to the dissenter of La Vernède. With the first I was on terms of mere forbearance; but with the other, although only on a misunderstanding and by keeping on selected points, it was still possible to hold converse and exchange some honest thoughts. In this world of imperfection we gladly welcome even partial intimacies. If we find but one to whom we can speak out of our heart freely, with whom we can walk in love and simplicity without dissimulation, we have no ground of quarrel with the world or God.

In the Valley of the Mimente

On Tuesday, October first, we left Florac late in the afternoon, a tired donkey and tired donkey-driver. A little way up the Tarnon, a covered bridge of wood introduced us into the valley of the Mimente. Steep, rocky, red mountains overhung the stream; great oaks and chestnuts grew upon the slopes or in stony terraces; here and there was a red field of millet or a few apple-trees studded with red apples; and the road passed hard by two black hamlets, one with an old castle atop to please the heart of the tourist.

It was difficult here again to find a spot fit for my encampment. Even under the oaks and chestnuts the ground had not only a very rapid slope, but was heaped with loose stones; and where there was no timber the hills descended to the stream in a red precipice tufted with heather. The sun had left the highest peak in front of me, and the valley was full of the lowing sound of herdsmen's horns as they recalled the flocks into the stable, when I spied a bight of meadow some way below the roadway in an angle of the river. Thither I descended, and, tying Modestine provisionally to a tree proceeded to investigate the neighborhood. A gray, pearly, evening shadow filled the glen; objects at a little distance grew indistinct and melted bafflingly into each other; and the darkness was rising steadily like an exhalation. I approached a great oak which grew in the meadow, hard by the river's brink; when to my disgust the voices of children fell upon my ear, and I beheld a house round the angle on the other bank. I had half a mind to pack and be gone again, but the growing darkness moved me to remain. I had only to make no noise until the night was fairly come, and trust to the dawn to call me early in the morning. But it was hard to be annoyed by neighbors in such a great hotel.

A hollow underneath the oak was my bed. Before I had fed Modestine and arranged my sack, three stars were

already brightly shining, and the others were beginning dimly to appear. I slipped down to the river, which looked very black among its rocks, to fill my can; and dined with a good appetite in the dark, for I scrupled to light a lantern while so near a house. The moon, which I had seen, a pallid crescent, all afternoon, faintly illuminated the summit of the hills, but not a ray fell into the bottom of the glen where I was lying. The oak rose before me like a pillar of darkness; and overhead the heartsome stars were set in the face of the night. No one knows the stars who has not slept, as the French happily put it, *à la belle étoile*.[17] He may know all their names and distances and magnitudes, and yet be ignorant of what alone concerns mankind—their serene and gladsome influence on the mind. The greater part of poetry is about the stars; and very justly, for they are themselves the most classical of poets. These same far-away worlds, sprinkled like tapers or shaken together like a diamond dust upon the sky, had looked not otherwise to Roland or Cavalier, when, in the words of the latter, they had "no other tent but the sky, and no other bed than my mother earth."

All night a strong wind blew up the valley, and the acorns fell pattering over me from the oak. Yet, on this first night of October, the air was as mild as May, and I slept with the fur thrown back.

I was much disturbed by the barking of a dog, an animal that I fear more than any wolf. A dog is vastly braver, and is besides supported by the sense of duty. If you kill a wolf, you meet with encouragement and praise; but if you kill a dog, the sacred rights of property and domestic affections come clamoring round you for redress. At the end of a fagging day, the sharp, cruel note of a dog's bark is in itself a keen annoyance; and to a tramp like myself, he represents the sedentary and respectable world in its most hostile form. There is something of the clergyman or the lawyer about this engaging animal; and if he were not amenable to stones, the boldest man would shrink from traveling afoot. I respect dogs much in the domestic circle; but on the highway or sleeping afield, I both detest and fear them.

I was wakened next morning (Wednesday, October second) by the same dog—for I knew his bark—making a charge down the bank, and then, seeing me sit up, retreating again with great alacrity. The stars were not yet quite extinguished. The heaven was of that enchanting, mild gray-blue of the early morn. A still, clear light began to fall, and the trees on the hillside were outlined sharply against the sky. The wind had veered more to the north, and no longer reached me in the glen; but as I was going on with my preparations, it drove a white cloud very swiftly over the hilltop; and looking up, I was surprised to see the cloud dyed with gold. In these high regions of the air, the sun was already shining as at noon. If only the clouds traveled high enough, we should see the same thing all night long. For it is always daylight in the fields of space.

As I began to go up the valley, a draft of wind came down it out of the seat of the sunrise, although the clouds continued to run overhead in an almost contrary direction. A few steps farther, and I saw a whole hillside gilded with the sun; and still a little beyond, between two peaks, a center of dazzling brilliancy appeared floating in the sky, and I was once

17. **à la belle étoile**, in the open air (literally, under the beautiful star).

more face to face with the big bonfire that occupies the kernel of our system.

I met but one human being that forenoon, a dark, military-looking wayfarer, who carried a game-bag on a baldric; but he made a remark that seems worthy of record. For when I asked him if he were Protestant or Catholic—"Oh," said he, "I make no shame of my religion. I am a Catholic."

He made no shame of it! The phrase is a piece of natural statistics; for it is the language of one in a minority. I thought with a smile of Bavile and his dragoons, and how you may ride roughshod over a religion for a century, and leave it only the more lively for the friction. Ireland is still Catholic; the Cévennes still Protestant. It is not a basketful of law-papers, nor the hoofs and pistol-butts of a regiment of horse, that can change one tittle of a plowman's thoughts. Outdoor rustic people have not many ideas, but such as they have are hardy plants and thrive flourishingly in persecution. One who has grown a long while in the sweat of laborious noons, and under the stars at night, a frequenter of hills and forests, an old honest countryman, has, in the end, a sense of communion with the powers of the universe, and amicable relations toward his God. Like my mountain Plymouth Brother, he knows the Lord. His religion does not repose upon a choice of logic; it is the poetry of the man's experience, the philosophy of the history of his life. God, like a great power, like a great shining sun, has appeared to this simple fellow in the course of years, and become the ground and essence of his least reflections; and you may change creeds and dogmas by authority, or proclaim a new religion with the sound of trumpets, if you will; but here is a man who has his own thoughts, and will stubbornly adhere to them in good and evil. He is a Catholic, a Protestant, or a Plymouth Brother, in the same indefeasible sense that a man is not a woman, or a woman not a man. For he could not vary from his faith, unless he could eradicate all memory of the past, and, in a strict and not a conventional meaning, change his mind.

The Heart of the Country

I was now drawing near to Cassagnas, a cluster of black roofs upon the hillside, in this wild valley, among chestnut gardens, and looked upon in the clear air by many rocky peaks. The road along the Mimente is yet new, nor have the mountaineers recovered their surprise when the first cart arrived at Cassagnas. But although it lay thus apart from the current of men's business, this hamlet had already made a figure in the history of France. Hard by, in caverns of the mountain, was one of the five arsenals of the Camisards, where they laid up clothes and corn and arms against necessity, forged bayonets and sabers, and made themselves gunpowder with willow charcoal and saltpeter boiled in kettles. To the same caves, amid this multifarious industry, the sick and wounded were brought up to heal; and there they were visited by the two surgeons, Chabrier and Tavan, and secretly nursed by women of the neighborhood.

Of the five legions into which the Camisards were divided, it was the oldest and the most obscure that had its magazines by Cassagnas. This was the band of Spirit Séguier; men who had joined their voices with his in the sixty-eighth Psalm as they marched down by night on the archpriest of the Cévennes. Séguier

promoted to heaven, was succeeded by Salomon Couderc, whom Cavalier treats in his memoirs as chaplain-general to the whole army of the Camisards. He was a prophet; a great reader of the heart, who admitted people to the sacrament or refused them by "intentively viewing every man" between the eyes; and had the most of the Scriptures off by rote. And this was surely happy; since in a surprise in August, 1703, he lost his mule, his portfolios, and his Bible. It is only strange that they were not surprised more often and more effectually; for this legion of Cassagnas was truly patriarchal in its theory of war, and camped without sentries, leaving that duty to the angels of the God for whom they fought. This is a token, not only of their faith, but of the trackless country where they harbored. M. de Caladon, taking a stroll one fine day, walked without warning into their midst, as he might have walked into "a flock of sheep in a plain," and found some asleep and some awake and psalm-singing. A traitor had need of no recommendation to insinuate himself among their ranks, beyond "his faculty of singing psalms"; and even the prophet Salomon "took him into a particular friendship." Thus, among their intricate hills, the rustic troops subsisted; and history can attribute few exploits to them but sacraments and ecstacies.

People of this tough and simple stock will not, as I have just been saying, prove variable in religion; nor will they get nearer to apostasy than a mere external conformity like that of Naaman in the house of Rimmon. When Louis XVI, in the words of the edict, "convinced by the uselessness of a century of persecutions, and rather from necessity than sympathy," granted at last a royal grace of toleration, Cassagnas was still Protestant; and to a man, it is so to this day. There is, indeed, one family that is not Protestant, but neither is it Catholic. It is that of a Catholic curé in revolt, who has taken to his bosom a schoolmistress. And his conduct, it's worth noting, is disapproved by the Protestant villagers.

"It is a bad idea," said one, "for a man to go back from his engagements."

The villagers whom I saw seemed intelligent after a countrified fashion, and were all plain and dignified in manner. As a Protestant myself, I was well looked upon, and my acquaintance with history gained me further respect. For we had something not unlike a religious controversy at table, a gendarme and a merchant with whom I dined being both strangers to the place and Catholics. The young men of the house stood round and supported me; and the whole discussion was tolerantly conducted and surprised a man brought up among the infinitesimal and contentious differences of Scotland. The merchant, indeed, grew a little warm, and was far less pleased than some others with my historical acquirements. But the gendarme was mighty easy over it all.

"It's a bad idea for a man to change," said he; and the remark was generally applauded.

That was not the opinion of the priest and soldier at Our Lady of the Snows. But this is a different race; and perhaps the same great-heartedness that upheld them to resist, now enables them to differ in a kind spirit. For courage respects courage; but where a faith has been trodden out, we may look for a mean and narrow population. The true

44. Naaman. See *II Kings*, v. 46. edict, of 1787.

work of Bruce and Wallace was the union of the nations; not that they should stand apart a while longer, skirmishing upon their borders; but that, when the time came, they might unite with self-respect.

The merchant was much interested in my journey, and thought it dangerous to sleep afield.

"There are the wolves," said he; "and then it is known you are an Englishman. The English have always long purses, and it might very well enter into someone's head to deal you an ill blow some night."

I told him I was not much afraid of such accidents; and at any rate judged it unwise to dwell upon alarms or consider small perils in the arrangement of life. Life itself, I submitted, was a far too risky business as a whole to make each additional particular of danger worth regard. "Something," said I, "might burst in your inside any day of the week, and there would be an end of you, if you were locked into your room with three turns of the key."

"*Cependant*," said he, "*coucher dehors!*"

"God," said I, "is everywhere."

"*Cependant, coucher dehors*," he repeated, and his voice was eloquent of terror.

He was the only person, in all my voyage, who saw anything hardy in so simple a proceeding; although many considered it superfluous. Only one, on the other hand, professed much delight in the idea; and that was my Plymouth Brother, who cried out, when I told him I sometimes preferred sleeping under the stars to a close and noisy alehouse, "Now I see that you know the Lord!"

The merchant asked me for one of my cards as I was leaving, for he said I should be something to talk of in the future, and desired me to make a note of his request and reason; a desire with which I have thus complied.

A little after two I struck across the Mimente, and took a rugged path southward up a hillside covered with loose stones and tufts of heather. At the top, as is the habit of the country, the path disappeared; and I left my she-ass munching heather, and went forward alone to seek a road.

I was now on the separation of two vast watersheds; behind me all the streams were bound for the Garonne and the Western Ocean; before me was the basin of the Rhone. Hence, as from the Lozère, you can see in clear weather the shining of the Gulf of Lyons; and perhaps from here the soldiers of Salomon may have watched for the topsails of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and the long promised aid from England. You may take this ridge as lying in the heart of the country of the Camisards; four of the five legions camped all round it and almost within view—Salomon and Joani to the north, Castanet and Roland to the south; and when Julien had finished his famous work, the devastation of the High Cévennes, which lasted all through October and November, 1703, and during which four hundred and sixty villages and hamlets were, with fire and pickax, utterly subverted, a man standing on this eminence would have looked forth upon a silent, smokeless, and dispeopled land. Time and man's activity have now repaired these ruins; Cassagnas is once more roofed and sending up domestic smoke; and in the chestnut gardens, in low and leafy corners, many a prosperous farmer returns, when the day's work is done,

1. **Bruce and Wallace.** Robert Bruce (1274-1329), King of Scotland and the hero of Bannockburn, and Sir William Wallace (1274-1305) fought bravely against England for the independence of their country. 29. **Cependant, coucher dehors,** but to think of sleeping out-of-doors!

62. The Tarn flows into the Garonne. 70. **Shovel,** an English admiral (1650-1707).

to his children and bright hearth. And still it was perhaps the wildest view of all my journey. Peak upon peak, chain upon chain of hills ran surging southward, channeled and sculptured by the winter streams, feathered from head to foot with chestnuts, and here and there breaking out into a coronal of cliffs. The sun, which was still far from setting, sent a drift of misty gold across the hilltops, but the valleys were already plunged in a profound and quiet shadow.

A very old shepherd, hobbling on a pair of sticks, and wearing a black cap of liberty, as if in honor of his nearness to the grave, directed me to the road for St. Germain de Calberte. There was something solemn in the isolation of this infirm and ancient creature. Where he dwelt, how he got upon this high ridge, or how he proposed to get down again, were more than I could fancy. Not far off upon my right was the famous Plan de Font Morte, where Poul with his Armenian saber slashed down the Camisards of Séguier. This, methought, might be some Rip Van Winkle of the war, who had lost his comrades, fleeing before Poul, and wandered ever since upon the mountains. It might be news to him that Cavalier had surrendered, or Roland had fallen fighting with his back against an olive. And while I was thus working on my fancy, I heard him hailing in broken tones, and saw him waving me to come back with one of his two sticks. I had already got some way past him; but, leaving Modestine once more, retraced my steps.

Alas, it was a very commonplace affair. The old gentleman had forgot to ask the peddler what he sold, and wished to remedy this neglect.

I told him sternly, "Nothing."

"Nothing?" cried he.

I repeated "Nothing," and made off.

It's odd to think of, but perhaps I thus became as inexplicable to the old man as he had been to me.

The road lay under chestnuts, and though I saw a hamlet or two below me in the vale, and many lone houses of the chestnut farmers, it was a very solitary march all afternoon; and the evening began early underneath the trees. But I heard the voice of a woman singing some sad, old, endless ballad not far off. It seemed to be about love and a *bel amoureux*, her handsome sweetheart; and I wished I could have taken up the strain and answered her, as I went on upon my invisible woodland way, weaving, like Pippa in the poem, my own thoughts with hers. What could I have told her? Little enough; and yet all the heart requires. How the world gives and takes away, and brings sweethearts near, only to separate them again into distant and strange lands; but to love is the great amulet which makes the world a garden; and "hope, which comes to all," outwears the accidents of life, and reaches with tremulous hand beyond the grave and death. Easy to say; yea, but also, by God's mercy, both easy and grateful to believe!

We struck at last into a wide, white highroad, carpeted with noiseless dust. The night had come; the moon had been shining for a long while upon the opposite mountain; when on turning a corner my donkey and I issued ourselves into her light. I had emptied out my brandy at Florac, for I could bear the stuff no longer, and replaced it with some generous and scented Volnay; and now I drank to the moon's sacred majesty upon the road. It was but a couple of mouthfuls; yet I became thenceforth unconscious of my limbs, and my blood flowed with luxury. Even Modestine was inspired

15. **cap of liberty**, a pointed cap with its apex turned over toward the front.

66. **Pippa**, in Browning's *Pippa Passes*.

by this purified nocturnal sunshine, and bestirred her little hoofs as to a livelier measure. The road wound and descended swiftly among masses of chestnuts. Hot dust rose from our feet and flowed away. Our two shadows—mine deformed with the knapsack, hers comically bestridden by the pack—now lay before us clearly outlined on the road, and now, as we turned a corner, went off into the ghostly distance, and sailed along the mountainlike clouds. From time to time a warm wind rustled down the valley, and set all the chestnuts dangling their bunches of foliage and fruit; the ear was filled with whispering music, and the shadows danced in tune. And next moment the breeze had gone by, and in all the valley nothing moved except our traveling feet. On the opposite slope, the monstrous ribs and gullies of the mountain were faintly designed in the moonshine; and high overhead, in some lone house, there burned one lighted window, one square spark of red in the huge field of sad, nocturnal coloring.

At a certain point, as I went downward, turning many acute angles, the moon disappeared behind the hill; and I pursued my way in great darkness, until another turning shot me without preparation into St. Germain de Calberte. The place was asleep and silent, and buried in opaque night. Only from a single open door some lamplight escaped upon the road to show me I was come among men's habitations. The two last gossips of the evening, still talking by a garden wall, directed me to the inn. The landlady was getting her chicks to bed; the fire was already out, and had, not without grumbling, to be rekindled; half an hour later, and I must have gone supperless to roost.

The Last Day

When I awoke (Thursday, October 2), and, hearing a great flourishing of cocks and chuckling of contented hens, betook me to the window of the clean and comfortable room where I had slept the night, I looked forth on a sunshiny morning in a deep vale of chestnut gardens. It was still early, and the cockcrows, and the slanting lights, and the long shadows encouraged me to be out and look round me.

St. Germain de Calberte is a great parish nine leagues round about. At the period of the wars, and immediately before the devastation, it was inhabited by two hundred and seventy-five families, of which only nine were Catholic; and it took the curé seventeen September days to go from house to house on horseback for a census. But the place itself, although capital of a canton, is scarce larger than a hamlet. It lies terraced across a steep slope in the midst of mighty chestnuts. The Protestant chapel stands below upon a shoulder; in the midst of the town is the quaint old Catholic church.

It was here that poor Du Chayla, the Christian martyr, kept his library and held a court of missionaries; here he had built his tomb, thinking to lie among a grateful population whom he had redeemed from error; and hither on the morrow of his death they brought the body, pierced with two-and-fifty wounds, to be interred. Clad in his priestly robes, he was laid out in state in the church. The curé, taking his text from *II Samuel*, twentieth chapter and twelfth verse, "And Amasa wallowed in his blood in the highway," preached a rousing sermon, and exhorted his brethren to die each at his post, like their unhappy and illustrious superior. In the midst of this eloquence there

came a breeze that Spirit Séguier was near at hand; and behold! all the assembly took to their horses' heels, some east, some west, and the curé himself as far as Alais.

Strange was the position of this little Catholic metropolis, a thimbleful of Rome, in such a wild and contrary neighborhood. On the one hand, the legion of Salomon overlooked it from Cassagnas; on the other, it was cut off from assistance by the legion of Roland at Mialet. The curé, Louvrelenil, although he took a panic at the archpriest's funeral, and so hurriedly decamped to Alais, stood well by his isolated pulpit, and thence uttered fulminations against the crimes of the Protestants. Salomon besieged the village for an hour and a half, but was beat back. The militiamen, on guard before the curé's door, could be heard, in the black hours, singing Protestant psalms and holding friendly talk with the insurgents. And in the morning, although not a shot had been fired, there would not be a round of powder in their flasks. Where was it gone? All handed over to the Camisards for a consideration. Untrusty guardians for an isolated priest!

That these continual stirs were once busy in St. Germain de Calberte, the imagination with difficulty receives; all is now so quiet, the pulse of human life now beats so low and still in this hamlet of the mountains. Boys followed me a great way off, like a timid sort of lion-hunters; and people turned round to have a second look, or came out of their houses, as I went by. My passage was the first event, you would have fancied, since the Camisards. There was nothing rude or forward in this observation; it was but a pleased and wondering scrutiny, like that of oxen or the human infant; yet it wearied my spirits, and soon drove me from the street.

I took refuge on the terraces, which are here greenly carpeted with sward, and tried to imitate with a pencil the inimitable attitudes of the chestnuts as they bear up their canopy of leaves. Ever and again a little wind went by, and the nuts dropped all around me, with a light and dull sound, upon the sward. The noise was as of a thin fall of great hailstones; but there went with it a cheerful human sentiment of an approaching harvest and farmers rejoicing in their gains. Looking up, I could see the brown nut peering through the husk, which was already gaping; and between the stems the eye embraced an amphitheater of hill, sunlit and green with leaves.

I have not often enjoyed a place more deeply. I moved in an atmosphere of pleasure, and felt light and quiet and content. But perhaps it was not the place alone that so disposed my spirit. Perhaps someone was thinking of me in another country; or perhaps some thought of my own had come and gone unnoticed, and yet done me good. For some thoughts, which sure would be the most beautiful, vanish before we can rightly scan their features; as though a god, traveling by our green highways, should but ope the door, give one smiling look into the house, and go again forever. Was it Apollo, or Mercury, or Love with folded wings? Who shall say? But we go the lighter about our business, and feel peace and pleasure in our hearts.

I dined with a pair of Catholics. They agreed in the condemnation of a young man, a Catholic, who had married a Protestant girl and gone over to the religion of his wife. A Protestant born they could understand and respect; indeed, they seemed

to be of the mind of an old Catholic woman, who told me that same day there was no difference between the two sects, save that "wrong was more wrong for the Catholic," who had more light and guidance; but this of a man's desertion filled them with contempt.

"It is a bad idea for a man to change," said one.

It may have been accidental, but you see how this phrase pursued me; and for myself, I believe it is the current philosophy in these parts. I have some difficulty in imagining a better. It's not only a great flight of confidence for a man to change his creed and go out of his family for heaven's sake; but the odds are—nay, and the hope is—that, with all this great transition in the eyes of man, he has not changed himself a hair's-breadth to the eyes of God. Honor to those who do so, for the wrench is sore. But it argues something narrow, whether of strength or weakness, whether of the prophet or the fool, in those who can take a sufficient interest in such infinitesimal and human operations, or who can quit a friendship for a doubtful process of the mind. And I think I should not leave my old creed for another, changing only words for other words; but by some brave reading, embrace it in spirit and truth, and find wrong as wrong for me as for the best of other communions.

The phylloxera was in the neighborhood; and instead of wine we drank at dinner a more economical juice of the grape—la Parisienne, they call it. It is made by putting the fruit whole into a cask with water; one by one the berries ferment and burst; what is drunk during the day is supplied at night in water; so, with ever another pitcher from the well, and ever another grape exploding and giving out its strength, one cask of Parisienne may last a family till spring. It is, as the reader will anticipate, a feeble beverage, but very pleasant to the taste.

What with dinner and coffee, it was long past three before I left St. Germain de Calberte. I went down beside the Garden of Mialet, a great glaring watercourse devoid of water, and through St. Etienne de Valée Française, or Val Francesque, as they used to call it; and toward evening began to ascend the hill of St. Pierre. It was a long and steep ascent. Behind me an empty carriage returning to St. Jean du Gard kept hard upon my tracks, and near the summit overtook me. The driver, like the rest of the world, was sure I was a peddler; but, unlike others, he was sure of what I had to sell. He had noticed the blue wool hung out of my pack at either end; and from this he had decided, beyond my power to alter his decision, that I dealt in blue-wool collars, such as decorate the neck of the French draft-horse.

I had hurried to the topmost powers of Modestine, for I dearly desired to see the view upon the other side before the day had faded. But it was night when I reached the summit; the moon was riding high and clear; and only a few gray streaks of twilight lingered in the west. A yawning valley, gulfed in blackness, lay like a hole in created nature at my feet; but the outline of the hills was sharp against the sky. There was Mount Aigoual, the stronghold of Castanet. And Castanet, not only as an active undertaking leader, deserves some mention among Camisards; for there is a spray of roses among his laurel; and he showed how,

40. **phylloxera**, a genus of plant lice.

even in a public tragedy, love will have its way. In the high tide of war he married, in his mountain citadel, a young and pretty lass called Mariette. There were great rejoicings; and the bridegroom released five-and-twenty prisoners in honor of the glad event. Seven months afterwards Mariette, the Princess of the Cévennes, as they called her in derision, fell into the hands of the authorities, where it was like to have gone hard with her. But Castanet was a man of execution, and loved his wife. He fell on Valleraugue, and got a lady there for a hostage; and for the first and last time in that war there was an exchange of prisoners. Their daughter, pledge of some starry night upon Mount Aigoual, has left descendants to this day.

Modestine and I—it was our last meal together—had a snack upon the top of St. Pierre, I on a heap of stones, she standing by me in the moonlight and decorously eating bread out of my hand. The poor brute would eat more heartily in this manner; for she had a sort of affection for me, which I was soon to betray.

It was a long descent upon St. Jean du Gard, and we met no one but a carter, visible afar off by the glint of the moon on his extinguished lantern.

Before ten o'clock we had got in and were at supper; fifteen miles and a stiff hill in little beyond six hours!

Farewell, Modestine

On examination, on the morning of October 3, Modestine was pronounced unfit for travel. She would need at least two days' repose according to the hostler; but I was now eager to reach Alais for my letters; and, being in a civilized country of stagecoaches, I determined to sell my lady-friend and be off by the diligence that afternoon. Our yesterday's march, with the testimony of the driver who had pursued us up the long hill of St. Pierre, spread a favorable notion of my donkey's capabilities. Intending purchasers were aware of an unrivaled opportunity. Before ten I had an offer of twenty-five francs; and before noon, after a desperate engagement, I sold her, saddle and all, for five-and-thirty. The pecuniary gain is not obvious, but I had bought freedom into the bargain.

St. Jean du Gard is a large place and largely Protestant. The maire, a Protestant, asked me to help him in a small matter which is itself characteristic of the country. The young women of the Cévennes profit by the common religion and the difference of the language to go largely as governesses into England; and here was one, a native of Mialet, struggling with English circulars from two different agencies in London. I gave what help I could; and volunteered some advice, which struck me as being excellent.

One thing more I note. The phylloxera has ravaged the vineyards in this neighborhood; and in the early morning, under some chestnuts by the river, I found a party of men working with a cider-press. I could not at first make out what they were after, and asked one fellow to explain.

"Making cider," he said. "*Oui, c'est comme ça. Comme dans le nord!*"

There was a ring of sarcasm in his voice—the country was going to the devil.

It was not until I was fairly seated by the driver, and rattling through a rocky valley with dwarf olives, that I became aware of my bereavement. I had lost Modestine. Up to that

62. **maire**, mayor. 84. **Oui, c'est**, etc., yes, that's what we're doing. As they do in the north!

moment I had thought I hated her; but now she was gone,

And, oh,
The difference to me!

For twelve days we had been fast companions; we had traveled upwards of a hundred and twenty miles, crossed several respectable ridges, and jogged along with our six legs by many a rocky and many a boggy by-road. After the first day, although sometimes I was hurt and distant in manner, I still kept my patience; and as for her, poor soul! she had come to regard me as a god. She loved to eat out of my hand. She was patient, elegant in form, the color of an ideal mouse, and inimitably small. Her faults were those of her race and sex; her virtues were her own. Farewell, and if forever—

Father Adam wept when he sold her to me; after I had sold her in my turn I was tempted to follow his example and being alone with a stage-driver and four or five agreeable young men I did not hesitate to yield to my emotion.

3. **And, oh,** etc., quoted from Wordsworth's poem, "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways."

20. **Farewell,** etc. Cf. Byron's "Fare Thee Well."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Across the Lozère. 1. Why does Stevenson call the country he had passed through dull? Why was the country he was approaching interesting to him? Would that have made it interesting to you?

Pont de Montvert. 1. What was the purpose of the persecution of the Protestants? What did the Protestants hope to accomplish in return?

2. What is the meaning of "My soul is like a garden full of shelter and fountains"?

In the Valley of the Tarn. 1. Would Stevenson's praise of the chestnut fit the American chestnut, or any other tree we have?

2. Why did not Stevenson like his camping place?

3. How do Stevenson's religious views here agree, or disagree, with those he has expressed earlier? Should you have liked the Plymouth Brother?

4. The valley of the Tarn is celebrated for its beauty. From the description here can you discover why?

Florac. 1. Why have the Scotch forgotten the Covenanters whereas the French remember the Camisards?

2. Why do Catholic and Protestant live together amicably in this valley?

3. What prejudice does Stevenson admit? Do Catholics and Protestants in America find it difficult to be intimate with each other?

In the Valley of the Mimente. 1. What did Stevenson fear from children and dogs?

2. Is it true that religion means more to country people than to city people?

The Heart of the Country. 1. Can you collect any early history of the vicinity in which you live? Can you point out historic spots like the magazine near Cassagnas?

2. What is your opinion of Stevenson's sleeping out alone?

3. What is the most interesting scene in this section?

The Last Day. 1. Do you think you would have enjoyed St. Germain de Calberte as much as Stevenson did? Why?

Farewell, Modestine. 1. Why had Stevenson come to like Modestine? What faults of her sex do you suppose he had in mind? What virtues had she? Why did Stevenson call his book travels *with* a donkey?

Intensive Study

(Page 321, line 66, to page 322, line 11)

1. Exactly what was the "case of conscience" that occupied Stevenson? How did he solve it?

2. Why did Stevenson like his morning toilet?

3. What does he mean by "dabble among dishes in a bedroom"?

4. How did imagination take part in his morning toilet?

5. Why does he think, "Here comes the waiter with the bill"?

6. Can you recall any other occasions on which Stevenson has expressed the ideas of this passage?

Review Topics

1. What episode in Camisard history stands out most vividly in this half of the trip? Do you admire or dislike the Camisards? Why?
2. Compare Stevenson's treatment of the Camisards and the Trappists. Which is the more interesting to you? Why?
3. What was the most pleasant experience of Stevenson in this part of the trip? Which was the most disagreeable?
4. Would you prefer to have taken the first part of the trip or the second part? Why?
5. Friendliness is one of Stevenson's marked traits. Establish this by showing how he found five utterly unlike persons interesting and congenial.
6. Show how Stevenson reveals the following in his travels: (*a*) love of freedom, (*b*) love of nature, (*c*) love of adventure, (*d*) sympathy, (*e*) power of observation, (*f*) sense of humor.
7. Write a brief play based on the conversation with the boarders at Our Lady of the Snows, the evening at the inn at Bouchet St. Nicolas, or some similar incident. Act it before the class.

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK.

I. Further Reading in Stevenson

A. *Essays and Books of Travel.* You should read at least one other travel book by Stevenson. Compare it with *Travels with a Donkey* in as many ways as you can.

Across the Plains, with Other Memories and Essays. The first essay should be read, for it gives the account of his trip from New York to San Francisco. The "Epilogue to An Inland Voyage" will also prove interesting.

The Amateur Emigrant. From the Clyde to Sandy Hook. This very interesting account of his ocean voyage closes with a chapter on New York that will amuse you.

Essays and Criticism. You may enjoy all of the section called "On the Road," particularly his description of Le Monastier in "A Mountain Town of France."

An Inland Voyage. This trip was taken with a human companion, not a donkey, on the rivers of northern France, two years before the *Travels with a Donkey.* Does it give you as clear a notion of Stevenson's personality? In which does he express his philosophy better? Which is the more interesting to you?

In the South Seas. He covered a great part of the South Seas, and fell so much in love with the region that he spent the rest of his life there.

Memories and Portraits. These essays are faintly biographical, and will reveal much of the personality of Stevenson. You should read at least "A Penny Plain and Twopence Colored," which he refers to in *Travels with a Donkey.*

The Silverado Squatters. In this book Stevenson camps in California under unusual circumstances.

Virginibus Puerisque and Other Papers. "El Dorado" gives a philosophy that may be drawn from many or our ill-founded hopes of the future. "Walking Tours" will make clear why Stevenson went alone in his "travels with a donkey."

B. *Fiction.* As a romancer Stevenson is even more entertaining than as an essayist. After the reports have all been made, the class may take a vote on which was the best short story, which the best romance, and which character was the most interesting.

The Black Arrow: A Tale of the Two Roses. In this story the exploits of forest outlaws become absorbing.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Nearly everybody has read this story of alternating personality. Have you? If not, you will enjoy doing so.

Kidnapped and *Catriona* (or *David Balfour*). These two stories deal with the adventures of David Balfour beginning in 1751. Catriona is a daughter of Rob Roy, about whom Sir Walter Scott wrote.

The Master of Ballantrae. In this story of terror, the Master appears as one of the great villains of literature.

The Merry Men and Other Tales and Fables. Of the six stories in this book, some pupil should tell which he likes best, and read a passage to show why.

New Arabian Nights. This contains some of Stevenson's best short stories.

II. Reading about Stevenson

Books about Stevenson are almost innumerable. These are among the most helpful and interesting.

Balfour, Graham: *The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson.* You will find the single volume edition complete enough. This is the standard life.

Hamilton, Clayton: *On the Trail of Stevenson.* This book traces Stevenson from Edinburgh and Scotland through Europe and until he leaves the United States. The illustrations are handsome.

Hammerton, J. A.: *Stevensoniana.* This book is filled with anecdotes and recollections by men who knew Stevenson at one time or another. It should provide several reports on new traits or new illustrations of traits already revealed.

Overton, Jacqueline M.: *A Life of Robert Louis Stevenson for Boys and Girls.* This is the simplest life—very picturesque, too.

III. Impressions by Other Travelers in Civilized Countries

A. *United States.*

Bennett, Arnold: *Your United States, Impressions of a First Visit.* There are satiric touches in these comments by the famous English novelist. It isn't thrilling reading, but it may open your eyes to some features of our life.

George, W. L.: *Hail Columbia! Random Impressions of a Conservative English Radical.* The author was interested in the American people, and the book will give you a look at us through foreign eyes.

Gladding, Effie Price: *Across the Continent by the Lincoln Highway.* There are no exciting risks in this trip, but it will give you a fresh notion of your country. How did its purpose differ from Stevenson's? How did the experiences differ?

Kolb, E. L.: *Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico.* This inland voyage lasted for one hundred and one days and led through a much more wild and picturesque country than that which was described in *Travels with a Donkey.*

Lummis, Charles F.: *Some Strange Corners of Our Country. The Wonderland of the Southwest.* This shows how much more wonderful our country is than the Cévennes.

Post, Emily: *By Motor to the Golden Gate.* This shows how a modern woman of wealth traveled "in the open" from New York to San Francisco.

Street, Julian: *Abroad at Home. American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures.* The traveler of today feels that he has to see cities—he can hardly keep away from them. Few accounts are more humorous and varied than this.

American Adventures. A Second Trip "Abroad at Home." This time, instead of staying in the northern part of the country, the author rambles through the South.

White, Stewart Edward: *The Mountains.* This trip was made through much more rugged country than the Cévennes.

B. *Other Countries.*

Davis, Richard Harding: *Adventures and Letters.* The subject of this biography was one of the most celebrated newspapermen of his age. His travels took him into nearly every part of the globe and into three wars.

Fletcher, Alfred C.: *From Job to Job Around the World.* The author worked his way around the world and saw both the tropics and the arctics. How does his love of vagabondage differ from Stevenson's?

Hearn, Lafcadio: *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan.* You should not try to read all of the two volumes. Read here and there. How does Hearn as an observer differ from Stevenson? In your opinion, which of the two saw the more interesting sights?

Wharton, Edith: *A Motor Flight Through France.* This distinguished American novelist maintains that the motor-car has restored the romance of travel. In how many ways do you find her interests differing from Stevenson's?

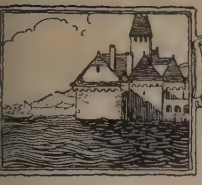
PART II

STORIES IN VERSE

Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
and battles long ago.

—Wordsworth

SAPPHO



STORIES IN VERSE

AN INTRODUCTION

I

You were told in Part I that story-telling is one of the most ancient forms of entertainment. Yet the stories and romances and the novel in Part I are all comparatively recent. The oldest of them dates back only about a hundred years. Others could have been found that have come down through the centuries in some of the earliest books. But ages before books were known, long before the development of writing into a medium for literary expression, stories were composed in verse, which is easy to remember, and handed down from generation to generation by oral tradition. With the development of the art of writing on parchment and other materials, some of these stories were preserved in manuscripts. Few people could own a library made up of such manuscripts, but all men could enjoy the minstrel or bard. In the famous picture on the opposite page we have a view of a small group of people listening to a poet of ancient Greece who is reciting his own poetry. Sappho, who is seated and listening so attentively, is an even more famous poet. Beside her stands her daughter; the others are her pupils. The poet needs no manuscript; he chants his story to the accompaniment of the lyre.

With some of the old Greek epics you are already familiar. You have also read some ballads, simpler and less formal types of verse-story. In modern poems like *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and *The Lady of the Lake* you have found illustrations of the fact that the old verse-stories are still imitated and still find an audience. Most of the poems in this part of our book, like the two last mentioned, were written within the last century. One of them was written only a few years ago; and though the novel and the short story are now the most popular mediums of fiction writers, one still finds, in authors like John Masefield, Alfred Noyes, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and others, the power to tell in verse a story that fascinates modern readers much as the Greek poets fascinated lovers of tales long centuries ago.

Most of the poems in this section belong to the type of poetry that is called "metrical romance." The word *romance* dates from about the tenth century, when the languages of western Europe, which were derived from Latin (the "Roman" language), became sufficiently developed to be used for literary expression. Italian, Spanish, and French are all direct descendants of Latin, and are therefore called Romance Languages. At this time Latin was still the language of scholarship, of business and state papers, and of diplomatic correspondence. English, originally a Teutonic tongue like the languages of Germany and Scandinavia, had become a literary language, before the Norman Conquest (1066), in a form now known as Anglo-Saxon or Old English. After the Norman Conquest a considerable Romance element, chiefly French, came in and greatly modified it, so that modern English is very different from the speech of Anglo-Saxon times. Besides these two great language groups, Teutonic and Romance, there was a Celtic group, spoken by peoples living in Brittany and ancient Britain and, after the Teutonic conquests, in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.

All these peoples contributed to the stories that have become a part of our inheritance. In Scandinavia and Germany, many sagas, or myths of the Teutonic gods or heroes, were handed down by oral tradition and later written in poetic form. The greatest contribution of the Celtic race has been the Arthurian legend, which has exerted on all succeeding literature an influence comparable only with that of the stories told by Homer. It was the peculiar property of the Romance languages, and especially of French, to be able to assimilate these legends and folk tales from all races and to give them literary form. Many centuries ago a French writer, speaking of the different subjects used by poets of his race, said that there were three "matters," or sources, of material: the matter of France, the matter of Britain, and the matter of Rome the Great. The first of these refers to the legends about Charlemagne and his knights, and was of French origin. The second, of Celtic origin, refers to the Arthurian legend. The third includes the ancient classical stories retold in French verse.

We are now ready for a definition of "romance." We have seen that it originally meant something written in one of the Romance languages, especially French; that each of the three great racial divisions of western Europe, the Teutonic, Celtic, and Romance peoples, possessed racial traditions and stories that were ready for literary expression; and that French, the leading Romance language, became the language in which many of these tales were written. Most of this material was fiction. Learned works and state papers, as already stated, were written in Latin. The courtly society that in the tenth century and later began to take delight in stories of love and adventure found the tales of the French poets the most delightful, and these tales soon came to be called romances. Thus the language gave its name to the literary type.

The subjects of these courtly poems or romances were love, religion, stirring events of war, the chivalric tournaments, marvelous and supernatural incidents of every variety. The plots of the tales were loosely constructed: a hero set out on a "quest," or search, for something, and met with all sorts of adventures. Unlike the ancient epics, the romance delighted in stories of love. Incident and adventure were the necessary elements; the tale had to be a thrilling one. Little attention was paid to fine points of analysis of character; the personages of the romance were little more than types of bravery or beauty or cowardice. There was little conversation; the plot was narrated, not revealed through action and dialogue. The tournament in which knights contested before the king for the favor of fair ladies was as important in the life of the centuries from the twelfth to the fifteenth as the championship football match is today, and accounts of it were read as eagerly as we now read stories about our great national game. The heroes of the romances, such as Lancelot, Gawain, Percival, were as popular as movie stars today; therefore a poet who wished to gain fame would write long romances in which the popular hero of the time figured, and other poets would add adventures until romances of thirty or forty thousand lines had been written in beautifully decorated manuscripts. All ladies and gentlemen of the court read or listened to these romances and discussed them. They expressed the finest ideals of their time. Reverence for women, loyalty to friendship, religious devotion, fealty to some cause that entailed years of wandering and hardship, warfare carried on against monsters, Saracens, and other enemies—these were subjects which gave delight and at the same time helped to raise the level of civilization.

Later ages have seen a continued interest in these old romances. In every century, including our own, the Arthurian stories have been retold. Part of their popularity has been due, of course, to the inborn love we all have for stories about an ideal world, a world of adventure and romance. Either prose or verse may be used by the writer of romances. If verse, or metrical language, is chosen it is convenient to call such tales "metrical romances" to dis[illegible] them from

romances in prose. Sir Walter Scott wrote both forms: prose romance in *Quentin Durward;* metrical romance in *The Lady of the Lake.*

II

The romance, as we have seen, may be written in either verse or prose. It may be on any subject that draws upon the unreal world and introduces strange or marvelous adventures. Your mind being refreshed with these facts, we may give some further consideration to the romances written in verse.

It is true that not all writers of romance rest content with merely telling the tale. Early poets, whether they be the unnamed revisers of popular ballads or famous poets of courtly renown, practically never mention themselves. Homer in all the forty-eight books of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* is completely unrevealed to us. We do not know what he thought of the deeds he related, we do not know his opinions of the warriors, we do not know his views of life. He and other early story-tellers were completely detached from the material of their poems. Scott in both prose and verse is very much like his predecessors in this respect. In the poets who followed the lead of Scott, however, you will note a disposition to reveal themselves. No matter what entrancing tale they are relating, they cannot refrain from letting you know how they feel or what they think. To some readers this emergence of the poet's personality is a blemish in his art; to others it is an added charm. In reading and studying the selections in this part of our book you will find it interesting to notice your own critical reactions and varying enjoyment. Poetry which reflects the opinions, thoughts, emotions, sympathies of the writer is termed subjective; that poetry which shows no traces of the author's personality is termed objective. In the poems following, there are passages plainly one or the other, so that you will not be at a loss to find either kind and examine it carefully.

In this section are represented the main kinds of verse-stories produced during the nineteenth century, with differing ideals of personal conduct and of life. Not all of them are romances in the strict sense; yet all the leading forms of verse-romance are represented. All of them reflect to a marked degree a love of adventure. The lonely sailor-husband, returned to find his wife happily married, lives on in silence, nobly sacrificing himself, in "Enoch Arden"; the renowned old Greek warrior recalls the adventurous struggles of his youth, in "Ulysses"; a swift-footed maiden in the far-off days of ancient Greece at last meets someone who can outrun her, in "Atalanta's Race"; a father unwittingly slays his son, in the Oriental "Sohrab and Rustum"; a rollicking Scotsman, in a midnight ride, sees wondrous sights, in "Tam O'Shanter"; the political prisoner suffers for his liberty-loving convictions, in "The Prisoner of Chillon"; the romantic lover rashly enters the house of his family's sworn enemies in order to carry off his sweetheart, in "The Eve of St. Agnes"; a tramp has his glorious hour of triumph in fairyland, in "The Tramp Transfigured." Heroism under different circumstances is reflected in "The Admiral's Ghost," "Jim Bludso," "Flynn of Virgina," and "Comrades." The Knights of King Arthur ride forth to victory and to death, in four poems from *The Idylls of the King.* In addition to these personal qualities, each of these poems shows a differing social or racial ideal. They offer glimpses of antique Greece, the colorful Orient; haunted medieval castles; they also reveal the quieter romance of the English fishing-village and the American frontier.

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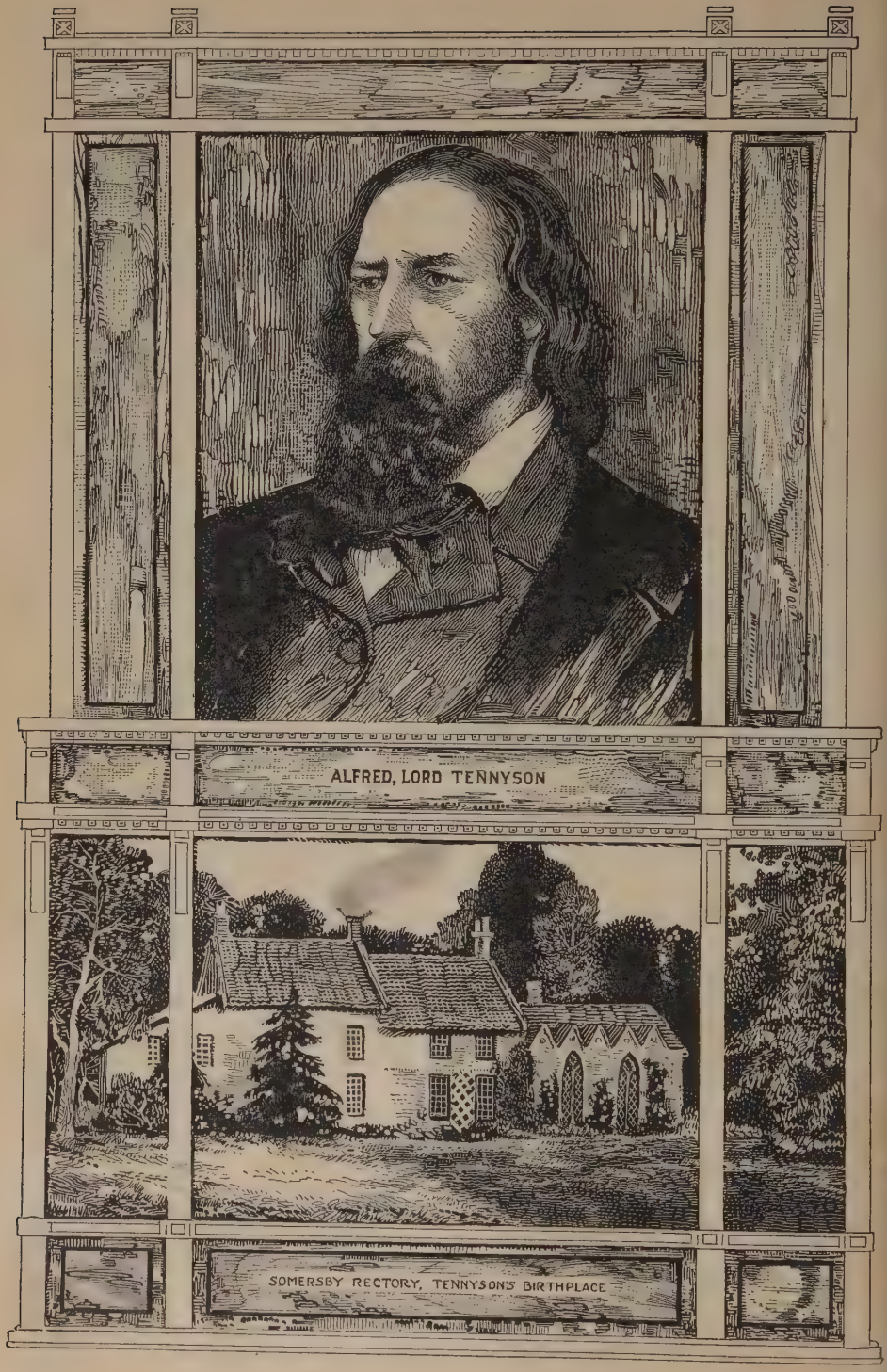


ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

SOMERSBY RECTORY, TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE

ENOCH ARDEN

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm,
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moldered church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-towered mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach, a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, played
Among the waste and lumber of the shore—
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats up-drawn—
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflowed, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily washed away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff;
In this the children played at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week:
"This is my house and this my little wife."
"Mine too," said Philip, "turn and turn about";
When, if they quarreled, Enoch, stronger made,
Was master; then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out, "I hate you, Enoch," and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood passed,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixed his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seemed kinder unto Philip than to him;
But she loved Enoch; though she knew it not,
And would, if asked, deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie; and so prospered that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor; and he thrice had plucked a life

7. **Danish barrows**, burial mounds dating back to the Danish invasions of England.

54. **Full sailor**, "able seaman," one who has passed his apprenticeship on a sailing ship.

From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas;
And all men looked upon him favorably.
And ere he touched his one-and-twentieth May
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike halfway up
The narrow street that clambered toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stayed
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climbed the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burned as on an altar. Philip looked,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groaned,
And slipped aside, and, like a wounded life,
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merry-making,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and passed,
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honorable toil;
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish

68. **feather**, grow more open.

To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renewed,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-reddened with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Opened a larger haven; thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbor, by mischance he slipped and fell.
A limb was broken when they lifted him;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one;
Another hand crept too across his trade,
Taking her bread and theirs; and on him fell,
Although a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seemed, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low, miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her he loved, a beggar. Then he prayed,
"Save them from this, whatever comes to me."
And while he prayed, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,

93. **ocean-spoil**, fish he had caught. 94. **osier**, willow basket. 96. **market-cross.** In many English villages an old stone cross stands in the market-place. 98. **lion-whelp**, device over the entrance of the one wealthy home of the vicinity. 99. **peacock-yewtree**, kind of evergreen tree trimmed to grow in the form of a peacock.

Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sailed,
Sailed from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appeared
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing; yet the wife—
When he was gone—the children—what to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weathered in her!
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone.
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea, twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all;
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will;
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renewed—
Sure that all evil would come out of it—
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
So grieving held his will, and bore it through.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and ax,
Auger and saw, while Annie seemed to hear
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrilled and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand—
The space was narrow—having ordered all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch as a brave, God-fearing man
Bowed himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Prayed for a blessing on his wife and babes,
Whatever came to him; and then he said,

131. isles . . . . offing, makes a little island of light on the distant water.

"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "And he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one—
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself; but when he turned
The current of his talk to graver things,
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On Providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke, "O Enoch, you are wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day); get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear,
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His; He made it."

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kissed his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said,
"Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child
Remember this?" and kissed him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipped
A tiny curl, and gave it; this he kept
Through all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She, when the day that Enoch mentioned, came,
Borrowed a glass, but all in vain; perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not. And while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel passed.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watched it, and departed weeping for him;
Then, though she mourned his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding, "What would Enoch say?"
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less

222ff. See *Psalms* cxxxix, 9; xcv, 5; *Hebrews* vi, 19.

Than what she gave in buying what she sold.
She failed and saddened knowing it; and thus,
Expectant of that news which never came,
Gained for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
Yet sicklier, though the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care; nevertheless,
Whether her business often called her from it,
Or through the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering—ere she was aware—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hungered for her peace—
Since Enoch left he had not looked upon her—
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,
May be some little comfort"; therefore went,
Passed through the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Entered; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turned her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly,
"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."

He spoke; the passion in her moaned reply,
"Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am!" half abashed him; yet unasked,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her:

"I came to speak to you of what he wished,
Enoch, your husband. I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man;
For where he fixed his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he willed, and bore it through.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world
For pleasure—nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours; that was his wish.
And if he come again, vexed will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie now—
Have we not known each other all our lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay,
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again,
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school—
This is the favor that I came to ask."

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answered, "I cannot look you in the face;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in, my sorrow broke me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down.
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me;
He will repay you. Money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours."

And Philip asked,
"Then you will let me, Annie?"

There she turned,
She rose, and fixed her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head,
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately
And passed into the little garth beyond.
So, lifted up in spirit, he moved away.

326. garth, garden.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and every way,
Like one who does his duty by his own,
Made himself theirs; and though for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crossed her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then,
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offense of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind.
Scarce could the woman, when he came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
Light on a broken word to thank him with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-all;
From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, played with him,
And called him Father Philip. Philip gained
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seemed to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where. And so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children longed
To go with others nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them; then they begged
For Father Philip, as they called him, too.
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanched with his mill, they found; and saying to him,
"Come with us, Father Philip," he denied;
But when the children plucked at him to go,
He laughed, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Failed her; and sighing, "Let me rest," she said.
So Philip rested with her, well-content,
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down through the whitening hazels made a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
The lithe, reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remembered one dark hour
Here in this wood when, like a wounded life,
He crept into the shadow. At last he said,
Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.
"Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon her hands;
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
"The ship was lost," he said, "the ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite?" And Annie said,
"I thought not of it; but I know not why
Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke:
"Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,

376. **whitening.** The husks of the hazelnut turn light yellow when the nuts are ripe.

That though I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. Oh, Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well then—let me speak.
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help.
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children. I do think
They love me as a father; I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own.
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad, uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of His creatures. Think upon it;
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
No burden, save my care for you and yours;
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know."

Then answered Annie; tenderly she spoke:
"You have been as God's good angel in our house.
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was? What is it that you ask?"
"I am content," he answered, "to be loved
A little after Enoch." "Oh," she cried,
Scared as it were, "dear Philip, wait a while.
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long;
Surely I shall be wiser in a year.
Oh, wait a little!" Philip sadly said,
"Annie, as I have waited all my life,
I well may wait a little." "Nay," she cried,
"I am bound; you have my promise—in a year;
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?"
And Philip answered, "I will bide my year."

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
Then, fearing night and chill for Annie, rose,
And sent his voice beneath him through the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying gently, "Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
I am always bound to you, but you are free."
Then Annie weeping answered, "I am bound."

She spoke; and in one moment, as it were,
While yet she went about her household ways,
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flashed again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
Claiming her promise, "Is it a year?" she asked.
"Yes, if the nuts," he said, "be ripe again;
Come out and see." But she—she put him off—
So much to look to—such a change—a month—
Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
"Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."
And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
Till half another year had slipped away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crossed,

Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
Some that she but held off to draw him on;
And others laughed at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds;
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, though he often looked his wish;
But evermore the daughter pressed upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Prayed for a sign, "My Enoch, is he gone?"
Then compassed round by the blind wall of night
Brooked not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
"Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to her,
No meaning there. She closed the book and slept;
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm-tree, over him the sun.
"He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest; yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried,
'Hosanna in the highest!' " Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him,
"There is no reason why we should not wed."
"Then for God's sake," he answered, "both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seemed to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ailed her then, that ere she entered, often,
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter. Philip thought he knew;
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child, but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renewed,
Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? Prosperously sailed
The ship *Good Fortune*, though at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelmed her, yet unvexed
She slipped across the summer of the world,
Then after a long tumble about the Cape
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing through the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage; at first indeed
Through many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking her full-busted figurehead
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows.
Then followed calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last

502. **Hosanna, etc.** See *Matthew* xxi, 9; *Mark* xi, 10; *John* xii, 13.

525. **Biscay.** This bay is famous for its storms. 527. **summer of the world,** hot regions near the equator. 528. **Cape.** What cape is meant?

Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of "Breakers" came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoyed upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatched with leaves of palm, a hut,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning, "Wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The luster of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branched
And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail;
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watched or seemed to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him, haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colored seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Though faintly, merrily, far and far away,
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
Then, though he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous, hateful isle
Returned upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere

568. **stem**, tree-trunk. 565. **Fire-hollowing**, burning it out to make a canoe. 575. **broad belt of the world**, ocean.

Lets none who speaks with Him seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perished, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the *Good Fortune*, from her destined course,
Stayed by this isle, not knowing where she lay;
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and filled the shores
With clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stepped the long-haired, long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seemed,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what; and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosened, till he made them understand;
Whom, when their casks were filled they took aboard,
And there the tale he uttered brokenly,
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listened to it;
And clothes they gave him and free passage home;
But oft he worked among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his country, or could answer him,
If questioned, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays,
The vessel scarce seaworthy; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind.
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He, like a lover, down through all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall.
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it.
Then moving up the coast they landed him,
Ev'n in that harbor whence he sailed before.

There Enoch spoke no word to anyone,
But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?—
His home, he walked. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn through either chasm,
Where either haven opened on the deeps,
Rolled a sea-haze and whelmed the world in gray;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of withered holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and through the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down.
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seemed, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reached the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born;

657. **ghostly wall**, white chalk cliffs on the south coast of England. 671. **holt**, woods. **tilth**, cultivated land.

But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleamed through the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking, "Dead, or dead to me!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crossed antiquity,
So propped, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone

Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bowed,
So broken—all the story of his house:
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child; and o'er his countenance
No shadow passed, nor motion. Anyone,
Regarding, well had deemed he felt the tale
Less than the teller; only when she closed,
"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,"
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering, "Cast away and lost";
Again in deeper inward whispers, "lost!"

But Enoch yearned to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy." So the thought
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that opened on the waste,
Flourished a little garden square and walled.
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it.
But Enoch shunned the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunned, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth.
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,
Caught at, and ever missed it, and they laughed.
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,

733. **shingle**, cobblestones.

And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love—
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Savior, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never; no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature failed a little
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As though it were the burden of a song,
"Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up through all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife,"
He said to Miriam, "that you spoke about,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
"Aye, aye, poor soul," said Miriam, "fear enow!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
Why, that would be her comfort"; and he thought
"After the Lord has called me she shall know,
I wait His time." And Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or helped
At lading and unlading the tall barks,
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
Thus earned a scanty living for himself.
Yet since he did but labor for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Rolled itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had returned, a languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See through the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despaired of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For through that dawning gleamed a kindlier hope
On Enoch thinking, "After I am gone,
Then may she learn I loved her to the last."

He called aloud for Miriam Lane and said
"Woman, I have a secret—only, swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the Book
Not to reveal it till you see me dead."
"Dead," clamored the good woman, "hear him talk;
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
"Swear," added Enoch sternly, "on the Book."
And on the Book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
"Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"
"Know him?" she said, "I knew him far away.
Aye, aye, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
Slowly and sadly Enoch answered her,
"His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man." At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry,
"You Arden, you! nay—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be." Enoch said again,
"My God has bowed me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen," Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flowed the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearned incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only, "See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied:

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.

Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blessed him too;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come;
I am their father. But she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be.
This hair is his; she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave.
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss. Wherefore, when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her;
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer, promising all,
That once again he rolled his eyes upon her,
Repeating all he wished, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumbered motionless and pale,
And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, "A sail! a sail!
I am saved"; and so fell back and spoke no more.

So passed the strong, heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

834. **the Book**, the Bible.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This poem is a tale in verse. It deals with commonplace lives as much as "The Three Strangers" does, but it does not dwell on the commonplace aspects of those lives. The incidents that Tennyson uses reveal the nobility and tragedy that lie beneath the humdrum surface. The melancholy is emphasized in several ways. For example, the later turns of the plot are early foreshadowed, as in line 29 ("turn and turn about") we are prepared for Philip's later marriage. Many phrases are slipped in for the same purpose, as "Philip sadly said" (line 431). Imaginative touches, like "the dead flame of the fallen day" (line 438), likewise make the melancholy pervasive. Though it is a tale in its events (see page 14), "Enoch Arden" has the dominant atmosphere of a short story.

2. Tennyson had already won fame when "Enoch Arden" appeared in 1864. Sixty thousand copies of the small volume which contained it and a few other poems were sold in a very short time. The popularity of the poem is proved by the fact that it has been translated into Danish, German, Latin, Dutch, Italian, French, Hungarian, and Bohemian. Stories with a similar plot have been known in various countries for centuries.

Questions and Topics

1. Study with some detail the plan of the poem. Into what parts may the plot be divided? How do mystery and conflict enter to heighten interest?

2. Do you like the foreshadowing of the real story in the children's play? What other details give hints of future events? How should Annie's dream have been interpreted?

3. Study the descriptive passages. By what means are the English scenes made vivid? Tennyson had not visited the tropics. In what ways are the descriptions of tropical scenes in strong contrast with the English scenes?

4. Study the introductory lines as an example of the way prosaic details may be made to seem poetic. Why is the time of the story important?

5. In what ways are Enoch and Philip different? Which appeals more strongly to you?

6. Is Miriam Lane a well-drawn character? Explain. After his glimpse of his family what was hardest for Enoch to keep from doing?

Theme Topics. 1. Imagine you were a sailor on the ship that rescued Enoch and tell your friends at home of the strange man rescued from the island. 2. Explain what features of the poem have made it very popular.

ULYSSES

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel. I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known: cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,

2. **barren crags**, mountains on the island of Ithaca, the home of Ulysses. 3. **aged wife**, Penelope. **mete and dole**, enact and enforce. 6-7. **drink life to the lees**, take both joy and suffering as they come.

10. **Hyades**, certain stars of the constellation Taurus, whose rising with the sun was thought by the ancients to indicate the coming of rainy weather.

To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains. But every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail.
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all. But something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

63. **Happy Isles**, imaginary islands in the Atlantic Ocean, where the souls of the good were supposed to dwell after death. 64. **Achilles**, the chief hero of the *Iliad*, as Ulysses of the *Odyssey*.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This poem first appeared in a new issue of Tennyson's poems in two volumes in 1842. With other poems first published then, such as "Locksley Hall," "Morte d'Arthur," and "Sir Galahad," it won for him world-wide fame.

2. The title and some suggestions for the poem come from the legend of Ulysses, or Odysseus, the hero of the *Odyssey*. Homer's poem, which tells of the wanderings of Ulysses after the close of the Trojan War, ends with the hero's return to his home at Ithaca, his victory over the wicked suitors who had been besieging his wife Penelope, and his happy possession of the little kingdom from which he had been an exile during the war and the long years of wandering that followed it. His son Telemachus, mentioned in Tennyson's poem, aided him in driving out his enemies. Tennyson imagines the old hero, after many years of quiet life at home, as planning another "Odyssey"—this time a voyage to discover lands unknown. There is a suggestion of Columbus in this ambition. Tennyson uses the Greek hero as a forerunner of the great Italian who was to bring to reality the dream of a new world far west of the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar) and the famed Hesperides. Thus the poem becomes

a sort of allegory of the questing soul of man: the discoverer of lands unknown; the discoverer of scientific truth; the explorer of knowledge of every kind, the ideal of every man whose motto is "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

3. In the strict sense, this poem is not a verse-story but a dramatic monologue. It is dramatic in that we are conscious of the presence of other persons (Telemachus and the old sailors who had shared Ulysses's wanderings), and in that it reveals the character of the speaker. But it suggests story; it might well be a part of an epic. In the Homeric epic, for example, heroes often make long addresses to their companions or followers, as here. The blank verse of the poem also reminds us of the epic. It is a form of verse of which Tennyson was a master, and is used in his series of poems, constituting a sort of epic, about King Arthur, four of which are included in this book, pages 421-489. (For "blank verse" and other technical words see the Index of Special Terms.)

Questions and Topics

1. What contrast is drawn between the ideal of life held by the Ithacans and that held by Ulysses? Compare lines 5 and 6 in your answer. What does "know not me" mean? What does he mean by saying, "I cannot res from travel"? Find other passages in thi poem that give meaning to his use of "travel."

2. Explain "I am become a name" (line 11). What does he say of his past life? Give in cidents drawn from Homer that illustrate som of these experiences. Explain the line, "I am a part of all that I have met." Explai fully the metaphor (implied comparison) abou experience in lines 19-21. Many men think o youth as a time for storing up knowledge, c mature manhood as a time for acquiring wealth power, fame; and of old age as a time for res and memory. Is this true of Ulysses?

3. Do lines 30-32 refer to travel alone, o might they be applied to such explorations a those of Columbus, the Cabots, Sir Walte Raleigh, Commander Richard Byrd? Coul they also refer to people like Sir Isaac Newto Madame Curie, Marconi, Edison? Give reason for your opinion.

4. What characterization of Telemachus given? Is his ideal also a worthy one? Wh two classes of men, then, does the poet seem t make Ulysses and Telemachus represent?

5. Commit to memory some lines that yo think are characteristic of this poem and tha will recall it to your mind in later times.

ATALANTA'S RACE

William Morris

Atalanta, daughter of King Schœneus, not willing to lose her virgin's estate, made it a law to all suitors that they should run a race with her in the public place, and if they failed to overcome her, should die unrevenged; and thus many brave men perished. At last came Milanion, the son of Amphidamas, who, outrunning her with the help of Venus, gained the virgin and wedded her.

I

Through thick Arcadian woods a hunter went,
Following the beasts up, on a fresh spring day;
But since his horn-tipped bow, but seldom bent,
Now at the noontide naught had happed to slay,
Within a vale he called his hounds away,
Hearkening the echoes of his lone voice cling
About the cliffs and through the beech trees ring.

But when they ended, still awhile he stood
And but the sweet familiar thrush could hear,
And all the day-long noises of the wood,
And o'er the dry leaves of the vanished year
His hounds' feet pattering as they drew anear,
And heavy breathing from their heads low hung,
To see the mighty cornel bow unstrung.

Then smiling did he turn to leave the place
But with his first step some new fleeting thought
A shadow cast across his sunburnt face.
I think the golden net that April brought
From some warm world his wavering soul had caught;

1. **Arcadian.** Arcadia was one of the divisions of ancient Greece.

14. **cornel,** a very hard wood.

For, sunk in vague, sweet longing, did he go
Betwixt the trees with doubtful steps and slow.

Yet howsoever slow he went, at last
The trees grew sparser, and the wood was done;
Whereon one farewell, backward look he cast,
Then, turning round to see what place was won,
With shaded eyes looked underneath the sun,
And o'er green meads and new-turned furrows brown
Beheld the gleaming of King Schœneus' town.

So thitherward he turned, and on each side
The folk were busy on the teeming land,
And man and maid from the brown furrows cried,
Or midst the newly blossomed vines did stand,
And as the rustic weapon pressed the hand,
Thought of the nodding of the well-filled ear,
Or how the knife the heavy bunch should shear.

Merry it was: about him sung the birds,
The spring flowers bloomed along the firm dry road,
The sleek-skinned mothers of the sharp-horned herds
Now for the barefoot milking-maidens lowed;
While from the freshness of his blue abode,
Glad his death-bearing arrows to forget,
The broad sun blazed, nor scattered plagues as yet.

Through such fair things unto the gates he came,
And found them open, as though peace were there;
Wherethrough, unquestioned of his race or name,
He entered, and along the streets 'gan fare,
Which at the first of folk were wellnigh bare;
But pressing on, and going more hastily,
Men hurrying too he 'gan at last to see.

Following the last of these, he still pressed on,
Until an open space he came unto,
Where wreaths of fame had oft been lost and won,
For feats of strength folk there were wont to do.
And now our hunter looked for something new,
Because the whole wide space was bare, and stilled
The high seats were, with eager people filled.

There with the others to a seat he gat,
Whence he beheld a broidered canopy,
'Neath which in fair array King Schœneus sat
Upon his throne with councilors thereby;
And underneath his well-wrought seat and high,
He saw a golden image of the sun,
A silver image of the fleet-foot one.

A brazen altar stood beneath their feet
Whereon a thin flame flickered in the wind.
Nigh this a herald clad in raiment meet
Made ready even now his horn to wind,
By whom a huge man held a sword, entwined
With yellow flowers; these stood a little space
From off the altar, nigh the starting-place.

And there two runners did the sign abide,
Foot set to foot—a young man slim and fair,
Crisp-haired, well-knit, with firm limbs often tried
In places where no man his strength may spare;
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
A golden circlet of renown he wore,
And in his hand an olive garland bore.

63. **fleet-foot one**, Mercury.

But on this day with whom shall he contend?
A maid stood by him like Diana clad
When in the woods she lists her bow to bend,
Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,
If he must still behold her from afar;
Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget;
Of all tormenting lines her face was clear,
Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were set
Calm and unmoved as though no soul were near.
But her foe trembled as a man in fear,
Nor from her loveliness one moment turned
His anxious face with fierce desire that burned.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang
Just as the setting sun made eventide.
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,
And swiftly were they running side by side;
But silent did the thronging folk abide
Until the turning-post was reached at last,
And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran,
When halfway to the starting-point they were,
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near
Unto the very end of all his fear;
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,
And bliss unhoped-for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But midst the loud, victorious shouts he heard
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeard
His flushed and eager face he turned around,
And even then he felt her past him bound
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she breathing like a little child
Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,
For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,
Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep;
No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,
Though some divine thought softened all her face
As once more rang the trumpet through the place.

But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,
One moment gazed upon her piteously,
Then with a groan his lingering feet did force
To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see;
And, changed like one who knows his time must be
But short and bitter, without any word
He knelt before the bearer of the sword;

Then high rose up the gleaming, deadly blade,
Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place
Was silence now, and midst of it the maid
Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,
And he to hers upturned his sad white face;
Nor did his eyes behold another sight
Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

II

So was the pageant ended, and all folk
Talking of this and that familiar thing
In little groups from that sad concourse broke;
For now the shrill bats were upon the wing,
And soon dark night would slay the evening,
And in dark gardens sang the nightingale
Her little-heeded, oft-repeated tale.

79. **Diana**, goddess of the hunt.

And with the last of all the hunter went,
Who, wondering at the strange sight he had seen,
Prayed an old man to tell him what it meant,
Both why the vanquished man so slain had been,
And if the maiden were an earthly queen,
Or rather what much more she seemed to be,
No sharer in the world's mortality.

"Stranger," said he, "I pray she soon may die
Whose lovely youth has slain so many a one!
King Schœneus' daughter is she verily,
Who when her eyes first looked upon the sun
Was fain to end her life but new begun,
For he had vowed to leave but men alone
Sprung from his loins when he from earth was gone.

"Therefore he bade one leave her in the wood,
And let wild things deal with her as they might;
But this being done, some cruel god thought good
To save her beauty in the world's despite.
Folk say that her, so delicate and white
As now she is, a rough, root-grubbing bear
Amidst her shapeless cubs at first did rear.

"In course of time the woodfolk slew her nurse,
And to their rude abode the youngling brought,
And reared her up to be a kingdom's curse,
Who, grown a woman, of no kingdom thought,
But armed and swift, mid beasts destruction wrought,
Nor spared two shaggy centaur kings to slay,
To whom her body seemed an easy prey.

"So to this city, led by fate, she came,
Whom, known by signs, whereof I cannot tell,
King Schœneus for his child at last did claim;
Nor otherwhere since that day doth she dwell,
Sending too many a noble soul to hell.—
What! thine eyes glisten? what then! thinkest thou
Her shining head unto the yoke to bow?

"Listen, my son, and love some other maid,
For she the saffron gown will never wear,
And on no flower-strewn couch shall she be laid,
Nor shall her voice make glad a lover's ear;
Yet if of Death thou hast not any fear,
Yea, rather, if thou lovest him utterly,
Thou still may'st woo her ere thou comest to die,

"Like him that on this day thou sawest lie dead;
For, fearing as I deem the sea-born one,
The maid has vowed e'en such a man to wed
As in the course her swift feet can outrun;
But whoso fails herein, his days are done.
He came the nighest that was slain today,
Although with him I deem she did but play.

"Behold, such mercy Atalanta gives
To those that long to win her loveliness;
Be wise! be sure that many a maid there lives
Gentler than she, of beauty little less,
Whose swimming eyes thy loving words shall bless,
When in some garden, knee set close to knee,
Thou sing'st the song that love may teach to thee."

So to the hunter spake that ancient man,
And left him for his own home presently;
But he turned round, and through the moonlight wan
Reached the thick wood, and there 'twixt tree and tree
Distraught he passed the long night feverishly,

177. **saffron gown**, saffron was the color used at the marriage ceremony by the Greeks and Romans. 184. **sea-born one**, Venus.

'Twixt sleep and waking, and at dawn arose
To wage hot war against his speechless foes.

There to the hart's flank seemed his shaft to grow,
As panting down the broad, green glades he flew,
There by his horn the dryads well might know
His thrust against the bear's heart had been true,
And there Adonis' bane his javelin slew;
But still in vain through rough and smooth he went,
For none the more his restlessness was spent.

So wandering, he to Argive cities came,
And in the lists with valiant men he stood,
And by great deeds he won him praise and fame,
And heaps of wealth for little-valued blood;
But none of all these things, or life, seemed good
Unto his heart, where still unsatisfied
A ravenous longing warred with fear and pride.

Therefore it happed when but a month had gone
Since he had left King Schœneus' city old,
In hunting-gear again, again alone
The forest-bordered meads did he behold,
Where still mid thoughts of August's quivering gold
Folk hoed the wheat, and clipped the vine in trust
Of faint October's purple-foaming must.

And once again he passed the peaceful gate,
While to his beating heart his lips did lie,
That, owning not victorious love and fate,
Said, half aloud, "And here too must I try
To win of alien men the mastery,
And gather for my head fresh meed of fame,
And cast new glory on my father's name."

In spite of that, how beat his heart when first
Folk said to him, "And art thou come to see
That which still makes our city's name accurst
Among all mothers for its cruelty?
Then know indeed that fate is good to thee,
Because tomorrow a new luckless one
Against the white-foot maid is pledged to run."

So on the morrow with no curious eyes,
As once he did, that piteous sight he saw,
Nor did that wonder in his heart arise
As toward the goal the conquering maid 'gan draw,
Nor did he gaze upon her eyes with awe—
Too full the pain of longing filled his heart
For fear or wonder there to have a part.

But oh, how long the night was ere it went!
How long it was before the dawn begun
Showed to the wakening birds the sun's intent
That not in darkness should the world be done!
And then, and then, how long before the sun
Bade silently the toilers of the earth
Get forth to fruitless cares or empty mirth!

And long it seemed that in the market-place
He stood and saw the chaffering folk go by,
Ere from the ivory throne King Schœneus' face
Looked down upon the murmur royally;
But then came trembling that the time was nigh
When he midst pitying looks his love must claim,
And jeering voices must salute his name.

But as the throng he pierced to gain the throne,
His alien face distraught and anxious told
What hopeless errand he was bound upon,
And, each to each, folk whispered to behold
His godlike limbs; nay, and one woman old,
As he went by, must pluck him by the sleeve
And pray him yet that wretched love to leave.

208. **Adonis' bane.** Adonis was killed by a wild boar.
211. **Argive cities,** towns in the Grecian state Argolis.
224. **must,** new, unfermented wine.
254. **chaffering,** bargaining.

For sidling up she said, "Canst thou live twice,
Fair son? Canst thou have joyful youth again,
That thus thou goest to the sacrifice,
Thyself the victim? Nay, then, all in vain
Thy mother bore her longing and her pain,
And one more maiden on the earth must dwell
Hopeless of joy, nor fearing death and hell.

"Oh fool, thou knowest not the compact then
That with the three-formed goddess she has made
To keep her from the loving lips of men,
And in no saffron gown to be arrayed,
And therewithal with glory to be paid,
And love of her the moonlit river sees
White 'gainst the shadow of the formless trees.

"Come back, and I myself will pray for thee
Unto the sea-born framer of delights,
To give thee her who on the earth may be
The fairest stirrer-up to death and fights,
To quench with hopeful days and joyous nights
The flame that doth thy youthful heart consume—
Come back, nor give thy beauty to the tomb."

How should he listen to her earnest speech—
Words such as he not once or twice had said
Unto himself, whose meaning scarce could reach
The firm abode of that sad hardihead?
He turned about, and through the market-stead
Swiftly he passed, until before the throne
In the cleared space he stood at last alone.

Then said the King, "Stranger, what dost thou here?
Have any of my folk done ill to thee?
Or art thou of the forest men in fear?
Or art thou of the sad fraternity
Who still will strive my daughter's mates to be,
Staking their lives to win to earthly bliss
The lonely maid, the friend of Artemis?"

"O King," he said, "thou sayest the word indeed;
Nor will I quit the strife till I have won
My sweet delight, or death to end my need.
And know that I am called Milanion,
Of King Amphidamas the well-loved son;
So fear not that to thy old name, O King,
Much loss or shame my victory will bring."

"Nay, Prince," said Schœneus, "welcome to this land
Thou wert indeed, if thou wert here to try
Thy strength 'gainst someone mighty of his hand;
Nor would we grudge thee well-won mastery.
But now, why wilt thou come to me to die,
And at my door lay down thy luckless head,
Swelling the band of the unhappy dead,

"Whose curses even now my heart doth fear?
Lo, I am old, and know what life can be,
And what a bitter thing is death anear.
O son! be wise, and hearken unto me;
And if no other can be dear to thee,
At least as now, yet is the world full wide,
And bliss in seeming hopeless hearts may hide—

"But if thou losest life, then all is lost."
"Nay, King," Milanion said, "thy words are vain.
Doubt not that I have counted well the cost.
But say, on what day wilt thou that I gain
Fulfilled delight, or death to end my pain?
Right glad were I if it could be today,
And all my doubts at rest forever lay."

275. **three-formed goddess,** Diana—worshiped as Diana on earth, as Luna in heaven, and as Hecate in Hades. 282. **sea-born framer,** see note on line 184.

301. **Artemis,** Diana, swift-running goddess of the chase.

"Nay," said King Schœneus, "thus it shall not be,
But rather shalt thou let a month go by,
And weary with thy prayers for victory
What god thou know'st the kindest and most nigh.
So doing, still perchance thou shalt not die;
And with my goodwill wouldst thou have the maid,
For of the equal gods I grow afraid.

"And until then, O Prince, be thou my guest,
And all these troublous things awhile forget."
"Nay," said he, "couldst thou give my soul good rest,
And on mine head a sleepy garland set,
Then had I 'scaped the meshes of the net,
Nor shouldst thou hear from me another word;
But now, make sharp thy fearful heading sword.

"Yet will I do what son of man may do,
And promise all the gods may most desire,
That to myself I may at least be true;
And on that day my heart and limbs so tire,
With utmost strain and measureless desire,
That, at the worst, I may but fall asleep
When in the sunlight round that sword shall sweep."

He went with that, nor anywhere would bide,
But unto Argos restlessly did wend;
And there, as one who lays all hope aside,
Because the leech has said his life must end,
Silent farewell he bade to foe and friend,
And took his way unto the restless sea,
For there he deemed his rest and help might be.

III

Upon the shore of Argolis there stands
A temple to the goddess that he sought,
That, turned into the lion-bearing lands,
Fenced from the east, of cold winds hatl
no thought,
Though to no homestead there the sheaves
are brought,
No groaning press torments the close-
clipped murk,
Lonely the fane stands, far from all men's
work.

Pass through a close, set thick with myrtle-
trees,
Through the brass doors that guard the
holy place,
And, entering, hear the washing of the sea
That twice a day rise high above the base
And, with the southwest urging them, em-
brace
The marble feet of her that standeth there
That shrink not, naked though they be and
fair.

Small is the fane through which the sea-
wind sings
About Queen Venus' well-wrought image
white;
But hung around are many precious things
The gifts of those who, longing for delight
Have hung them there within the goddess
sight,
And in return have taken at her hands
The living treasures of the Grecian lands

And thither now has come Milanion,
And showed unto the priests' wide-open
eyes
Gifts fairer than all those that there have
shown—
Silk cloths, inwrought with Indian fan-
tasies,
And bowls inscribed with sayings of the
wise
Above the deeds of foolish living things,
And mirrors fit to be the gifts of kings.

And now before the sea-born one he
stands,
By the sweet, veiling smoke made dim and
soft;
And while the incense trickles from his
hands,

336. **equal**, just. 340. **sleepy garland**, wreath of poppies, which contain opium. 348. **heading**, beheading. 352. **Argos**, Milanion's home. 359. **goddess**, Venus. 360. **lion-bearing lands**, Africa.

363. **murk**, marc, what is left of grapes or other fruit after the juice has been extracted. 365. **close**, enclosure

And while the odorous smoke-wreaths hang aloft,
Thus doth he pray to her: "O thou who oft
Hast holpen man and maid in their distress,
Despise me not for this my wretchedness!

"O goddess, among us who dwell below,
Kings and great men, great for a little while,
Have pity on the lowly heads that bow,
Nor hate the hearts that love them without guile;
Wilt thou be worse than these, and is thy smile
A vain device of him who set thee here,
An empty dream of some artificer?

"O great one, some men love, and are ashamed;
Some men are weary of the bonds of love;
Yea, and by some men lightly art thou blamed,
That from thy toils their lives they cannot move,
And mid the ranks of men their manhood prove.
Alas! O goddess, if thou slayest me
What new immortal can I serve but thee?

"Think then, will it bring honor to thy head
If folk say, 'Everything aside he cast,
And to all fame and honor was he dead,
And to his one hope now is dead at last,
Since all unholpen he is gone and past.
Ah! the gods love not man, for certainly
He to his helper did not cease to cry.'

"Nay, but thou wilt help; they who died before
Not single-hearted, as I deem, came here;
Therefore unthanked they laid their gifts before
Thy stainless feet, still shivering with their fear,
Lest in their eyes their true thought might appear,
Who sought to be the lords of that fair town,
Dreaded of men and winners of renown.

"O Queen, thou knowest I pray not for this;
O, set us down together in some place
Where not a voice can break our heaven of bliss,
Where naught but rocks and I can see her face,
Softening beneath the marvel of thy grace,
Where not a foot our vanished steps can track—
The golden age, the golden age come back!

"O fairest, hear me now who do thy will,
Plead for thy rebel that she be not slain,
But live and love and be thy servant still.
Ah! give her joy and take away my pain,
And thus two long-enduring servants gain.
An easy thing this is to do for me,
What need of my vain words to weary thee?

"But none the less this place will I not leave
Until I needs must go my death to meet,
Or at thy hands some happy sign receive
That in great joy we twain may one day greet
Thy presence here and kiss thy silver feet,
Such as we deem thee, fair beyond all words,
Victorious o'er our servants and our lords."

Then from the altar back a space he drew,
But from the queen turned not his face away,
But 'gainst a pillar leaned, until the blue
That arched the sky, at ending of the day,
Was turned to ruddy gold and changing gray,
And clear, but low, the nigh-ebbed windless sea
In the still evening murmured ceaselessly.

And there he stood when all the sun was down;
Nor had he moved when the dim, golden light,

411. unholpen, unhelped.

427. golden age, mythical time of perfect happiness.

Like the far luster of a godlike town,
Had left the world to seeming hopeless night;
Nor would he move the more when wan moonlight
Streamed through the pillars for a little while,
And lighted up the white queen's changeless smile.

Naught noted he the shallow, flowing sea,
As step by step it set the wrack a-swim;
The yellow torchlight nothing noted he
Wherein with fluttering gown and half-bared limb
The temple damsels sung their midnight hymn;
And naught the doubled stillness of the fane
When they were gone and all was hushed again.

But when the waves had touched the marble base,
And steps the fish swim over twice a day,
The dawn beheld him sunken in his place
Upon the floor; and sleeping there he lay,
Not heeding aught the little jets of spray
The roughened sea brought nigh, across him cast,
For as one dead all thought from him had passed.

Yet long before the sun had showed his head,
Long ere the varied hangings on the wall
Had gained once more their blue and green and red,
He rose as one some well-known sign doth call
When war upon the city's gates doth fall,
And scarce like one fresh risen out of sleep,
He 'gan again his broken watch to keep.

Then he turned round; not for the seagull's cry
That wheeled above the temple in his flight,
Not for the fresh south wind that lovingly
Breathed on the newborn day and dying night,

457. **wrack**, seaweed on the shore.

But some strange hope 'twixt fear and great delight
Drew round his face, now flushed, now pale and wan,
And still constrained his eyes the sea to scan.

Now a faint light lit up the southern sky—
Not sun or moon, for all the world was gray,
But this a bright cloud seemed, that drew anigh,
Lighting the dull waves that beneath it lay;
As toward the temple still it took its way,
And still grew greater, till Milanion
Saw naught for dazzling light that round him shone.

But as he staggered with his arms out-spread,
Delicious, unnamed odors breathed around
For languid happiness he bowed his head
And with wet eyes sank down upon the ground,
Nor wished for aught, nor any dream he found
To give him reason for that happiness,
Or make him ask more knowledge of his bliss.

At last his eyes were cleared, and he could see
Through happy tears the goddess face to face,
With that faint image of divinity,
Whose well-wrought smile and dainty changeless grace
Until that morn so gladdened all the place.
Then he unwitting cried aloud her name,
And covered up his eyes for fear and shame.

But through the stillness he her voice could hear,
Piercing his heart with joy scarce bearable
That said, "Milanion, wherefore dost thou fear?
I am not hard to those who love me well
List to what I a second time will tell,
And thou mayest hear perchance, and live to save
The cruel maiden from a loveless grave.

"See, by my feet three golden apples lie—
Such fruit among the heavy roses falls,
Such fruit my watchful damsels carefully
Store up within the best-loved of my walls,
Ancient Damascus, where the lover calls
Above my unseen head, and faint and light
The rose-leaves flutter round me in the night.

"And note that these are not alone most fair
With heavenly gold, but longing strange they bring
Unto the hearts of men, who will not care,
Beholding these, for any once-loved thing
Till round the shining sides their fingers cling.
And thou shalt see thy well-girt, swiftfoot maid
By sight of these amid her glory stayed.

"For bearing these within a scrip with thee,
When first she heads thee from the starting-place,
Cast down the first one for her eyes to see,
And when she turns aside make on apace,
And if again she heads thee in the race
Spare not the other two to cast aside
If she not long enough behind will bide.

"Farewell, and when has come the happy time
That she Diana's raiment must unbind,
And all the world seems blessed with Saturn's clime,
And thou with eager arms about her twined
Beholdest first her gray eyes growing kind,
Surely, O trembler, thou shalt scarcely then
Forget the helper of unhappy men."

Milanion raised his head at this last word,
For now so soft and kind she seemed to be
No longer of her godhead was he feared;
Too late he looked, for nothing could he see
But the white image glimmering doubtfully
In the departing twilight cold and gray,
And those three apples on the steps that lay.

These then he caught up, quivering with delight,
Yet fearful lest it all might be a dream,
And though aweary with the watchful night,
And sleepless nights of longing, still did deem
He could not sleep; but yet the first sunbeam
That smote the fane across the heaving deep
Shone on him laid in calm, untroubled sleep.

But little ere the noontide did he rise,
And why he felt so happy scarce could tell
Until the gleaming apples met his eyes.
Then, leaving the fair place where this befell,
Oft he looked back as one who loved it well,
Then homeward to the haunts of men 'gan wend
To bring all things unto a happy end.

IV

Now has the lingering month at last gone by,
Again are all folk around the running-place.
Nor other seems the dismal pageantry
Then heretofore, but that another face
Looks o'er the smooth course ready for the race,
For now, beheld of all, Milanion
Stands on the spot he twice has looked upon.

But yet—what change is this that holds the maid?
Does she indeed see in his glittering eye
More than disdain of the sharp, shearing blade,
Some happy hope of help and victory?
The others seemed to say, "We come to die;
Look down upon us for a little while,
That, dead, we may bethink us of thy smile."

But he—what look of mastery was this
He cast on her? Why were his lips so red?

526. **scrip**, wallet. 535. **Saturn's clime**, golden age of the world (see note on line 427), in which the god Saturn reigned.

ATALANTA'S RACE

Why was his face so flushed with happiness?
So looks not one who deems himself but dead,
E'en if to death he bows a willing head;
So rather looks a god well pleased to find
Some earthly damsel fashioned to his mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,
And even as she casts adown her eyes
Redden to note his eager glance of praise,
And wish that she were clad in other guise?
Why must the memory to her heart arise
Of things unnoticed when they first were heard,
Some lover's song, some answering maiden's word?

What makes these longings, vague, without a name,
And this vain pity never felt before,
This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
These doubts that grow each minute more and more?
Why does she tremble as the time grows near,
And weak defeat and woeful victory fear?

But while she seemed to hear her beating heart,
Above their heads the trumpet blast rang out,
And forth they sprang; and she must play her part.
Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt,
Though, slackening once, she turned her head about,
But then she cried aloud and faster fled
Than e'er before, and all men deemed him dead.

But with no sound he raised aloft his hand
And thence what seemed a ray of light there flew
And past the maid rolled on along the sand;
Then trembling she her feet together drew,
And in her heart a strong desire there grew
To have the toy; some god she thought had given
That gift to her, to make of earth a heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps she ran,
And in her odorous bosom laid the gold.
But when she turned again, the great-limbed man
Now well ahead she failed not to behold,
And, mindful of her glory waxing cold,
Sprang up and followed him in hot pursuit,
Though with one hand she touched the golden fruit.

Note, too, the bow that she was wont to bear
She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize,
And o'er her shoulder from the quiver fair
Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes
Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries
She sprang to head the strong Milanion,
Who now the turning-post had well-nigh won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it,
White fingers underneath his own were laid,
And white limbs from his dazzled eyes did flit;
Then he the second fruit cast by the maid,
But she ran on awhile, then as afraid
Wavered and stopped, and turned and made no stay
Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then, as a troubled glance she cast around,
Now far ahead the Argive could she see,
And in her garment's hem one hand she wound
To keep the double prize, and strenuously
Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had she
To win the day, though now but scanty space
Was left betwixt him and the winning-place.

Short was the way unto such wingéd feet;
Quickly she gained upon him, till at last
He turned about her eager eyes to meet
And from his hand the third fair apple cast.
She wavered not, but turned and ran so fast
After the prize that should her bliss fulfill,
That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

632. Argive, Milanion's father was king of Argolis.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win
Once more an unblest, woeful victory—
And yet—and yet—why does her breath begin
To fail her, and her feet drag heavily?
Why fails she now to see if far or nigh
The goal is? Why do her gray eyes grow dim?
Why do these tremors run through every limb?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find,
Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this,
A strong man's arms about her body twined.
Nor may she shudder now to feel his kiss,
So wrapped she is in new, unbroken bliss;
Made happy that the foe the prize hath won,
She weeps glad tears for all her glory done.

V

Shatter the trumpet, hew adown the posts!
Upon the brazen altar break the sword,
And scatter incense to appease the ghosts
Of those who died here by their own award.
Bring forth the image of the mighty lord,
And her who unseen o'er the runners hung,
And did a deed forever to be sung.

Here are the gathered folk; make no delay,
Open King Schœneus' well-filled treasury,
Bring out the gifts long hid from light of day—
The golden bowls o'erwrought with imagery,
Gold chains, and unguents brought from over sea,
The saffron gown the old Phœnician brought,
Within the temple of the goddess wrought.

O ye, O damsels, who shall never see
Her, that Love's servant bringeth now to you,
Returning from another victory,
In some cool bower do all that now is due!
Since she in token of her service new
Shall give to Venus offerings rich enow—
Her maiden zone, her arrows, and her bow.

669. **mighty lord**, Zeus. 664. **her**, Venus. 671. **Phœnician**. The Phœnicians were the sea-merchants of the ancient world. 679. **zone**, girdle.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. In 1868-70 William Morris published a collection of twenty-four metrical romances called *The Earthly Paradise*. In the Prologue the poet tells how a group of travelers from Norway set out to find the Earthly Paradise (compare "Ulysses," line 63, page 359). After many years of wandering (compare the wanderings of Ulysses as narrated in the *Odyssey*) they find it; it is inhabited by people of Greek descent. At a series of feasts stories are told, the duty falling alternately upon one of the travelers, who tells a Scandinavian or Celtic romance, and then upon one of the inhabitants of the Earthly Paradise, who tells a tale from Greek mythology. "Atalanta's Race" belongs to this second group.

2. The author of the poem lived a life of amazing industry. He was an architect, a painter, a printer, and a founder of the modern Arts and Crafts movement. He wrote both prose and verse, on many subjects, but his literary fame rests on his romances in verse.

3. There were two Atalantas in Greek mythology—both of them followers of Diana—who consented to marriage only after they had been conquered in a test of strength. Morris combines the two myths. The Arcadian Atalanta, who was exposed on a hill because her father wanted a son, not a daughter, was cared for by a bear and was then saved by hunters who made her expert with the bow. At the Caledonian boar-hunt she was the first to hit the monster. She rejected all suitors until she was finally won by a youth named Milanion. The Bœotian Atalanta, daughter of Schœneus, vowed that she would marry no suitor who could not outstrip her in running. The penalty of failure was death, as in Morris's story. She was at last conquered by Hippomenes by means of three golden apples that he had secured from Aphrodite, or Venus, the goddess of love. The story of Atalanta has been often retold; the most famous poetic version, besides Morris's, is "Atalanta in Calydon," by Swinburne.

Questions and Topics

1. The story may be divided into six parts s follows: introduction; the first race; the ld man's story; the second visit; the Temple f Venus; and the victory. Notice where ese parts begin and end. Summarize each art so that you may make a compact statement f the plot of the poem. In general, is the spense due to mystery or conflict?

2. Note that you do not get the full situation ntil the old man's story is told. Yet you were troduced to Atalanta very early in the poem. an you think of a reason for putting the story f the race and the death of the lover first? ow is the girl described in lines 85-88 and 113-19? Does she seem cruel? What would have een your impression if the old man's story had een given first?

3. Why did Milanion go to the Argive ties (line 211)? Account for the phrase ittle-valued blood" (line 214). Explain the anza beginning with line 225. What was the e? Why did he return, knowing the cruelty f the girl? What difference was there in his anner the second time he appeared as com-ared with the first? How did the people know s errand? Judging from lines 326-329 and 343, o you think that Milanion hoped to win? ind other hints bearing on this point.

4. How did Milanion happen to go to rgolis? Explain lines 375-378. What beauti-l woman is one of those referred to in line 78, and what great war did she cause?

5. What change was there in the appearance of Milanion when he returned for the third time? Did he seem different from the other suitors? Had this any effect on Atalanta? Find the lines that prove your answer.

6. What impressions of the life and the people of King Schœneus's land do you get from the poem? What occupations are mentioned? Compare these people with the people of Phæacia as described in the *Odyssey*. Compare the occupations with the English employments mentioned in "Enoch Arden."

7. Note the references to Nature in this poem. What effect have some of these, for example in lines 137-140? Find other examples. Compare with the Nature description in "Enoch Arden." How important is the setting of "Atalanta's Race"?

8. As pointed out in the Explanatory Notes, the poem unites the myths of the Arcadian Atalanta with that of the Bœotian. Prove this by reference to the story as Morris tells it.

9. What differences do you notice between this poem and "Enoch Arden" in the following respects: (*a*) in the number of incidents and the kind of suspense; (*b*) in the kinds of characters that appear; (*c*) in the setting or scene in which the action takes place; (*d*) in the language, especially the adjectives; (*e*) in the atmosphere (that is, which poem is the more melancholy, romantic, classic?).

10. Choose one or two stanzas for careful study and commit them to memory.

Sara George

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

AN EPISODE

Matthew Arnold

nd the first gray of morning filled the east,
nd the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
ut all the Tartar camp along the stream
as hushed, and still the men were plunged in sleep.
ohrab alone, he slept not; all night long
e had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed.
ut when the gray dawn stole into his tent,
é rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And went abroad into the cold, wet fog,
Through the dim camp, to Peran-Wisa's tent.

Through the black Tartar tents he passed, which stood
Clustering like beehives on the low, flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer-floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere.

1. **And.** The conjunction suggests that what follows is rely an episode in an action of larger scope, as it is in the rsian epic from which Arnold drew the story. 2. **Oxus,** w known as the Amu Daria, the principal river of cen-l Asia; it flows northwest into the Aral Sea. 3. **Tartar.** e Tartars were wandering tribes of central Asia and uthern Russia.

11. **Peran-Wisa,** the commander of the Tartar forces. 15. **Pamere,** now Pamir, a plateau region northeast of Afghanistan, in which is the source of the Oxus River. It has an elevation of 13,000 feet.

Through the black tents he passed, o'er that low strand,
And to a hillock came, a little back
From the stream's brink—the spot where first a boat,
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.
The men of former times had crowned the top
With a clay fort; but that was fall'n, and now
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick-piled carpets in the tent,
And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dulled; for he slept light, an old man's sleep;
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said:

"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?"

But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:
"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa! it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep, but I sleep not; all night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful; and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Samarcand, before the army marched;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan first
I came among the Tartars and bore arms,
I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This, too, thou know'st, that while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man, one man, and one alone—
Rustum, my father; who I hoped should greet,
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field,
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest today; but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man. If I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall—
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.
Dim is the rumor of a common fight
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk;
But of a single combat Fame speaks clear."

He spoke; and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sighed, and said:

"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press forever first
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen?
That were far best, my son, to stay with us
Unmurmuring; in our tents, while it is war,
And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.
But if this one desire indeed rules all,
To seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight!
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray;
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Seïstan, with Zal, his father old,
Whether that his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorred approaches of old age,
Or in some quarrel with the Persian King

38. **Afrasiab**, king of the Tartar tribes. 40. **Samarcand**, a city in Turkestan, Asiatic Russia. 42. **Ader-baijan**, a province of northwestern Persia.

82. **Seïstan**, now Sistan, the southwest province of Afghanistan. 85. **Persian King**, Kai Khosroo, mentioned later; thought to mean Cyrus the Great.

There go!—Thou wilt not? Yet my heart forebodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us; fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain. But who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening, and who govern Rustum's son?
Go; I will grant thee what thy heart desires."

So said he, and dropped Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay;
And o'er his chilly limbs his woolen coat
He passed, and tied his sandals on his feet,
And threw a white cloak round him, and he took
In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;
And on his head he set his sheepskin cap,
Black, glossy, curled, the fleece of Karakul;
And raised the curtain of his tent, and called
His herald to his side, and went abroad.

The sun by this had risen, and cleared the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands.
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
Into the open plain; so Haman bade—
Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horse, they streamed;
As when some gray November morn the files,
In marching order spread, of long-necked cranes
Stream over Casbin and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some frore Caspian reed-bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian seaboard—so they streamed:

The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
First, with black sheepskin caps and with long spears,
Large men, large steeds, who from Bokhara come
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.
Next, the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands,
Light men and on light steeds, who only drink
The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.
And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
From far, and a more doubtful service owned,
The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
And close-set skullcaps; and those wilder hordes
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,
Kalmucks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
Nearest the Pole; and wandering Kirghizzes,
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere—
These all filed out from camp into the plain.

And on the other side the Persians formed:
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seemed,
The Ilyats of Khorassan; and behind,
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshaled battalions bright in burnished steel.

But Peran-Wisa with his herald came,
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.

99. **staff**, in ancient times, the sign of leadership. 01. **Karakul**, a section of Pamir (see note for line 15), oted for its good pasturage. 113. **Casbin**, now Kasbin, city in northwestern Persia. 114. **Elburz**, a mountain nge in north Persia. 115. **frore**, frozen.

119. **Bokhara**, a district of central Asia, north of Afghanistan. 120. **Khiva**, a district northwest of Bokhara. 121. **Toorkmuns**, Turks living near the Aral Sea. 123. **Attruck**, now Atrek, a river of northern Persia. 128. **Ferghana**, a province of Turkestan. 129. **Jaxartes**, a river of Turkestan, now the Sir-Daria. 131. **Kipchak**, the name formerly applied to an extensive region north of the Caspian Sea. 132. **Kalmucks**, a nomadic, Mongolian people, here probably from northern Siberia. **Kuzzaks**, the modern Cossacks, a warring, nomadic tribe in Russia, Siberia, and parts of Asia. 133. **Kirghizzes . . . . Pamere**, see note on line 15. 138. **Khorassan**, a province of northeastern Persia.

And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And checked his ranks, and fixed them where they stood.
And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said:

"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!
Let there be truce between the hosts today,
But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man."

As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearléd ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.

But as a troop of peddlers, from Cabool,
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighboring mountain of milk snow,
Crossing so high, that, as they mount, they pass
Long flocks of traveling birds dead on the snow,
Choked by the air, and scarce can they themselves
Slake their parched throats with sugared mulberries—
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows—
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up
To counsel; Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host
Second, and was the uncle of the King;
These came and counseled, and then Gudurz said:

"Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up;
Yet champion have we none to match this youth.
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart—
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitched his tents apart—
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.
Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight
Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up."

So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and cried:
"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said!
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man."

He spake; and Peran-Wisa turned, and strode
Back through the opening squadrons to his tent.
But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
And crossed the camp which lay behind, and reached,
Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents.
Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,
Just pitched; the high pavilion in the midst
Was Rustum's, and his men lay camped around.
And Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and found
Rustum; his morning meal was done, but still
The table stood before him, charged with food,
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,
And dark green melons; and there Rustum sat
Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,
And played with it; but Gudurz came and stood
Before him; and he looked, and saw him stand,
And with a cry sprang up and dropped the bird,

156. corn, grain. 160. Cabool, now Kabul, a district of eastern Afghanistan. 161. Indian Caucasus, the Hindu Kush mountains.

And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said:

"Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight.
What news? but sit down first, and eat and drink."

But Gudurz stood in the tent-door, and said:
"Not now! a time will come to eat and drink,
But not today—today has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand and gaze;
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his name—
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's!
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart;
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose!"

He spoke; but Rustum answered with a smile:
"Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older; if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely; for the King, for Kai-Khosroo
Himself is young, and honors younger men,
And lets the aged molder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young;
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight, helpless girl I have—
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-haired Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,
And he has none to guard his weak old age.

There would I go, and hang my armor up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."

He spoke, and smiled; and Gudurz made reply:
"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face? Take heed lest men should say,
'Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men.' "

And, greatly moved, then Rustum made reply:
"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself?
But who for men of naught would do great deeds?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame!
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched
In single fight with any mortal man."

He spoke, and frowned; and Gudurz turned, and ran
Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy—
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.

217. Iran, Persia.

257. plain arms, i.e., with no distinguishing marks.

But Rustum strode to his tent-door, and called
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel; the arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And, from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume.
So armed, he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse,
Followed him like a faithful hound, at heel,
Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth—
The horse whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,
And reared him—a bright bay, with lofty crest,
Dight with a saddlecloth of broidered green
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were worked
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know.
So followed, Rustum left his tents, and crossed
The camp, and to the Persian host appeared.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hailed; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—
So dear, to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swath
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare—
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blackened fingers makes her fire
At cockcrow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whitened windowpanes,
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be—so Rustum eyed
The unknown, adventurous youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs. Long he perused
His spirited air, and wondered who he was;
For very young he seemed, tenderly reared;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared.
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckoned to him with his hand, and said:

"O thou young man, the air of heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold!
Heaven's air is better than the cold, dead grave.
Behold me; I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe—

277. **Dight,** adorned. 286. **Bahrein,** a group of islands celebrated for their pearl fisheries. 288. **tale,** count.

295. **corn,** see note on line 156.

Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be governed! quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die!
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."

So he spake, mildly; Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum, and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Hath builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,
Streaked with its first gray hairs; hope filled his soul,
And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasped his hand within his own, and said:

"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustum? Speak! art thou not he?"

But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turned away, and spake to his own soul:

"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean!
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say: '*Rustum is here!*'
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword, perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast day, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry,
'I challenged once, when the two armies camped
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank, only Rustum dared; then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.'
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud.
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me."

And then he turned, and sternly spake aloud:
"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast called
By challenge forth; make good thy vaunt, or yield!
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee!
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were revealed,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this—
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul—
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and yield,
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer-floods,
Oxus in summer, wash them all away."

He spoke; and Sohrab answered, on his feet:
"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so!
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin! thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young.
But yet success sways with the breath of Heaven;
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know;
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,

Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs, uncertain to which side to fall,
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us, in its hour."

He spoke, and Rustum answered not, but hurled
His spear. Down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk,
That long has towered in the airy clouds,
Drops like a plummet. Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash; the spear
Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide; then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck; Rustum's shield sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield; an unlopped trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough—like those which men in treeless plains,
To build them boats, fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in wintertime
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs; so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke. But again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leaped from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand;
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said:

"Thou strik'st too hard! that club of thine will float
Upon the summer-floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth! not wroth am I;
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou say'st thou art not Rustum; be it so!
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too,
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men,
But never was my heart thus touched before.
Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends;
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight *them*, when they confront thy spear!
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"

He ceased, but while he spake, Rustum had risen
And stood erect, trembling with rage; his club

412. **Hyphasis, Hydaspes,** ancient names of the rivers Sutlej and Jhelum in northwestern India. 414. **wrack,** destruction.

He left to lie, but had regained his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mailed right hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn-star,
The baleful sign of fevers; dust had soiled
His stately crest and dimmed his glittering arms.
His breast heaved, his lips foamed, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage; at last these words broke way:

"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight! let me hear thy hateful voice no more.
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance,
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war; I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valor; try thy feints
And cunning! All the pity I had is gone,
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts
With thy light, skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."

He spoke; and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword. At once they rushed
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west. Their shields
Dashed with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees—such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in heaven, and darked the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with blood-shot eyes
And laboring breath. First Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear
Rent he tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bowed his head; but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry—
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pained desert lion, who all day
Hath trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes, at night, to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but rushed on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bowed
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in the hand the hilt remained alone.

452. **autumn-star**, Sirius, the Dog Star, one of the brightest stars in the heavens.

Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted, "*Rustum!*"—Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed; back he recoiled one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form;
And then he stood bewildered; and he dropped
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the ground;
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair,
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began:
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent,
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied:
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I matched with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till today I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that belovéd name unnerved my arm,
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear:
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death,
My father, whom I seek through all the world!
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee."

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short, uneasy sweeps
Circles above his aerie, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far, stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers. Never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by.
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

But with a cold incredulous voice, he said
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."

568. **his ken**, reach of his vision. 570. **glass**, reflect as does a mirror.

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied:
"Ah, yes, he had; and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here,
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce man, bethink thee! for an only son
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be?
Oh, could I live till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old King, her father, who grows gray
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honor, when the war is done.
But a dark rumor will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;
And then will that defenseless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more,
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain."

He spoke; and as he ceased, he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke; but Rustum listened, plunged in thought,
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he called back names he knew;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all—
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms.
And so he deemed that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son,
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deemed he; yet he listened, plunged in thought.
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking ocean sets to shore
At the full moon; tears gathered in his eyes,
For he remembered his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture; as, at dawn,
The shepherd from his mountain-lodge descries
A far, bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds—so Rustum saw
His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
And that old King, her father, who loved well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer time;
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskillful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grassplots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass; so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said:

"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved.
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false; thou art not Rustum's son,
For Rustum had no son; one child he had,
But one, a girl who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us;
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."

But Sohrab answered him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew fierce,
And he desiréd to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die;

592. **Koords**, Kurds, tribes in western Persia. 596. **bruited up**, noised about.

But first he would convince his stubborn foe.
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said:

"Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men;
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."

He spoke; and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks.
And his knees tottered, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy-mailéd hand,
That the hard iron corselet clanked aloud;
And to his heart he pressed the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said:

"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie!
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."

Then, with weak, hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And showed a sign in faint vermilion points
Pricked. As a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift; at early morn he paints,
And all day long; and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands—
So delicately pricked the sign appeared
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old reared Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain-rocks;
Him that kind creature found, and reared, and loved.
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scanned it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touched it with his hand, and said:

"How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"

He spoke; but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless; and then he uttered one sharp cry:
"*O boy—thy father!*" and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips,
And with fond, faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life; and life
Came back to Rustum; and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirched his hair,
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms;
And strong, convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him; and he clutched his sword,
To draw it, and forever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spake, and said:

"Father, forbear! for I but meet today
The doom which at my birth was written down
In Heaven; and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too.

I know it; but fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this. I find
My father; let me feel that I have found!
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say, '*My son!*'
Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be."

So said he, and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts,
When they saw Rustum's grief; and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground, and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
First to the one, then to the other, moved
His head, as if inquiring what their grief
Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,
The big warm tears rolled down, and caked the sand.
But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:

"Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
Should first have rotted on their nimble joints,
Or e'er they brought thy master to this field!"

But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said:

"Is this, then, Ruksh? How often, in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed,
My terrible father's terrible horse! and said
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane!
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuffed the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Seïstan,
And seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake
Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself
Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,
Corn in a golden platter, soaked with wine,
And said, '*O Ruksh, bear Rustum well!*'—but I
Have never known my grandsire's furrowed face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seïstan,
Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream;
But lodged among my father's foes, and seen
Afrasiab's cities only—Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
The desert rivers—Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream,
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."

And, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewailed:
"Oh, that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!"

But, with a grave, mild voice, Sohrab replied:
"Desire not that, my father! thou must live;

763-4. **Moorghab, Tejend, Kohik,** rivers of Turkestan. 765. **northern Sir,** the Sir Daria, which empties into the Aral Sea.

For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age—
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come; thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these!
Let me entreat for them! What have they done?
They followed me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seïstan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me;
Thou, and the snow-haired Zal, and all thy friends.
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry:
'Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill!'
And I be not forgotten in my grave."

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied:
"Fear not! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be; for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,
And carry thee away to Seïstan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.
And I will spare thy host; yea, let them go;
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all that I have ever slain
Might be once more alive—my bitterest foes,
And they who were called champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have—
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown,
So thou mightest live, too, my son, my son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine! and I might die, not thou,
And I, not thou, be borne to Seïstan;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine,
And say, *'O son, I weep thee not too sore,*
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end!'
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age;
And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied:
"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man!
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now,
Not yet; but thou shalt have it on that day,
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave."

And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said:
"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."

He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flowed with the stream; all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soiled,
Like the soiled tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank,

By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye; his head drooped low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay,
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame,
Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,
And fixed them feebly on his father's face;
Till now all strength was ebbed; and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead.
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sat by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-reared
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now mid their broken flights of steps
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—
So, in the sand, lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darkened all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal.
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge;
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon; he flowed
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents, that for many a league
The shorn and parceled Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted, rushy isles;
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
A foiled, circuitous wanderer; till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

861. **Jemshid**, a mythical Persian ruler. **Persepolis**, a capital of ancient Persia.

878. **Chorasmian waste**, now Kharezm, a region in Turkestan lying about the lower Oxus. 890. **luminous home**, see note on line 2.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. Matthew Arnold looked to the supreme poetry of ancient Greece for his model of treatment and style. "Sohrab and Rustum" is an imitation of the style and method of Homer. Homer's poetry is direct, rapid, clear, simple. His figures of speech are so rare as to be all the more impressive when they do occur. His use of adjectives is also individual; to one person or thing he applies a single epithet repeatedly, so that ever after when we recall that individual or object, the descriptive term leaps to our mind in association with it. While Arnold did not imitate slavishly these details of style, he believed that their use does make for the most simple, austere, chaste poetry, the kind he considered best. Therefore his blank verse always suggests Homer. He chose no deeply involved plot, no intricate exposition of motives and moods, he dealt with one simple plot from a definite beginning through a single arresting

climax, to a perfect conclusion. That is, the structure of the narrative is similar to that of a short story (see pages 13-14). This singleness of incident, this unity of effect was in his own mind when he called "Sohrab and Rustum" an episode. A complete incident from an interminable chain was all he wanted to tell.

2. Very much like the deeds of Arnold's favorite old Greeks are the deeds of the ancient Persian heroes as related in the national epic, the *Shah Nameh*, composed in the tenth century, and containing the exploits of the Persian kings during thirty-six centuries. Arnold was enthusiastic about the story, which he called "a very noble and excellent one." As a poet should, he enjoyed writing "Sohrab and Rustum." In a letter to his mother he wrote: "All my spare time has been spent on a poem which I have just finished, and which I think by far the best thing I have yet done, and I think it will be generally liked; though one can never be sure of this. I have had the greatest pleasure in composing it, a rare thing with me, and, as I think, a good test of the pleasure what you write is likely to afford to others."

3. Love of family and pride of race are the two dominant human characteristics of this affecting story. The deeds of the two powerful warriors are not different in themselves from the doughty fighting narrated in a hundred poems. Here the action is the outward contrast of a profound yearning of the heart—Sohrab seeking for his renowned father, Rustum; Rustum, that father, longing that he might have had a warrior son like this youth, Sohrab. Over the poem broods the imposing idea of oriental fatalism. Mortals may strive, but the universe is bound to move as foreordained. Puny humanity may struggle valiantly, yet nothing can change the destiny of an individual. The poem, thus considered, expands to more significant proportions than the modest caption —An Episode—indicates. It becomes an excellent illustration of the purpose its critical author claimed for all real literature—a criticism of life itself.

Questions and Topics

1. Do you like the abrupt opening? Explain its effect. How far do you read before you understand the state of affairs? Does the ignorance of Rustum concerning his son seem probable?

2. Why does Sohrab make his request for a single combat? What details show regard and affection for Sohrab among the leaders?

3. Explain the duties of heralds. Where else have you read of them? What effects upon the two armies has the challenge? Characterize Gudurz and show why he is important to the story.

4. Rustum's behavior—sitting aloof in his tent—is somewhat like that of Achilles (Homer's *Iliad*, Book I). What are the reasons for his action? What arouses him? Why does he decide to fight in unmarked armor? What is the direct result of this? Does this remind you of other combats? In what books? Or periods? What did Rustum mean by "girl's wiles" (line 469)? What made Rustum all the more determined to conquer?

5. What single act spoiled the possibility of an explanation and recognition?

6. Do the proper names help or mar the effect? Explain. What relation do the changes of Nature have with the story? What do you think of this literary device? Are the changes possible or supernatural?

7. What is the climax? Is it well developed? Is it effective? Compare the triumphing speech of Rustum with the speech of Sohrab when he had the advantage. What other points of contrast do you find between the two characters? Recount the successive details by which the relationship is disclosed. How does this produce suspense? Throughout the story, does mystery or conflict produce the keener suspense? In the original story Sohrab wore an onyx stone which proved his identity. Is the tatooed griffin a better mark? Explain fully. What is the most pathetic detail of the story?

8. Make a study of the similes (a comparison of one thing with another, definitely expressed). There are some twelve or thirteen very beautiful ones. Consider carefully, for each one, what two objects are compared; in what respects they are alike; and what feeling the comparison arouses in you. Which do you consider best? Explain why.

9. Divide the poem into four or five acts. Indicate the scene in each, and the conflict that runs through each. If the class is very ambitious, the dialogue may be written out and the play acted.

10. Note that the poem begins and ends with a picture of the river. Do you see any reason for this? Of what other books and poems were you reminded as you read this story? How do such comparisons add to the pleasure of reading?

11. Look up the word *fatalism* in a large dictionary. In what way does this poem illustrate such a conception of life? Comment on this principle as applied to life in general.

12. Two pupils should memorize the speeches of father and son and some of the finest similes. In delivering these before the class, the pupils should bring out the feeling of the lines.

TAM O' SHANTER

A TALE

ROBERT BURNS

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet;
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith an thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon,
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

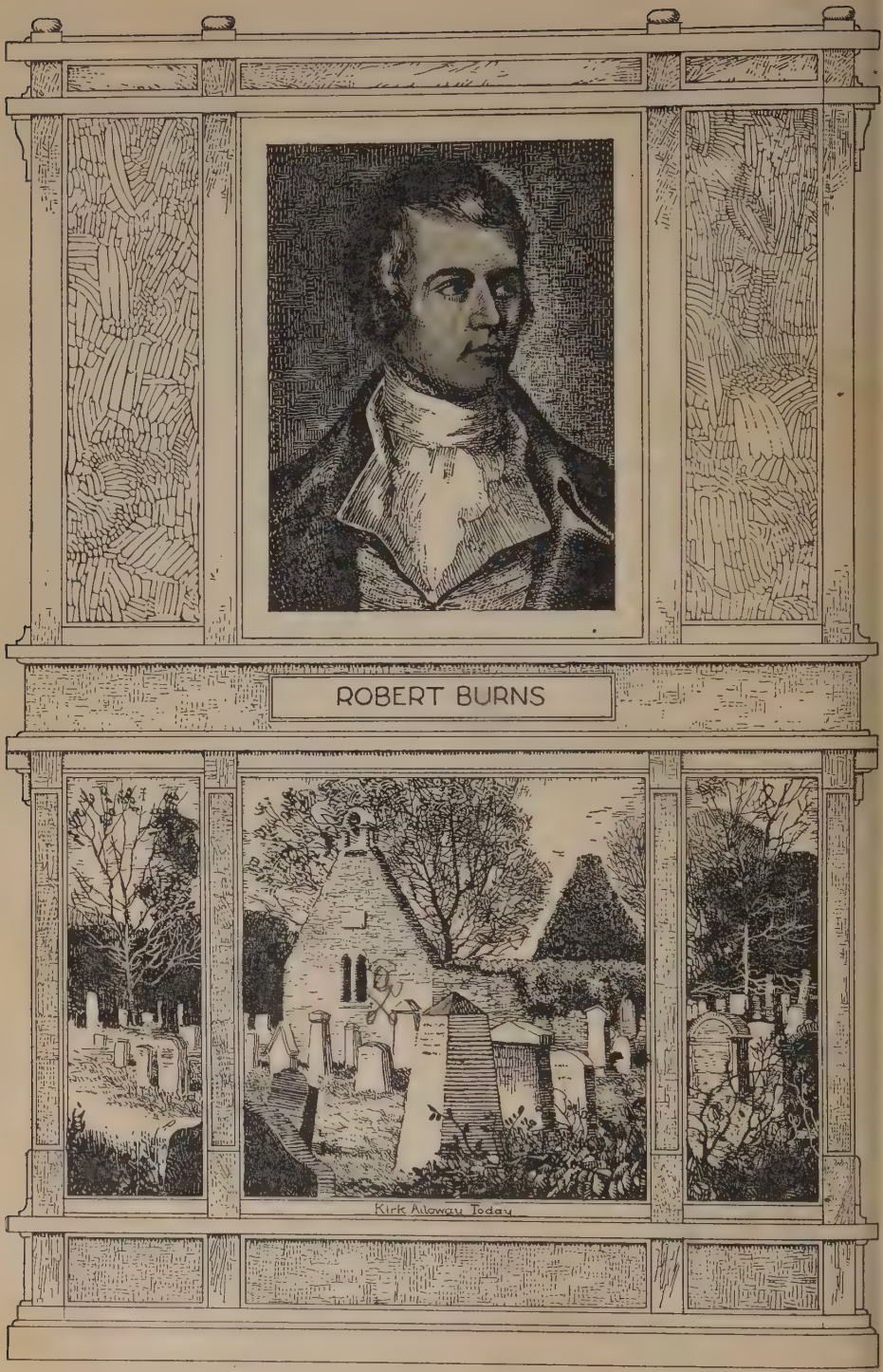
But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony—
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himsel amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

1. **chapman billies**, peddler fellows. 2. **drouthy**, thirsty. 4. **tak the gate**, go home. 5. **nappy**, ale. 6. **fou**, full (drunk). **unco**, very. 7. **lang Scots miles**. The Scotch mile is more than a fourth longer than the statute mile of England and the United States. 8. **slaps**, gaps in fences. 13. **fand**, found. 14. **ae**, one. 19. **skellum**, good-for-nothing. 20. **blethering**, chattering. **blellum**, babbler. 23. **ilka melder**, every grinding. 25. **naig was ca'd a shoe on**, horse that was shod. 31. **warlocks**, witches. **mirk**, dark. 32. **Alloway**, a hamlet near Ayr. **kirk**, church. 33. **gars me greet**, makes me weep.

39. **ingle**, **bleezing**, fire, blazing. 40. **reaming swats**, foaming ale. 41. **Souter**, shoemaker. 51. **rair**, roar. 68. **maun**, must. 71. **sic**, such.


ROBERT BURNS
Kirk Alloway Today

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed;
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares—
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood, right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion, brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge.
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-long, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft—
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens,

81. **skelpit**, hurried. **dub**, puddle. 83. **Whyles**, sometimes. 86. **bogles**, goblins. 88. **houlets**, owlets. 90. **chapman smoored**, peddler smothered. 91. **birks**, birches. **meikle stane**, big stone. 93. **whins**, evergreen shrubs. 94. **bairn**, child. 95. **aboon**, above. 97. **Doon**, a river in Ayrshire. 102. **bleeze**, blaze. 103. **ilka bore**, every crevice. 107. **tippenny**, twopence worth of ale. 108. **usquabae**, whisky. 109. **swats sae reamed**, ale so foamed. 110. **na deils a boddle**, not a copper (coin) for devils.

114. **unco**, wonderfully strange. 116. **brent**, brand. 119. **winnock-bunker**, window-seat. 121. **towzie tyke**, shaggy cur. 123. **gart them skirl**, made them shriek. 124. **dirl**, ring. 127. **cantraip slight**, magic trick. 130. **haly**, holy. 131. **airns**, irons. 134. **gab**, mouth. 140. **stack**, stuck. 143. **glowered**, stared. 147. **cleekit**, joined hands. 148. **ilka carlin swat and reekit**, every old woman sweat and steamed. 149. **coost**, cast off. **duddies**, duds. **wark**, work. 150. **linket**, tripped. **sark**, shirt. 151. **thae**, those. **queans**, girls.

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!
But withered beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Louping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie.
There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
That night enlisted in the core
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore,
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear).
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowered, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main;

153. **creeshie flannen**, greasy flannel. 154. **seventeen hunder**, very fine, woven in a reel of 1700 divisions. 155. **Thir breeks**, these breeches. 157. **hurdies**, hips. 158. **burdies**, lasses. 160. **Rigwoodie**, withered. **wad spean**, that would wean. 161. **crummock**, staff. 163. **kend**, knew. **fu' brawlie**, very well. 164. **wawlie**, choice. 169. **baith**, both. **meikle**, much. **corn and bear**, wheat and barley. 171. **cutty**, short. **Paisley harn**, a coarse linen made in Paisley, Scotland. 174. **vauntie**, proud. 176. **coft**, bought. 177. **twa pund**, two pounds (about eighty cents). 179. **maun cour**, must let down. 181. **lap and flang**, leaped and kicked. 185. **glowered**, stared. **fidged fu' fain**, fidgeted with fondness. 186. **hotched**, jerked.

Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,—
When plundering herds assail their byke;—
As open pussie's mortal foes,—
When, pop! she starts before their nose;—
As eager runs the market-crowd,—
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud—
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,—
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss—
A running stream they dare na cross;
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail.
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear;
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

187. **syne**, then. 188. **tint**, lost. 193. **fyke**, fuss. 194. **herds**, herd-boys. **byke**, hive. 195. **pussie**, hare, rabbit. 200. **mony an eldritch**, many an unearthly. 201. **fairin**, reward. 206. **brig**, bridge. 210. **fient**, devil. 213. **ettle**, effort. 214. **wist**, knew. 217. **carlin claught**, witch clutched.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This poem was written during the winter of 1790-91 and was published in the *Edinburgh Magazine* in March, 1791. The source of the poem is a legend about Alloway Kirk that Burns found and sent to an antiquary who was making a collection of such popular tales. Alloway Kirk is only a short distance from Burns's childhood home, and the scenes of the poem were therefore familiar to him.

2. The legend itself is widely known in one form or another in folk-lore. In this poem we have a combination of a story in which a man stumbles upon a group of supernatural beings who are celebrating some rite with a story in which a fairy or witch or demon carries off a mortal, or is foiled by some such circumstance as a running stream that cannot be crossed. Irish, Welsh, and Scottish fairy lore is full of such stories. Among these Celtic races, the supernatural creatures are apt to be fairies; Teutonic legend is apt to change the fairies to witches or demons. Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" is an example of a Teutonic legend of this sort, with a theme very like that of Burns's poem, which the American writer transferred to the Hudson River country of New York. Besides this main folk-tale, Burns crowds his story with superstitions about warlocks (magicians or wizards), ghosts, and other folk beliefs, but he treats the theme humorously and with skepticism.

Questions and Topics

1. Find illustrations of Scottish superstitions introduced into the poem. Compare the poem in this respect with some of Irving's tales, such as "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" or "Rip Van Winkle." Compare the "local color" with that in "Atalanta's Race."

2. What is the difference between the use of the supernatural in this poem and in other poems and stories of the supernatural you have read, such as "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "The Wife of Usher's Well," and some of Poe's poems and stories?

3. Point out humorous passages. Contrast the atmosphere, or tone, of the poem with that of "Enoch Arden."

SONNET ON CHILLON

Lord Byron

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! Thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

Lord Byron

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears.
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned, and barred—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death.

That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull, imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp.
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight.
And thus together—yet apart—
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart,
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;

But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound—not full and free,
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three;
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did—my best,
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distressed
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for naught but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy—but not in chains to pine.
His spirit withered with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine;
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,

85. **marsh's meteor lamp**, phosphorescent light in marshy places.

107. **Lake Leman**, another name for Lake Geneva.

Which round about the wave enthralls.
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay—
We heard it ripple night and day.
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunters' fare,
And for the like had little care.
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat;
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den.
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mold
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side.
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his free-born breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laughed—and laid him there;
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant—
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swol'n, convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread.
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow;
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright;
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
I listened, but I could not hear—
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonishéd;
I called, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him—I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived—*I* only drew
The accurséd breath of dungeon-dew;
The last—the sole—the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,

Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill.
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew;
First came the loss of light and air,
And then of darkness too.
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night—it was not day—
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness—without a place;
There were no stars—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery.
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me!

I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more.
It seemed, like me, to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in wingéd guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.
A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was—my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

237. wist, knew.

I made a footing in the wall;
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape,
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me.
No child—no sire—no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more upon the mountains high
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed, like me, in frame.
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide, long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channeled rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-walled, distant town,
And whiter sails, go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small, green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor.
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly.
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And, when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save—
And yet my glance, too much oppressed,
Had almost need of such a rest.
It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count—I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free;
I asked not why, and recked not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be,
I learned to love despair.
And thus when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home.
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade;
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are—even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

336. **Rhone.** This river rises in the Swiss Alps.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This poem was written in June, 1816, and with the prefatory sonnet reflects the passionate sympathy with the cause of liberty that characterized Byron throughout his life. In *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812-1818), the long poem that made Byron famous, he often writes of the onward march of freedom, of the French Revolution, and of those aspects of Nature (mountains, the sea, the storm, etc.) that fed the emotions of his liberty-loving soul. He wrote, in his "Isles of Greece" and elsewhere, of the Greek War for Independence, took an active interest in the progress of the war, and died (1824) of a fever contracted while drilling Greek troops at Missolonghi.

2. François de Bonivard (1493-1570) lived a long and stirring life. He was involved in many political disputes and was twice in prison for political reasons; the last period (1530-1536) being spent in a dungeon in the Castle of Chillon, near Montreux, Switzerland. After his release he devoted much time to writing a history of Geneva from the earliest times.

From these statements it will be seen that Byron's story departs from the facts. But it was not his purpose to write a story of Bonivard's life. The sight of the castle, the story that was told him of a prisoner who had spent years in its gloomy dungeon for political reasons, were circumstances sufficient to set Byron's imagination on fire. The poem is not so much a story of a certain celebrated prisoner as it is a picture of the cruelty of tyranny and the sufferings of men in all ages in behalf of liberty. That is, it is a kind of composite picture applicable to many similar stories. In its assertion of the supremacy of the human mind over tyranny it is characteristic both of the sixteenth century, when Bonivard lived, and of Byron's time.

Questions and Topics

1. The first twenty-six lines constitute the introduction. Do you notice any differences in rime and meter as compared with the body of the poem? (See pages 431-432.) How many accents or stresses are typical of each line of the main poem? Is this metrical form regular, or do you find variations? Of what kind? How does the verse, as a whole, suggest the dreary monotony of the life of the prisoner?

2. As a matter of fact there were no brothers in prison with Bonivard. Does the poet gain any effect by writing of three brothers? What differences do you notice between the two brothers of the prisoner? How does the prisoner differ from them?

3. What effect is gained by putting the story in the first person instead of the third? Into what parts may the story be divided? Summarize each of these parts in a sentence. Does the poem have the suspense of a narrative?

4. To what state of mind was the prisoner reduced by the death of the second brother? Note the details that make this picture vivid. What effect had the song of the bird? The sight of the mountains through the barred window?

5. Point out passages which seem to show that Byron saw in Bonivard a typical representative of all martyrs for liberty. How far is the poem subjective? (See page 343.)

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

John Keats

St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold.
Numb were the beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees.
The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails.
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his deathbell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve.
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinner's sake to grieve.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;
The level chambers, ready with their pride,

1. **St. Agnes' Eve**, January 20. 5. **beadsman**, a dependent who prays for his benefactor. **told his rosary**, counted the beads as he said a prayer for each one.

Were glowing to receive a thousand guests;
The carvéd angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline.
The music, yearning like a god in pain,
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all. In vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,
But she saw not—her heart was otherwhere—
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes;
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short.

37. **argent**, shining. 38. **tiara**, ornamental crown. 9. **fairily**, in a fairy-like manner. 58. **a sweeping rain**, "skirts sweeping along the floor."—KEATS.

The hallowed hour was near at hand; she sighs
Amid the timbrels and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with fairy fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before tomorrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in; let no buzzed whisper tell;
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel.
For him those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage; not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland.
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here tonight, the whole blood-thirsty race!

67. **timbrel**, tambourine. 70. **Hoodwinked**, blinded (to all else). **amort**, deadened. 71. **unshorn**. On the day sacred to St. Agnes two lambs were dedicated to her; these were afterwards shorn and the wool woven (line 117). 77. **Buttressed**, hidden behind the support.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He curséd thee and thine, both house and land;
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs—alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away." "Ah, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit,
And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly archéd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she muttered, "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days;
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,
To venture so; it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night; good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wond'rous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his painéd heart
Made purple riot; then doth he propose
A stratagem that makes the beldame start.
"A cruel man and impious thou art;
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro. "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face.
Good Angela, believe me by these tears,
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never missed."—Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe—

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet

105. **Gossip dear**, my good old friend. 126. **mickle**, much. 133. **brook**, check.

158. **plaining**, complaining.

And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame.
"All cates and dainties shall be storéd there
Quickly on this feast-night; by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see; no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;
The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, and chaste,
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charméd maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware.
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe, level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ringdove frayed and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died.
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side,
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knotgrass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together pressed,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
She seemed a splendid angel, newly dressed,
Save wings, for Heaven—Porphyro grew faint—
She knelt so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,
Of all its wreathéd pearls her hair she frees,
Unclasps her warméd jewels one by one,
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees.
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,

171. **Merlin**, etc. Merlin, the famous wizard of King Arthur's court, was supposed to have been descended from demons, and to have paid for his existence by being killed by one of his own spells. See Tennyson's "Merlin and Vivien." 173. **cates**, delicacies. 174. **tambour frame**, drum-like embroidery frame. 198. **frayed**, frightened.

212. **stains**, colors. 218. **gules**, red (lines).

Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm
is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothéd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day,
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain,
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray,
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself; then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stepped,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo!
—how fast she slept.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet.
O for some drowsy Morphèan amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettledrum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchéd linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd,
With jellies soother than the creamy curd
And lucent sirups, tinct with cinnamon,
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez, and spicéd dainties, every one
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathéd silver; sumptuous they stand
In the retiréd quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite.
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervéd arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as icéd stream.
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies;
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoiled in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute—
Tumultuous—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called "La belle dame sans mercy";
Close to her ear touching the melody—
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan.
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayéd eyes wide open shone;
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smoothest sculptured stone.

241. **where**, etc., in a land of pagans, where Christian prayer-books can not be seen, without danger. 250. **fear**, a person in fear. 257. **Morphean amulet**, sleep-producing charm. 263. **lavendered**, perfumed with lavender.

266. **soother**, more delicious. 269. **Fez**, a provi... of Morocco. 270. **Samarcand**, a city in Turkest... noted for its silks. **Lebanon**, a mountain range in Sy... famous for its cedars. 288. **woofed phantasies**, c... fused fancies. 292. **La belle**, etc., the beautiful la... without pity.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep;
There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep;
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh,
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep,
Who knelt, with joinéd hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear.
How changed thou art; how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh, leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet—
Solution sweet; meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet
Against the windowpanes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet.
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark; the icéd gusts still rave and beat.
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceivéd thing—
A dove forlorn and lost with sick, unprunéd wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest,
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from fairyland,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed;
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand—
The bloated wassailers will never heed.
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see—
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears;
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found;
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,

336. **vermeil**, red. 349. **Rhenish**, wine from the Rhine district.

With a huge, empty flagon by his side.
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns.
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide;
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone; aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.

That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meager face deform;
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This poem, first published in 1820, is an excellent example of the metrical romance as written in modern times. The setting is medieval Italy: the chapel with its stone images of dead knights and ladies; the "argent revelry" of the Baron and his guests; the cobweb-decked archway and the pale latticed room. The characters, too, are medieval: the beadsman, the aged crone, the Baron and his warrior guests. The language, often archaic in form, adds to this flavor of age and romance. The romantic in poetry and art, it has been said, springs from the addition of strangeness to beauty. In this poem the strange, the unfamiliar, are blended with pictures of almost unearthly loveliness. Part of your study of the poem should be devoted to finding illustrations of these things.

2. The plot of the poem is common in one form or another in the old romances. It is relatively simple: in spite of a feud between two families, the lover, belonging to one of them, braves his enemies to visit his lady. Shakespeare's tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* is based on an old Italian romance of this kind. Often the end of such a story is tragic; in this poem the lovers escape, saved perhaps by the aid of St. Agnes, while the Baron and his guests "dream of many a woe"; Angela and the beadsman die; and suggestions of witches and phantoms are put in to deepen the mystery. The medieval Saints' legends often delight in thus representing a human story of love as brought to a happy end through the favor of a patron saint. The idea is very ancient. In "Atalanta's Race," set in classic times, Milanion receives aid from Venus, the goddess of love. But in Keats's poem the true theme is the flowering of this young love out of the age and death and human wickedness that form the dramatic setting for his story. The beadsman, already near death, crawling through dim passages along which are statues of knights and ladies long dead; the sudden contrast of the merrymakers; the old crone Angela; the cold that is everywhere dwelt upon; the end of the Baron's party in drunken slumber that is shot through with horrible dreams; the death of the crone and of the old hermit—these are the pictures of death and decay and hate out of which the story of the maiden and her lover bursts like a glorious flower. The impression is heightened by the use of the quaint and innocent superstition, common among medieval folk, to the effect that at certain times young girls, by going through certain rites, might have sight of their future husbands. Some of these old beliefs are yet associated with Halloween. Since St. Agnes was the patron of young girls, her day, January 20, naturally attracted some of them to itself.

3. The poem is written in what is called the Spenserian stanza. This stanza was first used by Edmund Spenser, an English poet of the sixteenth century, in his long and epic-like romance called *The Faerie Queene*. The stanza consists of nine lines, the first eight having five accents, or stresses, and the ninth being an Alexandrine, a line with six stresses. The rime-scheme is very intricate. The first and third lines rime; the second, fourth, fifth, and seventh; and the sixth, eighth, and ninth. There are thus only three rimes; the scheme may be expressed as *ababbcbcc*, a formula in which the first rime is denoted by *a*, the second by *b*, and the third by *c*. Such a stanza, because of its length, its recurrence of rimes, and the added emphasis given by the long ninth line, is admirably adapted to pictorial effects. In Spenser's poem are some of the

›veliest pictures in English literature, a picture › each stanza. This power of making stanza-ictures Keats acquired. You should mark ›r special study several examples of these icture-stanzas.

Questions and Topics

1. What effect is gained by having the poem egin and end with the beadsman? What does e represent? Keats often writes of the swift assing of beauty and joy; this fact may help ou to find an answer to the question. Com-are also lines 370-371 and their effect.

2. What do you think happened in the astle on the next morning? Was there a pur-uit? With what results? Is there any suspense ı the body of the poem?

3. Note how the characters and the situa-ion impart the idea of romantic strangeness: ıe beadsman, the old crone, the revelry, the old and storm. Even in details this romantic ppeal is to be found; for example, the account f the feast in lines 264-275. Cite other ex-mples. Compare the atmosphere of this poem ith that of "Tam O'Shanter."

4. Make a list of persons' names and names f places. How do these contribute to the imaginative value of the poem? Make a similar list of unfamiliar or obsolete words, such as *Gossip, cates, amort, gules, vermeil,* etc., and test each of them in the same way. Make a third list of familiar words used in strange or archaic forms, like *saith, riseth,* etc. Finally, make a list of adjectives and compound words that have pictorial value, or that compress a great deal of meaning into brief space. For example, explain "churchyard thing" (line 155). Explain your other examples in the same way.

5. Choose the stanza that seems to you best fitted for intensive study, and observe in it as many examples of the points suggested in the preceding topics and in the Explanatory Notes as you can. Perhaps you will be able to add other observations of your own.

6. On pages 1-6 you learned a new conception of what reading means. Can you apply some of these ideas to your reading of this poem?

Theme Topic. Construct the earlier story of the two lovers. How do you think they may have met? Why were the two houses enemies? Write this story, or be prepared to give it orally.

THE TRAMP TRANSFIGURED*

AN EPISODE
IN THE LIFE OF A CORN-FLOWER MILLIONAIRE

Alfred Noyes

ll the way to Fairyland across the thyme and heather,
Round a little bank of fern that rustled on the sky,
Ie and stick and bundle, sir, we jogged along together—
(Changeable the weather? Well—it ain't all pie!)
ust about the sunset—Won't you listen to my story?—
Look at me! I'm only rags and tatters to your eye!
ir, that blooming sunset crowned this battered hat with glory!
Me that was a crawling worm became a butterfly—
(Ain't it hot and dry?
Thank you, sir, thank you, sir!) a blooming butterfly.
Well, it happened this way! I was lying loose and lazy,
Just as, of a Sunday, you yourself might think no shame,
Puffing little clouds of smoke, and picking at a daisy,
Dreaming of your dinner, p'raps, or wishful for the same.
Suddenly, around that ferny bank there slowly waddled—
Slowly as the finger of a clock her shadow came—
Slowly as a tortoise down that winding path she toddled,
Leaning on a crooked staff, a poor old crooked dame,
Limping, but not lame,

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Tick, tack, tick, tack, a poor old crooked dame.

Slowly did I say, sir? Well, you've heard that funny fable
Consekint the tortoise and the race it give an 'are?
This was curiouser than that! At first I wasn't able
Quite to size the memory up that bristled thro' my hair;
Suddenly, I'd got it, with a nasty, shivery feeling,
While she walked and walked and yet was not a bit more near—
Sir, it was the treadmill earth beneath her feet a-wheeling
Faster than her feet could trot to Heaven or anywhere,
Earth's revolvin' stair
Wheeling, while my wayside clump was kind of anchored there.

Tick, tack, tick, tack, and just a little nearer,
Inch and 'arf an inch she went, but never gained a yard.
Quiet as a fox I lay; I didn't wish to scare 'er,
Watching thro' the ferns, and thinking "What a rum old card!"
Both her wrinkled tortoise eyes with yellow resin oozing,
Both her poor old bony hands were red and seamed and scarred!
Lord, I felt as if myself was in a public boozing,
While my own old woman went about and scrubbed and charred!
Lord, it seemed so hard!
Tick, tack, tick, tack, she never gained a yard.

Yus, and there in front of her—I hadn't seen it rightly—
Lurked that little finger-post to point another road,
Just a tiny path of poppies twisting infi-nite-ly
Through the whispering seas of wheat, a scarlet thread that showed
White with ox-eye daisies here and there and chalky cobbles,
Blue with waving corn-flowers; far and far away it glowed,
Winding into Heaven, I thinks; but, Lord! the way she hobbles,
Lord, she'll never reach it, for she bears too great a load;
Yus, and then I knowed,
If she did, she couldn't, for the board was marked "No Road."

Tick, tack, tick, tack, I couldn't wait no longer!
Up I gets and bows polite and pleasant as a toff—
"Arternoon," I says, "I'm glad your boots are going stronger;
Only thing I'm dreading is your feet 'ull both come off."
Tick, tack, tick, tack, she didn't stop to answer,
"Arternoon," she says, and sort o' choke a little cough,
"I must get to Piddinghoe tomorrow if I can, sir!"
"Demme, my good woman! Haw! Don't think I mean to loff,"
Says I, like a toff,
"Where d'you mean to sleep tonight? God made this grass for go'ff."

Tick, tack, tick, tack, and smilingly she eyed me.
(Dreadful the low cunning of these creechars, don't you think?)
"That's all right! The weather's bright. Them bushes there 'ull hide me.
Don't the gorse smell nice?" I felt my derned old eyelids blink!
"Supper? I've a crust of bread, a big one, and a bottle,"
(Just as I expected! Ah, these creechars always drink!)
"Sugar and water and half a pinch of tea to rinse my throttle;
Then I'll curl up cosy!"—"If you're cotched it means the clink!"
—"Yus, but don't you think
If a star should see me, God 'ull tell that star to wink?"

22. **consekint**, concerning. 37. **public**, tavern (where liquors are sold).

52. **toff**, dandy. 68. **clink**, jail.

Now, look here," I says, "I don't know
what your blooming age is!"
"Three-score years and five," she says,
"that's five more years to go
Tick, tack, tick, tack, before I gets my
wages!"
"Wages all be damned," I says, "there's
one thing that I know—
als that stay out late o' nights are sure
to meet wi' sorrow.
Speaking as a toff," I says, "it isn't
comme il faut!
ell me why you want to get to Piddinghoe
tomorrow."—
"That was where my son worked, twenty
years ago!"—
"Twenty years ago?
Never wrote? May still be there? Re-
member you? . . . Just so!"

us, it was a drama; but she weren't my
long-lost parent!
Tick, tack, tick, tack, she trotted all the
while,
ever getting forrarder, and not the least
aware on't,
Though I stood beside her with a sort
of silly smile
ock-still! *Tick, tack!* This blooming
world's a bubble;
There I stood and stared at it, mile on
flowery mile,
hasing o' the sunset.—"Gals are sure to
meet wi' trouble
Staying out o' nights," I says, once
more, and tries to smile,
"Come, that ain't your style,
Here's a shilling, mother, for today I've
made my pile!"

us, a dozen coppers, all my capital, it
fled, sir,
Representin' twelve bokays that cost me
nothink each,
welve bokays o' corn-flowers blue that
grew beside my bed, sir,
That same day, at sunrise, when the sky
was like a peach.
asy as a poet's dreams they blossomed
round my head, sir,

All I had to do was just to lift my hand
and reach.
So, upon the roaring waves I cast my
blooming bread, sir,
Bread I'd earned with nosegays on the
barefoot Brighton beach,
Nosegays *and* a speech,
All about the bright blue eyes they
matched on Brighton beach.

Still, you've only got to hear the bankers
on the budget,
Then you'll know the giving game is
hardly "high finance";
Which no more it wasn't for that poor old
dame to trudge it,
Tick, tack, tick, tack, on such a devil's
dance.
Crumbs, it took me quite aback to see her
stop so humble,
Casting up into my face a sort of shiny
glance,
Bless you, bless you, that was what I
thought I heard her mumble;
Lord, a prayer for poor old Bill, a rummy
sort of chance!
Crumbs, that shiny glance
Kinder made me king of all the sky
from here to France.

Tick, tack, tick, tack, but now she toddled
faster;
Soon she'd reach the little twisted by-
way through the wheat.
"Look 'ee here," I says, "young woman,
don't you court disaster!
Peepin' through yon poppies there's a
cottage trim and neat,
White as chalk and sweet as turf; wot price
a bed for sorrow,
Sprigs of lavender between the pillow
and the sheet?"
"No," she says, "I've got to get to Pid-
dinghoe tomorrow!
P'raps they'd tell the work'us! And
I've lashings here to eat—
Don't the gorse smell sweet?"
Well, I turned and left her plodding on
beside the wheat.

76. **comme il faut,** French for "the thing to do."

97. **cast my bread,** see *Ecclesiastes* xi, 1. 98. **Brighton,** a seaside resort on the southeast coast of England. 105. **Crumbs,** a slang exclamation. 118. **lashings,** plenty.

Every cent I'd given her like a hero in a story;
Yet, alone with leagues of wheat I seemed to grow aware
Solomon himself, arrayed in all his golden glory,
Couldn't vie with *me*, the corn-flower king, the millionaire!
How to cash those bright blue checks that night? My trouser pockets
Jingled sudden! Six more pennies, crept from James knew where!
Crumbs! I hurried back with eyes just bulging from their sockets,
Pushed 'em in the old dame's fist and listened for the prayer,
Shamming not to care,
Bill—the blarsted chicken-thief, the corn-flower millionaire.

Tick, tack, tick, tack, and faster yet she clattered!
Aye, she'd almost gained a yard! I left her once again.
Feeling very warm inside and sort of 'ighly flattered,
On I plodded, all alone, with haystacks in my brain.
Suddenly, with *chink—chink—chink,* the old sweet jingle
Startled me! *'twas thruppence more!* Three coppers round and plain!
Lord, temptation struck me and I felt my gullet tingle.
Then—I hurried back, beside them seas of golden grain—
No, I can't explain;
There I thrust 'em in her fist, and left her once again.

Tinkle-chink! *Three ha'pence.* If the vulgar fractions followed,
Big fleas have little fleas! It flashed upon me there—
Like the snakes of Pharaoh which the snakes of Moses swallowed—
All the world was playing at the tortoise and the hare:
Half the smallest atom is—my soul was getting tipsy—
Heaven is one big circle and the center's everywhere,
Yus, and that old woman was an angel and a gypsy,
Yus, and Bill, the chicken-thief, the corn-flower millionaire,
Shamming not to care,
What was he? A seraph on the mist-y rainbow-stair!

Don't you make no doubt of it! The deeper that you look, sir,
All your ancient poets tell you just the same as me—
What about old Ovid and his most indecent book, sir,
Morphosizing females into flower and star and tree?
What about old Proteus and his 'ighly curious 'abits,
Mixing of his old gray beard into the old gray sea?
What about old Darwin and the hat that brought forth rabbits,
Mud and slime that growed into the pomp of Ninevey?
What if there should be
One great Power beneath it all, one God in you and me?

Anyway, it seemed to me I'd struck the world's pump-handle!
"Back with that three ha'pence, Bill," I mutters, "or you're lost."
Back I hurries thro' the dusk where shining like a candle,
Pale before the sunset stood that fairy finger-post.
Sir, she wasn't there! I'd struck the place where all roads crossed,
All the roads in all the world. She couldn't yet have trotted
Even to the . . . Hist! a stealthy step behind? A ghost?
Swish! A flying noose had caught me round the neck! Garotted!

123. **Solomon**, etc., see *Matthew* vi, 28-29. 142. **have little fleas**, i.e. that prey upon them. 143. **snakes of Pharaoh**, see *Exodus* vii, 12.

153. **Ovid**, Latin poet (43 B.C.-17 A.D.), whose book *Metamorphoses*, describes changes of persons into plants and animals. 155. **Proteus**, a minor sea god, who, when seized, would assume different forms. 157. **Darwin**, Charles Darwin, famous English naturalist (1809-1882). 158. **Ninevey**, Nineveh, ancient capital of the Assyrian Empire.

Back I staggered, clutching at the moon-
beams, yus, almost
Throttled! Sir, I boast
Bill is tough, but . . . when it comes
to throttling by a ghost!
. . . . . .

Wingéd like a butterfly, tall and slender
Out It steps with the rope on its arm.
'Crumbs," I says, "all right! I surrender!
When have I crossed you or done you
harm?
Ef you're a sperrit," I says, "Oh, crikey,
Ef you're a sperrit, get hence, va-
moose!"—
Sweet as music, she spoke—"I'm Psyche!"
Choking me still with her silken noose.

Straight at the word from the ferns and
blossoms
Fretting the moonrise over the downs,
Little blue wings and little white bosoms,
Little white faces with golden crowns
Peeped, and the colors came twinkling
round me,
Laughed, and the turf grew purple with
thyme,
Danced, and the sweet crushed scents nigh
drowned me,
Sang, and the harebells rang in chime.

All around me, gliding and gleaming,
Fair as a fallen sunset-sky,
Butterfly wings came drifting, dreaming,
Clouds of the little folk clustered nigh,
Little white hands like pearls uplifted
Cords of silk in shimmering skeins,
Cast them about me and dreamily drifted
Winding me round with their soft, warm
chains.

Round and round me they dizzily floated,
Binding me faster with every turn;
Crumbs, my pals would have grinned and
gloated
Watching me over that fringe of fern,
Bill, with his battered old hat outstanding
Black as a foam-swept rock to the moon,
Bill, like a rainbow of silks expanding
Into a beautiful big cocoon—

Big as a cloud, though his hat still crowned
him,
Yus, and his old boots bulged below.
Seas of color went shimmering round
him
Dancing, glimmering, glancing a-glow!
Bill knew well what them elves were at,
sir—
Ain't you an en-to-mol-o-gist?
Well, despite of his old black hat, sir,
Bill was *becoming—a chrysalist.*
. . . . . .

Muffled, smothered in a sea of emerald
and opal,
Down a dazzling gulf of dreams I sank
and sank away,
Wound about with twenty thousand yards
of silken rope, all
Shimmering into crimson, glimmering
into gray,
Drowsing, waking, living, dying, just as
you regards it,
Buried in a sunset-cloud, or cloud of
breaking day,
'Cording as from East or West yourself
might look toward it,
Losing, gaining, lost in darkness, ragged,
grimy, gay,
'Andcuffed, not to say
Gagged, but both my shoulders budding,
sprouting white as May.

Sprouting like the milky buds o' hawthorn
in the nighttime,
Pouting like the snowy buds o' roses in
July,
Spreading in my chrysalist and waiting for
the right time,
When—I thought—they'd bust to wings
and Bill would rise and fly,
Tick, tack, tick, tack, as if it came in
answer,
Sweeping o'er my head again the tide o'
dreams went by—
I must get to Piddinghoe tomorrow if I can,
sir,

176. **crikey**, slang exclamation. 178. **Psyche**, in classic mythology a lovely maiden, the personification of the soul, usually represented with the wings of a butterfly.

Tick, tack, a crackle in my chrysalist, a cry!
Then the warm blue sky.
Bust the shell, and out crept Bill—a blooming butterfly!
. . . . . .

Blue as a corn-flower, blazed the zenith; the deepening East like a scarlet poppy
Burned while, dazzled with golden bloom, white clouds like daisies, green seas like wheat,
Gripping the sign-post, first, I climbs, to sun my wings, which were wrinkled and floppy,
Spreading 'em white o'er the words "No Road," and hanging fast by my six black feet.

Still on my head was the battered old beaver, but through it my clubbed antennæ slanted
("Feelers" yourself would probably call 'em); my battered old boots were hardly seen
Under the golden fluff of the tail! It was Bill, sir, Bill, though highly enchanted,
Spreading his beautiful snow-white pinions, tipped with orange, and veined with green.

Yus, old Bill was an Orange-tip, a spirit in glory, a blooming Psyche!
New, it was new from East to West this rummy old world that I dreamed I knew
How can I tell you the things that I saw with my—what shall
I call 'em?—"feelers?"—Oh, crikey,
"*Feelers?*" You know how the man born blind described such colors as scarlet or blue.

"Scarlet," he says, "is the sound of a trumpet, blue is a flute," for he hasn't a notion!
No, nor nobody living on earth can tell it him plain, if he hasn't the sight!
That's how it stands with ragged old Bill, a-drift and a-dream on a measureless ocean,
Gifted wi' fifteen new-born senses, and seeing you blind to their new strange light.

How can I tell you? Sir, you must wait, till you die like Bill, ere you understand it!
Only—I saw—the same as a bee that strikes to his hive ten leagues away—
Straight as a die, while I winked and blinked on that sun-warmed wood and my wings expanded
(Whistler drawings that men call wings)
—I saw—and I flew—that's all I can say.

Flew over leagues of whispering wonder, fairy forests and flowery palaces,
Lovelorn casements, delicate kingdoms, beautiful flaming thoughts of—Him;
Feasts of a million blue-mailed angels lifting their honey-and-wine-brimmed chalices,
Throned upon clouds—(which you'd call white clover) down to the world's most rosiest rim.

New and new and new and new, the white o' the cliffs and the wind in the heather,
Yus, and the sea-gulls flying like flakes of the sea that flashed to the new-born day,
Song, song, song, song, quivering up in the wild blue weather,
Thousands of seraphim singing together, and me just flying and—*knowing my way*.

Straight as a die to Piddinghoe's dolphin, and there I drops in a cottage garden,
There, on a sun-warmed window-sill, I winks and peeps, for the window was wide!

251. **Whistler**, James McNeill Whistler, American-English artist (1834-1903), who was a master in delicate colorings. 256. **white o' the cliffs**, white chalk cliffs on the south coast of England. 260. **dolphin**, here probably the sign of the village inn.

Crumbs, he was there and fast in her arms
and a-begging his poor old mother's pardon,
There with his lips on her old gray hair,
and her head on his breast while she laughed and cried—

"One and nine-pence that old tramp gave me,
or else I should never have reached you, sonny,
Never, and you just leaving the village today
and meaning to cross the sea;
One and nine-pence he gave me, I paid for
the farmer's lift with half o' the money!
Here's the ten-pence halfpenny, sonny,
'twill pay for our little 'ouse-warming tea."

. . . . . .

Tick, tack, tick, tack, out into the garden
Toddles that old Fairy with his arm about her—so,
Cuddling of her still, and still a-begging of her pardon,
While she says, "I wish the corn-flower king could only know!
Bless him, bless him, once again," she says and softly gazes
Up to heaven, a-smiling in her mutch as white as snow,
All among her gilly-flowers and stocks and double daisies,
Mignonette, forget-me-not, . . .
twenty years ago,
All a rosy glow,
This is how it was, she said, *Twenty years ago.*

. . . . . .

Once again I seemed to wake, the vision it had fled, sir,
There I lay upon the downs—the sky was like a peach;
Yus, with twelve bokays of corn-flowers blue beside my bed, sir,
More than usual 'andsome, so they'd bring me two-pence each.
Easy as a poet's dreams they blossomed round my head, sir,
All I had to do was just to lift my hand and reach,
Tie 'em with a bit of string, and earn my blooming bread, sir,
Selling little nosegays on the barefoot Brighton beach,
Nosegays *and* a speech,
All about the bright blue eyes they matched on Brighton beach.

Overhead the singing lark and underfoot the heather,
Far and blue in front of us the unplumbed sky,
Me and stick and bundle, oh, we jogs along together;
(Changeable the weather? Well, it ain't all pie!)
Weather's like a woman, sir, and if she wants to quarrel,
If her eyes begin to flash and hair begins to fly,
You've to wait a little, then—the story has a moral—
Ain't the sunny kisses all the sweeter by and by?—
(Crumbs, it's 'ot and dry!
Thank you, sir! Thank you, sir!) the sweeter by and by.

So the world's my sweetheart and I sort of want to squeeze 'er.
Toffs 'ull get no chance of heaven, take 'em in the lump!
Never laid in hay-fields when the dawn came over-sea, sir?
Guess it's true that story 'bout the neddle and the hump!
Never crept into a stack because the wind was blowing,
Hollered out a nest and closed the doorway with a clump,
Laid and heard the whisper of the silence, growing, growing,
Watched a thousand wheeling stars and wondered if they'd bump?
What I say would stump
Joshua! But I've done it, sir. Don't think I'm off my chump.

272. **mutch**, linen cap.

300. **neddle and the hump**, see *Mark* x, 25. 306. **Joshua**, for the story referred to here see *Joshua* x, 12-14. **chump**, head.

If you try and lay, sir, with your face
turned up to wonder,
Up to twenty million miles of stars
that roll like one,
Right across to God knows where, and you
just huddled under
Like a little beetle with no business of
his own,
There you'd hear—like growing grass—
a funny silent sound, sir,
Mixed with curious crackles in a steady
undertone,
Just the sound of twenty billion stars
a-going round, sir,
Yus, and you beneath 'em like a wise
old ant, alone,
Ant upon a stone,
Waving of his antlers, on the Sussex
downs, alone.

316. **Sussex**, county on southeast coast of England.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

1. This unusual poem is based on so ordinary a person as a tramp who earns a few pence a day by selling wild flowers to pleasure seekers on the sands at Brighton. But a ne'er-do-well of a vagrant may come under the spell of the beauties of Nature, and if he plucks English wild flowers, he may grow to love them. So this wanderer has passed through his poetic fantasy; a vision which will sweep over every reader of his amazing experience. Of course, if you are so prosaic that you seek a rational or natural explanation for every fanciful tale, you can find it for this as surely as you can for *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens.

Questions and Topics

1. The first stanza "gives away" the entire story; it tells exactly what the tramp intends to relate. Why should you go on reading, then, since you know the preposterous transformation he expects you to believe? Is it always true, therefore, to say that persons read long stories "to know how they end"? Can you explain how you might know the facts of the conclusion of a story, and yet wish to read through it? How would you express your feeling about such an instance? Does it apply to this poem?

2. The monologue is a common poetic device for securing directness of narration and vividness of effect. Such stories seem all the more convincing because they come straight from the lips of the actor in the event. Why, after he has remarked parenthetically, "Ain't it hot and dry?" does the tramp continue, "Thank you, sir, thank you, sir!" to his listener? In the picture composed by the explanation of that single detail, you are able to place your poetic tramp, and assuming yourself the personality of the other character, hold your ears and eyes wide open while his facile tongue canters along the pleasant road of his experience, shall we call it?—or vision, or imagination, or fancy, or invention, or audacity.

3. What was the fable of the tortoise and the hare?

4. What overworked conclusion in stories and plays is referred to by line 81, "Yus, it was a drama; but she weren't my long-lost parent"?

5. Do you like the tramp? Why? What is his best characteristic? What remarks in the tramp's speech helped a great deal in selling his bouquets? Prove this. Why did the tramp call himself a millionaire?

6. Explain what the tramp meant by line 158, "Mud and slime that growed into the pomp of Ninevey." What great principle of the universe does the tramp suddenly see?

7. What is to you the most suitable of descriptive comparisons in the poem? Make a list of words and phrases which seem unusual for a tramp. How did he happen to use them? Have you ever had any experiences like those the tramp describes? Was their effect upon you like those he experienced? Relate what differences you felt.

8. Read a couple of stanzas aloud to catch the rhythm, the swing. Try to discover on what this rhythm depends, and how the sound here differs from that of nearly all the preceding selections. (For trochaic and other meters see pages 341–342. Now apply them to this poem.) Doesn't the careless, rollicking lilt sound like the racy speech of a natural spinner of yarns? Doesn't the rich full riming of pairs of syllables add to your impression of this poem as a song of the open road? And isn't the short line near the end thrown in for good measure just when the regularity might become monotonous? Notice other stanza changes indicative of difference of tone or mood.

Library Reading. Other narrative poems that may be read in connection with this poem are: "La Belle Dame sans Merci," Keats; "The Forsaken Merman," Arnold; "The Lord of Burleigh," Tennyson; "The Singing Leaves," Lowell.

FOUR SHORT POEMS

THE ADMIRAL'S GHOST*

ALFRED NOYES

I tell you a tale tonight
Which a seaman told to me,
With eyes that gleamed in the lanthorn light
And a voice as low as the sea.

You could almost hear the stars
Twinkling up in the sky,
And the old wind woke and moaned in the spars,
And the same old waves went by,

Singing the same old song
As ages and ages ago,
While he froze my blood in that deep-sea night
With the things that he seemed to know.

A bare foot pattered on deck;
Ropes creaked; then—all grew still,
And he pointed his finger straight in my face
And growled, as a sea-dog will.

"Do'ee know who Nelson was?
That pore little shriveled form
With the patch on his eye and the pinned-up sleeve
And a soul like a North Sea storm?

"Ask of the Devonshire men!
They know, and they'll tell you true;
He wasn't the pore little chawed-up chap
That Hardy thought he knew.

"He wasn't the man you think!
His patch was a dern disguise!
For he knew that they'd find him out, d'you see,
If they looked him in both his eyes.

"He was twice as big as he seemed;
But his clothes were cunningly made.
He'd both of his hairy arms all right!
The sleeve was a trick of the trade.

"You've heard of sperrits, no doubt;
Well, there's more in the matter than that!
But he wasn't the patch and he wasn't the sleeve,
And he wasn't the laced cocked-hat.

"*Nelson was just—a ghost!*
You may laugh! But the Devonshire men
They knew that he'd come when England called,
And they know that he'll come again.

"I'll tell you the way it was
(For none of the landsmen know),
And to tell it you right, you must go a-starn
Two hundred years or so.

. . . . . .

"The waves were lapping and slapping
The same as they are today;
And Drake lay dying aboard his ship
In Nombre Dios Bay.

"The scent of the foreign flowers
Came floating all around;
'But I'd give my soul for the smell o' the pitch,'
Says he, 'in Plymouth Sound.

" 'What shall I do,' he says,
'When the guns begin to roar,
An' England wants me, and me not there
To shatter 'er foes once more?'

"(You've heard what he said, maybe,
But I'll mark you the p'ints again;
For I want you to box your compass right
And get my story plain.)

*From *Collected Poems*, by Alfred Noyes, copyright 1913 by Frederick A. Stokes Company; by permission of the publishers.

Notes and Questions for this poem and the three following poems will be found on pages 417-418.

3. **lanthorn**, variant of *lantern*. 19. **patch . . . sleeve.** Admiral Nelson (1758-1805) had lost first an eye and then an arm in the service of his country. 24. **Hardy**, one of Nelson's captains, and his intimate friend.

48. **Nombre Dios Bay**, on the Isthmus of Panama. 52. **Plymouth Sound**, an inlet on the coast of Devonshire, the starting point of the expedition against the Armada.

" 'You must take my drum,' he says,
'To the old sea-wall at home;
And if ever you strike that drum,' he says,
'Why, strike me blind, I'll come!

" 'If England needs me, dead
Or living, I'll rise that day!
I'll rise from the darkness under the sea
Ten thousand miles away.'

"That's what he said; and he died;
An' his pirates, listenin' roun',
With their crimson doublets and jeweled swords
That flashed as the sun went down,

"They sewed him up in his shroud
With a round-shot top and toe,
To sink him under the salt sharp sea
Where all good seamen go.

"They lowered him down in the deep,
And there in the sunset light
They boomed a broadside over his grave,
As meanin' to say 'Good-night.'

"They sailed away in the dark
To the dear little isle they knew;
And they hung his drum by the old sea-wall
The same as he told them to.

. . . . . .

"Two hundred years went by,
And the guns began to roar,
And England was fighting hard for her life,
As ever she fought of yore.

" 'It's only my dead that count,'
She said, as she says today;
'It isn't the ships and it isn't the guns
'Ull sweep Trafalgar's Bay.'

"D'you guess who Nelson was?
You may laugh, but it's true as true!
There was more in that pore little chawed-up chap
Than ever his best friend knew.

"The foe was creepin' close.
In the dark, to our white-cliffed isle;
They were ready to leap at England's throat,
When—oh, you may smile, you may smile;

"But—ask of the Devonshire men;
For they heard in the dead of night
The roll of a drum, and they saw *him* pass
On a ship all shining white.

"He stretched out his dead, cold face,
And he sailed in the grand old way!
The fishes had taken an eye and his arm
But he swept Trafalgar's Bay.

"Nelson—was Francis Drake!
Oh, what matters the uniform,
Or the patch on your eye or your pinned-up sleeve,
If your soul's like a North Sea storm?"

92. **Trafalgar Bay**, on the southwest coast of Spain, where Nelson was mortally wounded in 1805.

JIM BLUDSO*

OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE

JOHN HAY

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He war'n't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had:
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle again the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

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For Notes and Questions, see pages 417-418.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day came at last—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she came tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clar'd the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For the willer-bank on the right.
Thar was runnin' and cussin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle again the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He warn't no saint—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

FLYNN OF VIRGINIA

BRET HARTE

Didn't know Flynn—
Flynn of Virginia—
Long as he's been 'yar?
Look'ee here, stranger,
Whar hev you been?

Here in this tunnel
He was my pardner,
That same Tom Flynn—
Working together,
In wind and weather,
Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn!
Well, that is queer.
Why, it's a sin
To think of Tom Flynn—
Tom, with his cheer;
Tom, without fear—
Stranger, look 'yar!

Thar in the drift,
Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
Ready to fall;
Then in the darkness
I heard him call:
"Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me."
And that was all
Heard in the din,
Heard of Tom Flynn—
Flynn of Virginia.

That lets me out,
Here in the damp—
Out of the sun—
That 'ar derned lamp
Makes my eyes run.
Well, there—I'm done.

But, sir, when you'll
Hear the next fool
Asking of Flynn—
Flynn of Virginia—
Just you chip in,
Say you knew Flynn;
Say that you've been 'yar.

COMRADES: AN EPISODE*

ROBERT NICHOLS

Before, before he was aware
The "Very" light had risen . . . on the air
It hung glistering . . .
And he could not stay his hand

*From *Ardours and Endurances*, by Robert Nichols, copyright 1917 by Frederick A. Stokes Company; by permission of the publishers.

For Notes and Questions, see pages 417-418.

2. **"Very" light**, balls of red and green fire shot into the air. The arrangement in groups denoted numbers which have a meaning in a code.

From moving to the barbed wire's broken strand.
A rifle cracked.
He fell.
Night waned. He was alone. A heavy shell
Whispered itself passing high, high overhead.
His wound was wet to his hand; for still it bled
On to the glimmering ground.
Then with a slow, vain smile his wound he bound,
Knowing, of course, he'd not see home again—
Home whose thought he put away.
His men
Whispered: "Where's Mister Gates?"
"Out on the wire."
"I'll get him," said one . . .
Dawn blinked, and the fire
Of the Germans heaved up and down the line.
"Stand to!"
Too late! "I'll get him." "Oh, the swine!
When we might get him in yet safe and whole!"
"Corporal didn't see 'un fall out on patrol,
Or he'd 'a got 'un." "Sssh!"
"No talking there."
A whisper: "'A went down at the last flare."
Meanwhile the Maxims toc-toc-tocked; their swish
Of bullets told death lurked against the wish.
No hope for him!
His corporal, as one shamed,
Vainly and helplessly his ill-luck blamed.

. . . . . .

Then Gates slowly saw the morn
Break in a rosy peace through the lone thorn
By which he lay, and felt the dawn-wind pass
Whispering through the pallid, stalky grass
Of No Man's Land . . .
And the tears came
Scaldingly sweet, more lovely than a flame.
He closed his eyes; he thought of home
And grit his teeth. He knew no help could come . . .

. . . . . .

The silent sun over the earth held sway,
Occasional rifles cracked, and far away
A heedless speck, a 'plane, slid on alone,
Like a fly traversing a cliff of stone.

"I must get back," said Gates aloud, and heaved
At his body. But it lay bereaved
Of any power. He could not wait till night . . .
And he lay still. Blood swam across his sight.
Then with a groan:
"No luck ever! Well, I must die alone."
Occasional rifles cracked. A cloud that shone,
Gold-rimmed, blackened the sun and then was gone. . . .
The sun still smiled. The grass sang in its play.
Someone whistled: "Over the hills and far away."
Gates watched silently the swift, swift sun
Burning his life before it was begun. . . .

Suddenly he heard Corporal Timmins' voice: "Now then,
'Urry up with that tea."
"Hi Ginger!" "Bill!" His men!
Timmins and Jones and Wilkinson (the "bard"),
And Hughes and Simpson. It was hard
Not to see them: Wilkinson, stubby, grim,
With his "No, sir," "Yes, sir," and the slim
Simpson: "Indeed, sir?" (while it seemed he winked
Because his smiling left eye always blinked),
And Corporal Timmins, straight and blond and wise,
With his quiet-scanning, level, hazel eyes;
And all the others . . . tunics that didn't fit . . .
A dozen different sorts of eyes. Oh, it

Was hard to lie there! Yet he must. But no;
"I've got to die. I'll get to them. I'll go."

Inch by inch he fought, breathless and mute,
Dragging his carcass like a famished brute . . .
His head was hammering, and his eyes were dim;
A bloody sweat seemed to ooze out of him
And freeze along his spine. . . . Then he'd lie still
Before another effort of his will
Took him one nearer yard.

. . . . . .

The parapet was reached.
He could not rise to it. A lookout screeched:
"Mr. Gates!"
Three figures in one breath
Leaped up. Two figures fell in toppling death;
And Gates was lifted in. "Who's hit?" said he.
"Timmins and Jones." "Why did they that for me?—
I'm gone already!" Gently they laid him prone
And silently watched.
He twitched. They heard him moan
"Why for me?" His eyes roamed round, and none replied.
"I see it was alone I should have died."
They shook their heads. Then, "Is the doctor here?"
"He's coming, sir; he's hurryin', no fear,"
"No good . . .
Lift me." They lifted him.
He smiled and held his arms out to the dim,
And in a moment passed beyond their ken,
Hearing him whisper, "Oh, my men, my men!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

In preparation for Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, our next long story in verse, let us take up four short poems. They have a common theme—heroism—a subject frequently recurring in Tennyson's epic. This romantic theme is developed in realistic fashion in our four verse tales. "The Admiral's Ghost" is put in the mouth of a common British sailor. One of his idols is naturally that great naval hero of Queen Elizabeth's day, Sir Francis Drake (1540-1596). Drake spent most of his life fighting the Spanish. His greatest achievement was his part in defeating the dreaded Spanish Armada (1588). He met his death still plundering the Spanish near the eastern part of the present Panama Canal, off the town called Porto Bello, in Nombre Dios Bay. Because Horatio Nelson (1758-1805) was a small man, this hardy seaman looks for some explanation of Nelson's overwhelming victory against the French in Trafalgar Bay (1805), off the coast of Spain. He finds it in the return of the heroic Drake. All the glamour of remote times is brought into this sailor's account. The lilt of the verse adds to the romantic atmosphere of the poem.

Noyes doesn't have his sailor talk in dialect, but the American poets, Hay and Harte, add to the realism of their tales by suggesting the uncultivated speech of the characters. Yet both "Jim Bludso" and "Flynn of Virginia" are romantic poems because of the heroic actions they relate. The height of realism in this group is reached in "Comrades," an episode of the World War. The language is the plain talk of an English gentleman. The scene is the narrow strip of ground between the Allied and German trenches. It is strewn with barbed wire. It is swept by artillery and watched vigilantly by sharp shooters. In this No Man's Land a mortally wounded officer finally crawls back to his lines. His men drag him in at the cost of two lives. This devotion of soldiers to each other in the face of peril is as heroic as the deeds of Drake or Nelson. Indeed, it is as romantic, in spite of the horrible surroundings, as the knightly contests of Gareth and Lancelot in King Arthur's legendary days.

Questions and Topics

The Admiral's Ghost. 1. Where does the sailor arouse your interest in his explanation of Nelson? What reasons has he for his belief? Where does he make the explanation most clearly and emphatically?

2. To understand the allusions there should be two reports to the class: (*a*) on the life of Drake, from the defeat of the Armada to his death, (*b*) on the Battle of Trafalgar, how it was fought, and its importance. What expressions in the poem are cleared up by these reports?

3. Where does the swing of the lines cause you to thrill most with the romance of the poem?

Jim Bludso. 1. Describe some act of heroism you have heard of in everyday life. What impelled your hero to his act?

2. Who is the inquirer in this poem? Who is giving the information? Where does the speaker live? How long ago did the events mentioned in the poem take place? What does the speaker mean by calling Jim "keerless" and "awkward"?

3. Does Jim Bludso seem to you more, or less, heroic than Francis Drake? Give full reasons for your opinion.

Flynn of Virginia. 1. Who is the speaker? What sort of man is he? What does he mean by saying that the lamp makes his eyes run? Are there other indications that the speaker forgets the man to whom he is telling the story while thinking of his comrade's brave death?

2. Rewrite the story as if you were reporting it for a daily paper. Bring out the heroism of the act.

3. Does the dialect of these two poems make the stories any less romantic? Compare with "The Admiral's Ghost."

Comrades. 1. Where does the action of the poem take place? In what situation is the young officer at the opening of the story? Why was the brightness of the Very light fatal? Why didn't his men rescue him at once?

2. What thoughts came to Gates during the day? Quote passages for each.

3. What lines show how deeply he loved his men? What reason has he for his desperate effort to get back to the trench?

4. What lines give evidence of the feeling of the men toward him?

5. What are the heroic actions of this poem? Compare them with the heroism in each of the three other poems.

General Review

1. Of all the poems that you have so far read in Part II, which seems to you the most romantic? Mention features or read passages to support your opinion. 2. Compare the romance of that poem with the heroism of one of the last four poems. Which do you prefer? Why?

TENNYSON'S "IDYLLS OF THE KING"

AN INTRODUCTION

Long ago, in the fifteenth century, was printed a famous book, the *Morte Darthur* of Sir Thomas Malory. It told, in simple but vivid language, the entire life of King Arthur of the Table Round. Ever since, it has been a treasure-house from which poets have drawn stories for their romances. The most famous modern version is *The Idylls of the King*, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, which contains some of the best poetry he ever wrote. Four of these *Idylls* you are now to read.

Tennyson's liking for these tales of chivalry sprang from an interest in the past common to many writers in the early part of the nineteenth century. Sir Walter Scott, you remember, delighted in old ballads and legends; and he wrote many romances, in prose and verse, dealing with the lives and adventures of men of ancient times. King Arthur was, as you may know, a very early British hero, about whose life sober history tells little; he lived before the Age of Chivalry; his knights and his institution of the order of the Round Table are pure fictions. But his story, as developed in the old romances, represents the world of chivalry—its picturesque qualities, its ethics, the sort of ideal it tried to realize. It represents the highest reach of the medieval mind in loyalty to the king, in piety, in regard for womanhood, and in search for personal distinction as a mark of the finest minds. This idealism Tennyson re-created for his own and after times in his *Idylls of the King;* and like Malory he converted it into a story that not only made a past age live again, but that also reflected the life of his own time as in a mirror.

Like every great work, this epic of Arthur represents long toil. More than fifty years intervened between Tennyson's first attempts to put bits of Arthurian romance into modern verse and the completion of the twelve idylls. He wrote many poems on many other subjects during this period, but from 1832 to 1889 the story was always in his mind, and from time to time he was writing one part of it or another.

In 1832 he wrote "The Lady of Shalott," a poem very characteristic of his genius in its lyrical sweetness, its magic, and the vividness of the picture that he drew. Ten years later appeared his first version of "The Passing of Arthur." Of this he said that it was designed as the eleventh book of an epic dealing with Arthur's life and work. Whether he really meant this or not we do not know, but the remark indicates that Tennyson realized from the first the charm and the epic possibilities of the story.

"Elaine" and "Guinevere," the first of the *Idylls*, were not published until 1859. Ten years later appeared "The Coming of Arthur" and "The Passing of Arthur"—the beginning and the end of the story. In 1870 a "Round Table" of six idylls was published; others were added from time to time until in 1889 the series of twelve poems was complete.

You see from these facts that Tennyson did not deal with the story in the way that Walter Scott dealt, for example, with his story of *Ivanhoe* or *The Lady of the Lake*. That is, he did not, at the beginning, set out to write a complete epic dealing with King Arthur. Indeed, the very fact that he called the poems "idylls" shows that he had no such purpose. "Idyll," as Tennyson uses it, means a little picture. Instead of telling the whole story of Arthur, he suggests it, pausing now and then to give us a "little picture," complete in itself, and dealing with some episode in what might have been an epic like Homer's *Odyssey*. After he

had written a number of these episodes, or little pictures, of the world of chivalry, he arranged them in such a way that when we read them we seem to be reading a connected story. We may now note the three means by which the poet gives us this impression.

Like earlier narrators, Tennyson felt free to tell the story according to his own plan. One way in which he bound the parts of the epic together was by placing the idylls in successive seasons of the year. He explains the time limits of the epic in a note. " 'The Coming of Arthur' is on the night of the New Year; when he is wedded 'the world is white with may'; on a summer night the vision of the Holy Grail appears; and 'The Last Tournament' is in the 'yellowing autumn-tide.' Guinevere flees through the mists of autumn, and Arthur's death takes place at midnight in mid-winter."

Another way in which he secured unity was by constantly referring to one main story that runs through the twelve idylls. Lancelot is Arthur's trusted friend and greatest knight. He is sent to bring home Guinevere, whom her father, King Leodogran, has given in marriage to Arthur. As they ride through the forest to Arthur's capital, they fall in love with each other. The idylls show how this unfaithfulness finally poisons the whole court and ruins Arthur's kingdoms. Thus the center of the plot is the conflict between love and friendship.

A third way in which Tennyson gave unity was by introducing allegory into the narrative; that is, into the events of the story he wove a moral or ethical meaning. We must not try to find a meaning in all the incidents, and we can enjoy the poem without looking for more than the story. As Tennyson says:

"Of course Camelot, for instance, a city of shadowy palaces, is everywhere symbolic of the gradual growth of human beliefs and institutions and of the spiritual development of man. Yet there is no single fact or incident in the *Idylls*, however seemingly mythical, which cannot be explained as without any mystery or allegory whatever." The general allegory deals with the choice that everyone has to make between lower and higher impulses. This conflict may be expressed in Tennyson's words as "Sense at war with Soul." In the *Idylls*, Arthur represents soul, the higher impulses and ideals, while Guinevere represents sense, the lower impulses and motives. Lancelot continually has to choose between the two. He chooses sense, and we see the result of this sinful choice. Other characters may be held to represent other qualities; Merlin may stand for wisdom, and Elaine for innocence. But we should always heed the poet's warning: "Poetry is like shot-silk with many glancing colors. Every reader must find his own interpretation according to his ability." We can all agree with the allegory thus far—that the world will not be a perfect place until everyone has gained self-control and governs himself loyally by the higher ideals.

SELECTIONS FROM

THE IDYLLS OF THE KING

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THE COMING OF ARTHUR

Leodogran, the King of Cameliard,
Had one fair daughter, and none other child;
And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,
Guinevere, and in her his one delight.

For many a petty king, ere Arthur came,
Ruled in this isle and, ever waging war
Each upon other, wasted all the land;
And still from time to time the heathen host
Swarmed overseas, and harried what was left.
And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
But man was less and less, till Arthur came.
For first Aurelius lived and fought and died,
And after him King Uther fought and died,
But either failed to make the kingdom one.
And after these King Arthur for a space,
And through the puissance of his Table Round,
Drew all their petty princedoms under him,
Their king and head, and made a realm, and reigned.

And thus the land of Cameliard was waste,
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,
And none or few to scare or chase the beast;
So that wild dog and wolf and boar and bear
Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,
And wallowed in the gardens of the King.
And ever and anon the wolf would steal
The children and devour, but now and then,
Her own brood lost or dead, lent her fierce teat
To human sucklings; and the children, housed
In her foul den, there at their meat would growl,
And mock their foster mother on four feet,
Till, straightened, they grew up to wolf-like men,
Worse than the wolves. And King Leodogran
Groaned for the Roman legions here again
And Cæsar's eagle. Then his brother King,
Urien, assailed him; last a heathen horde,
Reddening the sun with smoke and earth with blood,
And on the spike that split the mother's heart
Spitting the child, brake on him, till, amazed,
He knew not whither he should turn for aid.

But — for he heard of Arthur newly crowned,
Though not without an uproar made by those
Who cried, "He is not Uther's son"—the King
Sent to him, saying, "Arise, and help us thou!
For here between the man and beast we die."

1. **Cameliard.** Most of the places mentioned in the *Idylls* can not be located, except in a general way. 3. **heathen host,** the Angles and Saxons, who later overcame the Britons. 13. **Aurelius,** a descendant of the last Roman general in Britain. 14. **Uther,** a younger brother of Aurelius, called Uther Pendragon, because he wore a dragon on his helmet. 17. **Table Round.** See explanatory note 3, page 430.

31. **mock,** imitate. 32. **wolf-like men.** Compare the legend of Romulus and Remus; also Kipling's story *Mowgli.* 34. **Roman legions.** These were withdrawn from Britain in 410 A.D. 36. **Urien,** King of North Wales and brother-in-law to Arthur. **heathen horde,** the Scots and Picts from the North. 39. **Spitting the child,** from *spit,* a long iron bar thrust through meat in order to roast it before a fire.

And Arthur yet had done no deed of arms,
But heard the call and came; and Guinevere
Stood by the castle walls to watch him pass;
But since he neither wore on helm or shield
The golden symbol of his kinglihood,
But rode a simple knight among his knights,
And many of these in richer arms than he,
She saw him not, or marked not, if she saw,
One among many, though his face was bare.
But Arthur, looking downward as he passed,
Felt the light of her eyes into his life
Smite on the sudden, yet rode on, and pitched
His tents beside the forest. Then he drave
The heathen; after, slew the beast, and felled
The forest, letting in the sun, and made
Broad pathways for the hunter and the knight,
And so returned.

For while he lingered there,
A doubt that ever smoldered in the hearts
Of those great lords and barons of his realm
Flashed forth and into war; for most of these,
Colleaguing with a score of petty kings,
Made head against him, crying: "Who is he
That he should rule us? Who hath proven him
King Uther's son? For lo! we look at him,
And find nor face nor bearing, limbs nor voice,
Are like to those of Uther whom we knew.
This is the son of Gorloïs, not the King;
This is the son of Anton, not the King."

And Arthur, passing thence to battle, felt
Travail, and throes and agonies of the life,
Desiring to be joined with Guinevere,
And thinking as he rode: "Her father said
That there between the man and beast they die.
Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
Up to my throne, and side by side with me?
What happiness to reign a lonely king,
Vexed—O ye stars that shudder over me,
O earth that soundest hollow under me—
Vexed with waste dreams? For saving I be joined
To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
And cannot will my will nor work my work
Wholly, nor make myself in mine own realm
Victor and lord. But were I joined with her,
Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in everything
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live."

Thereafter—as he speaks who tells the tale—
When Arthur reached a field of battle bright
With pitched pavilions of his foe, the world
Was all so clear about him that he saw
The smallest rock far on the faintest hill,
And even in high day the morning star.
So when the King had set his banner broad,
At once from either side, with trumpet-blast,
And shouts, and clarions shrilling unto blood,
The long-lanced battle let their horses run.
And now the barons and the kings prevailed,
And now the King, as here and there that war
Went swaying; but the Powers who walk the world
Made lightnings and great thunders over him,
And dazed all eyes, till Arthur by main might,
And mightier of his hands with every blow,
And leading all his knighthood, threw the kings,
Carádos, Urien, Cradlemont of Wales,
Claudius, and Clariance of Northumberland,
The King Brandagoras of Latangor,
With Auguisant of Erin, Morganore,
And Lot of Orkney. Then, before a voice
As dreadful as the shout of one who sees

50. **golden symbol**, the dragon of his father, Uther. 72. **Gorloïs.** See lines 184-196. 73. **Anton.** See lines 220-224.

94. **he**, Malory, or possibly Tennyson himself. 99. **high day**, noontime. 102. **shrilling unto blood**, calling to battle. 103. **long-lanced battle**, the mounted knights with long lances. 110. **threw**, overthrew.

To one who sins, and deems himself alone
And all the world asleep, they swerved and brake
Flying, and Arthur called to stay the brands
That hacked among the flyers, "Ho! they yield!"
So, like a painted battle, the war stood
Silenced, the living quiet as the dead,
And in the heart of Arthur joy was lord.
He laughed upon his warrior whom he loved
And honored most. "Thou dost not doubt me king,
So well thine arm hath wrought for me today."
"Sir and my liege," he cried, "the fire of God
Descends upon thee in the battlefield.
I know thee for my king!" Whereat the two—
For each had warded either in the fight—
Sware on the field of death a deathless love.
And Arthur said, "Man's word is God in man;
Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death."

Then quickly from the foughten field he sent
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
His new-made knights, to King Leodogran,
Saying, "If I in aught have served thee well,
Give me thy daughter Guinevere to wife."

Whom when he heard, Leodogran in heart
Debating—"How should I that am a king,
However much he holp me at my need,
Give my one daughter saving to a king,
And a king's son?"—lifted his voice, and called
A hoary man, his chamberlain, to whom
He trusted all things, and of him required
His counsel: "Knowest thou aught of Arthur's birth?"

Then spake the hoary chamberlain and said:
"Sir King, there be but two old men that know;
And each is twice as old as I; and one
Is Merlin, the wise man that ever served
King Uther through his magic art, and one
Is Merlin's master—so they call him—Bleys,
Who taught him magic; but the scholar ran
Before the master, and so far that Bleys
Laid magic by, and sat him down, and wrote
All things and whatsoever Merlin did
In one great annal-book, where after-years
Will learn the secret of our Arthur's birth."

To whom the King Leodogran replied:
"O friend, had I been holpen half as well
By this King Arthur as by thee today,
Then beast and man had had their share of me;
But summon here before us yet once more
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere."

Then, when they came before him, the King said:
"I have seen the cuckoo chased by lesser fowl,
And reason in the chase; but wherefore now
Do these your lords stir up the heat of war,
Some calling Arthur born of Gorloïs,
Others of Anton? Tell me, ye yourselves,
Hold ye this Arthur for King Uther's son?"

And Ulfius and Brastias answered, "Aye."
Then Bedivere, the first of all his knights
Knighted by Arthur at his crowning, spake—
For bold in heart and act and word was he,
Whenever slander breathed against the King—

"Sir, there be many rumors on this head;
For there be those who hate him in their hearts,
Call him baseborn, and since his ways are sweet,
And theirs are bestial, hold him less than man;
And there be those who deem him more than man,

119. **brand**, sword. 124. **warrior whom he loved**, Lancelot. 130. **warded**, guarded, defended. 142. **saving**, except.

150. **Merlin**, the great magician of Arthur's court. 160. **had I been holpen**, etc., if I had been helped as little (in my misfortunes), as you have helped me by your answer, I should have been overcome. 167. **reason in the chase**, chased for a good reason; the cuckoo, after throwing out the eggs from the nests of other birds, lays its own eggs there to be hatched.

And dream he dropped from heaven. But my belief
In all this matter—so ye care to learn—
Sir, for ye know that in King Uther's time
The prince and warrior Gorloïs, he that held
Tintagil castle by the Cornish sea,
Was wedded with a winsome wife, Ygerne;
And daughters had she borne him—one whereof,
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent,
Hath ever like a loyal sister cleaved
To Arthur—but a son she had not borne.
And Uther cast upon her eyes of love;
But she, a stainless wife to Gorloïs,
So loathed the bright dishonor of his love
That Gorloïs and King Uther went to war,
And overthrown was Gorloïs and slain.
Then Uther in his wrath and heat besieged
Ygerne within Tintagil, where her men,
Seeing the mighty swarm about their walls,
Left her and fled, and Uther entered in,
And there was none to call to but himself.
So, compassed by the power of the king,
Enforced she was to wed him in her tears,
And with a shameful swiftness; afterward,
Not many moons, King Uther died himself,
Moaning and wailing for an heir to rule
After him, lest the realm should go to wrack.
And that same night, the night of the new year,
By reason of the bitterness and grief
That vexed his mother, all before his time
Was Arthur born, and all as soon as born
Delivered at a secret postern-gate
To Merlin, to be holden far apart
Until his hour should come; because the lords
Of that fierce day were as the lords of this,
Wild beasts, and surely would have torn the child
Piecemeal among them, had they known; for each
But sought to rule for his own self and hand,
And many hated Uther for the sake
Of Gorloïs. Wherefore Merlin took the child,
And gave him to Sir Anton, an old knight
And ancient friend of Uther; and his wife
Nursed the young prince, and reared him with her own;

189. **Orkney**, an island group north of Scotland.

And no man knew. And ever since the lords
Have foughten like wild beasts among themselves,
So that the realm has gone to wrack; but now,
This year, when Merlin—for his hour had come—
Brought Arthur forth, and set him in the hall,
Proclaiming, 'Here is Uther's heir, your king,'
A hundred voices cried, 'Away with him!
No king of ours! a son of Gorloïs he,
Or else the child of Anton, and no king,
Or else baseborn.' Yet Merlin through his craft,
And while the people clamored for a king,
Had Arthur crowned; but after, the great lords
Banded, and so brake out in open war."

Then while the King debated with himself
If Arthur were the child of shamefulness,
Or born the son of Gorloïs after death,
Or Uther's son and born before his time,
Or whether there were truth in anything
Said by these three, there came to Camelot,
With Gawain and young Modred, her two sons,
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent;
Whom as he could, not as he would, the King
Made feast for, saying, as they sat at meat:

"A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas.
Ye come from Arthur's court. Victor his men
Report him! Yea, but ye—think ye this king—
So many those that hate him, and so strong,
So few his knights, however brave they be—
Hath body enow to hold his foemen down?"

"O King," she cried, "and I will tell thee—few,
Few, but all brave, all of one mind with him—
For I was near him when the savage yells
Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur sat
Crowned on the daïs, and his warriors cried,

252. **body enow**, strength enough.

Be thou the king, and we will work thy will
Who love thee.' Then the King, in low, deep tones,
And simple words of great authority,
Bound them by so strait vows to his own self
That when they rose, knighted, from kneeling, some
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
Some flushed, and others dazed, as one who wakes
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

'But when he spake, and cheered his Table Round
With large, divine, and comfortable words,
Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld
From eye to eye through all their Order flash
A momentary likeness of the King;
And ere it left their faces, through the cross
And those around it and the Crucified,
Down from the casement over Arthur, smote
Flame-color, vert, and azure, in three rays,
One falling upon each of three fair Queens
Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright
Sweet faces, who will help him at his need.

'And there I saw mage Merlin, whose vast wit
And hundred winters are but as the hands
Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

'And near him stood the Lady of the Lake,
Who knows a subtler magic than his own—
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.
She gave the King his huge, cross-hilted sword,
Whereby to drive the heathen out. A mist
Of incense curled about her, and her face
Wellnigh was hidden in the minster gloom;
But there was heard among the holy hymns
A voice as of the waters, for she dwells
Down in a deep—calm, whatsoever storms
May shake the world—and when the surface rolls,
Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord.

"There likewise I beheld Excalibur
Before him at his crowning borne, the sword
That rose from out the bosom of the lake,
And Arthur rowed across and took it—rich
With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt,
Bewildering heart and eye—the blade so bright
That men are blinded by it—on one side,
Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world,
'Take me,' but turn the blade and ye shall see,
And written in the speech ye speak yourself,
'Cast me away!' And sad was Arthur's face
Taking it, but old Merlin counseled him,
'Take thou and strike! the time to cast away
Is yet far off.' So this great brand the King
Took, and by this will beat his foemen down."

Thereat Leodogran rejoiced, but thought
To sift his doubtings to the last, and asked,
Fixing full eyes of question on her face,
"The swallow and the swift are near akin,
But thou art closer to this noble prince,
Being his own dear sister"; and she said,
"Daughter of Gorloïs and Ygerne am I";
"And therefore Arthur's sister?" asked the King.
She answered, "These be secret things," and signed
To those two sons to pass, and let them be.
And Gawain went, and breaking into song
Sprang out, and followed by his flying hair
Ran like a colt, and leaped at all he saw;
But Modred laid his ear beside the doors,
And there half-heard—the same that afterward
Struck for the throne, and striking found his doom.

261. **strait**, strict. 262. **knighted, from kneeling.** The man who was to be knighted knelt before the king, who struck him lightly on the shoulder and commanded him, as knight, to arise. 275. **three fair Queens.** See note 4 in the first column, page 430. 279. **mage**, magician. 281. **liege**, a superior to whom allegiance and service are due. 282. **the Lady of the Lake.** See note on line 275 above. 284. **samite**, a rich, heavy silk. 288. **minster**, church.

294. **Excalibur**, "cut-steel." See "The Passing of Arthur," lines 224-226. 298. **Urim**, shining lights. See *Exodus* xxviii, 15-30. 301. **oldest tongue**, Hebrew. 318. **let them be**, leave her and Leodogran alone.

And then the Queen made answer: "What know I?
For dark my mother was in eyes and hair,
And dark in hair and eyes am I; and dark
Was Gorloïs; yea, and dark was Uther, too,
Well-nigh to blackness; but this king is fair
Beyond the race of Britons and of men.
Moreover, always in my mind I hear
A cry from out the dawning of my life,
A mother weeping, and I hear her say,
'O that ye had some brother, pretty one,
To guard thee on the rough ways of the world.'"

"Aye," said the King, "and hear ye such a cry?
But when did Arthur chance upon thee first?"

"O King!" she cried, "and I will tell thee true.
He found me first when yet a little maid.
Beaten I had been for a little fault
Whereof I was not guilty; and out I ran
And flung myself down on a bank of heath,
And hated this fair world and all therein,
And wept, and wished that I were dead; and he—
I know not whether of himself he came,
Or brought by Merlin, who, they say, can walk
Unseen at pleasure—he was at my side,
And spake sweet words, and comforted my heart,
And dried my tears, being a child with me.
And many a time he came, and evermore
As I grew greater grew with me; and sad
At times he seemed, and sad with him was I,
Stern too at times, and then I loved him not,
But sweet again, and then I loved him well.
And now of late I see him less and less,
But those first days had golden hours for me,
For then I surely thought he would be king.

"But let me tell thee now another tale:
For Bleys, our Merlin's master, as they say,
Died but of late, and sent his cry to me,
To hear him speak before he left his life.
Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay the mage;
And when I entered told me that himself
And Merlin ever served about the King,
Uther, before he died; and on the night
When Uther in Tintagil passed away
Moaning and wailing for an heir, the two
Left the still King, and passing forth to breathe,
Then from the castle gateway by the chasm
Descending through the dismal night—a night
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—
Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
It seemed in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon winged, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks
And gone as soon as seen. And then the two
Dropped to the cove, and watched the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stooped and caught the babe, and cried 'The King!
Here is an heir for Uther!' And the fringe
Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,
Lashed at the wizard as he spake the word
And all at once all round him rose in fire
So that the child and he were clothed in fire
And presently thereafter followed calm,
Free sky and stars. 'And this same child,' he said,
'Is he who reigns; nor could I part in peace
Till this were told.' And saying this the seer
Went through the strait and dreadful pass of death,
Not ever to be questioned any more
Save on the further side; but when I met

362. **Shrunk**, etc. It was an old superstition that healthy children were taken from their cradles by fairies who left their own weakly and small infants. 391. **Free** clear. 392. **part**, depart.

Merlin, and asked him if these things were truth—
The shining dragon and the naked child
Descending in the glory of the seas—
He laughed as is his wont, and answered me
In riddling triplets of old time, and said:

And echoed by old folk beside their fires
For comfort after their wage-work is done,
Speak of the King; and Merlin in our time
Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn
Though men may wound him, that he will not die,

"A SHIP, THE SHAPE THEREOF A DRAGON WINGED"

'Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die.

'Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!
And truth is this to me, and that to thee;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

'Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows;
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes.'

So Merlin riddling angered me; but thou
Fear not to give this King thine only child,
Guinevere; so great bards of him will sing
Hereafter, and dark sayings from of old
Ranging and ringing through the minds of men,

But pass, again to come; and then or now
Utterly smite the heathen underfoot,
Till these and all men hail him for their king."

She spake; and King Leodogran rejoiced,
But musing, "Shall I answer 'Yea' or 'Nay'?"
Doubted, and drowsed, nodded and slept, and saw,
Dreaming, a slope of land that ever grew,
Field after field, up to a height, the peak
Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom king,
Now looming, and now lost; and on the slope
The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd was driven,
Fire glimpsed; and all the land from roof and rick,
In drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,

431. **hind fell**, etc., the peasants were slain, and their cattle driven away by the robbers. 432. **rick**, a stack of grain or hay.

Streamed to the peak, and mingled with the haze
And made it thicker; while the phantom king
Sent out at times a voice; and here or there
Stood one who pointed toward the voice, the rest
Slew on and burned, crying, "No king of ours,
No son of Uther, and no king of ours";
Till with a wink his dream was changed: the haze
Descended, and the solid earth became
As nothing, but the King stood out in heaven,
Crowned. And Leodogran awoke, and sent
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
Back to the court of Arthur answering "Yea."

Then Arthur charged his warrior whom he loved
And honored most, Sir Lancelot, to ride forth
And bring the Queen, and watched him from the gates;
And Lancelot passed away among the flowers—
For then was latter April—and returned
Among the flowers, in May, with Guinevere.
To whom arrived, by Dubric the high saint,
Chief of the church in Britain, and before
The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the King
That morn was married, while in stainless white,
The fair beginners of a nobler time,
And glorying in their vows and him, his knights
Stood round him, and rejoicing in his joy.
Far shone the fields of May through open door,
The sacred altar blossomed white with may,
The sun of May descended on their King,
They gazed on all earth's beauty in their Queen,
Rolled incense, and there passed along the hymns
A voice as of the waters, while the two
Sware at the shrine of Christ a deathless love.

And Arthur said, "Behold, thy doom is mine.
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!"
To whom the Queen replied with drooping eyes,
"King and my lord, I love thee to the death!"
And holy Dubric spread his hands and spake:
"Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world
Other, and may thy Queen be one with thee,
And all this Order of thy Table Round
Fulfill the boundless purpose of their King!"

So Dubric said; but when they left the shrine,
Great lords from Rome before the portal stood,
In scornful stillness gazing as they passed;
Then while they paced a city all on fire
With sun and cloth of gold, the trumpets blew,
And Arthur's knighthood sang before the King:

"Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May!
Blow trumpet, the long night hath rolled away!
Blow through the living world—'Let the King reign!'

"Shall Rome or heathen rule in Arthur's realm?
Flash brand and lance, fall battle-ax on helm,
Fall battle-ax and flash brand! Let the King reign!

"Strike for the King and live! his knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battle-ax, and flash brand! Let the King reign!

"Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust.
Blow trumpet! live the strength, and die the lust!

460. may, hawthorn blossoms. 466. doom, fate. 472. Other, better.

Clang battle-ax, and clash brand! Let the
King reign!

'Strike for the King and die! and if thou
diest,
The King is king, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battle-ax, and clash brand! Let the
King reign!

'Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May!
Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day!
Clang battle-ax, and clash brand! Let the
King reign!

'The King will follow Christ, and we the
King,
In whom high God hath breathed a secret
thing.
Fall battle-ax, and clash brand! Let the
King reign!'

So sang the knighthood, moving to their
hall.
There at the banquet those great lords
from Rome,
The slowly-fading mistress of the world,
Strode in and claimed their tribute as of
yore.

But Arthur spake: "Behold, for these have
sworn
To wage my wars, and worship me their
King;
The old order changeth, yielding place to
new,
And we that fight for our fair father Christ,
Seeing that ye be grown too weak and
old
To drive the heathen from your Roman
wall,
No tribute will we pay." So those great
lords
Drew back in wrath, and Arthur strove
with Rome.

And Arthur and his knighthood for a
space
Were all one will, and through that
strength the King
Drew in the petty princedoms under him,
Fought, and in twelve great battles over-
came
The heathen hordes, and made a realm and
reigned.

496. **Sun**, king. **May**, youth.

511. **Roman wall.** Remains of this wall, built to keep out the northern barbarians, can still be seen in England.

d Wed.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. In this idyll Tennyson condenses parts of the first three Books of Malory. You will get a more detailed idea of the story if you will read Malory's version. For example, the story of the mysterious sword by which Arthur's right to the crown was established, told by Malory in Chapters V-VII, is omitted by Tennyson save for the reference to Merlin's "craft" in line 233. Malory says the sword was found sticking in a huge block of stone; all the claimants to the throne tried to pull it out, but only Arthur succeeded. In Chapter XVI Malory gives another and entirely different story of the finding of the sword, which Tennyson retells in "The Passing of Arthur." Again, there are important differences between Malory's version of the wooing of Guinevere and Tennyson's, while the story of Arthur's war against Rome is told in detail in the source, but Tennyson makes only the barest references to it. On the other hand Tennyson often takes incidents or hints from Malory and works them into his story in a more subtle way. For example, you will observe the emphasis upon the damage done by the wild beasts and wolfish men. Between man and beast, Leodogran says, they perish. You will note many other references in the *Idylls* to Tennyson's conception of civilization as a progress from beast-like cunning and ferocity to an ideal of chivalry. The idea is put forward as a sort of evolution. The foundation is in Malory's story (Book I, Chapters XIX-XX) about Arthur's dream of monstrous animals that came into his land and destroyed many people. You will find it interesting, throughout this study of Tennyson, to look for illustrations of the use the poet made of the old book on which his story is based.

2. Tennyson, like Malory, has little to do with English history. Some historical references should be kept in mind, however, in order that you may have a proper background for the story.

In lines 26-29, for example, is a reference to such legends as that of Romulus and Remus, mythical founders of Rome, who were nursed by a wolf. In line 13 the reference to Aurelius is to the descendant of the last Roman general who laid claim to Britain, while in line 34 is another reference to the Roman occupation of Britain, which ended in 410. After the withdrawal of the Roman armies the country was devastated by feuds which arose among the "kings," or chieftains. The "heathen horde" (line 36) refers to the coming of the Angles and Saxons (449 A.D.), who drove the Britons into Wales and founded the Anglo-Saxon kingdom from which England sprang. You will note, therefore, that Arthur was a British, not an Anglo-Saxon (or *English*), king, and that the scenes of the story are mainly Cornish and Welsh, not laid in England proper.

3. "The Table Round" (lines 17 and 266) as a name for the whole group of Arthur's knights, came from a "round table" presented by Leodogran to Arthur on his marriage with Guinevere. At feasts the place of honor was nearest the salt. At a round table the salt would be placed in the center, so that all the knights would be equally distant from it and no one of them would be especially favored. Malory says that the table could seat over one hundred fifty persons.

4. The Lady of the Lake (line 282) is a well-known figure in the romances and in various fairy tales. She is a fairy, possessing supernatural powers, and dwelling in a mysterious land that may be found only by favored mortals. The three queens mentioned in line 275 are also fairies. In lines 420-421 and elsewhere in the *Idylls* are references to the fact that Arthur did not die, but was borne into the land of fairy, where he still lives in happiness and will come again to rule Britain. In "The Passing of Arthur" this idea is fully brought out. The idea is not uncommon in folklore. The ballad "Thomas Rymer" tells of a mortal who sojourned in fairyland. In Wales may still be found the belief that Arthur is to come again to rule England; in a sense the old story has come true twice in English history: the first time when the Tudors, a Welsh house, became sovereigns in the sixteenth century (the poet Spenser calls Queen Elizabeth, who was a Tudor, the Fairy Queen) and the second time when Lloyd George, a Welshman, ruled England with a mightier power than King Arthur ever knew.

Tennyson attaches allegorical significance to the Lady of the Lake. She has a "subtler magic" than that of Merlin (line 283), because her power is spiritual. You will find illustrations of this in the next poem, "Gareth and Lynette," lines 210 ff.

Questions and Topics

I. The Story

1. In whom are you chiefly interested at the beginning of the story?

2. What other persons arouse your interest?

3. Which characters do you think will be the most important throughout the *Idylls*? How is Lancelot introduced? Where does he next appear? What powers does Merlin seem to have? What is the meaning of his "riddling triplets" (lines 402-410)?

4. What are the six chief steps or events of the story? Of these, which is the most important? That is, for which one do the others prepare? Which one consumes the most time and proves the turning-point of the story?

5. How does the conclusion of the idyll remind you of the beginning?

6. What hope does Arthur express in line 90? Was it ever realized? What condition did he have to overcome outside of his kingdom? Within his kingdom? Why was he successful in each case? Read lines 259-278, 481-501. Why did he reject the demand for tribute? Read lines 503-512. When was Rome forced to withdraw from Britain? When did Rome finally fall?

7. Why did it make any difference whether Arthur was Uther's son or not? What were the two theories of his origin? Do you think Leodogran would be more willing to believe the magical?

8. What established the friendship between Lancelot and Arthur? Why does Tennyson tell of it here? Did Arthur make any effort to win Guinevere's love? Why was Leodogran curious about Arthur's origin? Why did he hesitate to give Guinevere in marriage to Arthur? Why did he place so much reliance in a dream? What does each picture in his dream mean? Can you recite any other stories of belief in dreams? Read Tennyson's early poem, "Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere." What does it suggest of the relations of the two? Do you think that the song of the knights was composed for the wedding or for the wars? Do you think the wedding ceremony a kingly one for those times?

9. What further events in the story do you look forward to after completing this idyll?

10. What characters lend an atmosphere of magic to this idyll? What events involve magic? Why do magic and dreams play so small a part in life today?

11. How do modern marriage customs differ from those described in this idyll?

12. Was Arthur a good ruler? Compare his character as depicted in this idyll with the character of some ruler of today about whom you know a good deal *as a ruler*. How do the powers of the two differ?

II. Intensive Study

A. For oral discussion in class (lines 253-278).

1. How does Bellicent prove that Arthur's knights were all of one mind with him? 2. What is meant by saying Arthur's words are "of great authority"? 3. Why were some knights pale, others flushed, and still others dazed? 4. What is meant by each of the adjectives, "large, divine, and comfortable"? 5. What kind of window was above the dais on which Arthur's throne was placed? 6. Who are the three queens? 7. From this passage what notion do you form of Arthur's influence on his knights?

B. For oral reading in class.

Select some other passages that you like very much, as lines 446-474, and be prepared to read them aloud to the class in such a way as to bring out their full meaning. Be prepared also to ask a question or two that will provoke discussion, a discussion you will be able to conduct.

III. Dramatization

It would be very easy to dramatize part of this idyll. The setting might be the court of King Leodogran. What characters would you introduce and in what order? What would each say? You will probably have to personify the dream as a person or persons. What will be the climax of your play?

IV. Poetic Elements

To get the full beauty of a poem, you should bear in mind some of the characteristics of poetic expression. Possibly the most important is the fact that its language is rhythmical. The pauses do not come just anywhere, as they may in prose. They come at regular intervals, so that you feel a swing or movement to the words which by itself helps to express the feeling. For example, take Merlin's triplet:

"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die."

The very smooth movement of these lines is due partly to the regular pauses at the end of each line. These pauses are emphasized by the rime; that is, the identity of the vowel sound at the end of each line. It is due partly to the fact that there are notable pauses nowhere else, except in the first line. This running movement expresses the light, bantering tone of Merlin.

Now read aloud the following lines (487-489):

"Strike for the King and live! His knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battle-ax, and clash brand! Let the King reign!"

The movement here is rougher, partly because of the strong pauses within the line, after "live" and "brand." It also lacks regularity, for the first line has almost no pause at the end, but runs on into the next line. These strong pauses and the irregular grouping of phrases help to express in themselves the powerful emotion of the knights.

You will observe that rhythm is not the same thing as meter. The meter of the two passages is the same. If you will read the last line of the triplet and listen closely, you will observe that certain syllables receive more stress than others; thus:

An old | man's wit | may wan | der ere | he die.

If we mark each unstressed syllable thus, ×, we shall discover the following arrangement:

× ′ | × ′ | × ′ | × ′ | × ′ | Each foot is

iambic; that is, it contains one unstressed followed by one stressed syllable. Five feet make up the line. We call the meter iambic pentameter. Now the last line of the second triplet, if read aloud, will be found to contain the following divisions:

Fall bat | tle-ax, and | flash brand! | Let the | King reign

The first, third, and fifth feet, where both syllables receive equal stress, are called spondees. The fourth, where neither is stressed, is called a pyrrhic. The second, consisting of three syllables, with the second stressed, is called an amphibrach. But the meter of this song would be called iambic pentameter, for the first and second lines contain only one foot that is not iambic, and meters are named from the prevailing foot. Nevertheless, though rhythm and meter are not identical terms, they are closely related because they help each other to express the feeling of the poem at the moment.

Almost as important as rhythm are the pictures in which the poet expresses his thought. As a rule, poets do not speak in general terms. On the contrary, they appeal to the senses as much as possible. They delight in calling up pictures before the eye, sounds for the ear, and less frequently odors, taste, and touch. Thus, when Tennyson wishes to give us a notion of the desolation and disorder of the country, he does not say that it was sparsely populated and uncultivated. He gives us a picture (lines 20-25):

"And thus the land of Cameliard was waste,
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,
And none or few to scare or chase the beast;

So that wild dog and wolf and boar and bear
Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,
And wallowed in the gardens of the King."

This desire for vivid expression leads the poet to use often what is called figurative language. The three figures you should know are simile, metaphor, and personification. In a simile two objects, unlike except in one particular, are compared, as when Tennyson says,

"So like a painted battle the war stood
Silenced."

By comparing Arthur's battle with a painting he brings out the stillness of the field after the clash of battle that had preceded.

Metaphor is likewise a comparison, but the word of comparison is omitted, and one object is said to be another, as when Tennyson says,

"Man's word is God in man."

By this implied comparison he shows how sacred a promise should be considered.

In personification life is given to some abstraction or some inanimate object, as in:

"And in the heart of Arthur joy was lord."

Joy is thought of as a person and indeed as a king reigning over Arthur's heart.

In the fourth place, the poet makes his language as suggestive as possible. He selects words that will convey a figure, or picture, or a turn of thought, or an atmosphere or feeling about the subject of the poem. For example, take this passage:

"But when he *spake*, and *cheered* his Table Round
With *large*, divine, and *comfortable* words,
Beyond my *tongue* to tell thee—I beheld
From *eye* to eye through all their Order *flash*
A momentary likeness of the King."

Note the italicized words. *Cheered* is a significant word, which is used in a sense possibly different from the one you are accustomed to. King Arthur did not raise his voice, but his speech was so optimistic that all who heard it felt cheerful. This sense might be found in prose. But in the next line are two words used as they would never be used in prose. By *large* Tennyson suggests the feeling the knights had about the grandeur of their tasks and their aims. By *comfortable* he suggests that they lost every sense of discouragement or feeling of doubt. Though the words are common enough, they gain much significance in this uncommon application. In *tongue* and *eye* we have an example of specific words, which poetry employs whenever possible because they help to bring up pictures. In *flash* we have a concrete word which is likely to bring up a picture. In the first line *spake* is an old or obsolete form of *spoke*. Tennyson uses words like this to suggest that all these events happened in ancient days. He says that he tried to make this idyll and "The Passing of Arthur" more archaic in language than the others. You can increase your enjoyment and understanding of poetry by watching for these kinds of words: (1) words that are suggestive because of their unusual application; (2) specific and concrete words; (3) archaic words.

V. Exercises in Poetic Elements

1. Rhythm. Your ear is the only test of rhythm. Reading aloud is the best way to appeal to the ear. Some of the most rhythmical passages in this idyll are the following lines: 81-93; 282-293; 338-357; 411-423; 459-474. It would be well to read these aloud to determine how the rhythm suits and helps to express the subject and the feeling of the lines. In which passage does the feeling appeal to you most strongly? Be prepared to read that passage aloud to the class and explain as well as you can why you like it. For example, in lines 481-501, what repetitions suggest the din and weapons of battle? What lines suggest the victory of knights in arms? What gives the song an air of confidence and victory?

2. Imagery. What scenes or pictures in this idyll now remain most clearly in your mind? Turn to the passages and select one to read aloud to the class so that they can share your pleasure in it. It might be well to study every hundred lines of the poem in this way. You may be surprised to find how picturesque the idyll is.

3. Figures. (*a*) Taking the first hundred lines of the poem, select the figure that seems to you most beautiful. Explain the picture it brings up, and the way in which it helps to explain or beautify the thought. (*b*) Repeat this with the second hundred lines, or with such selections as the teacher may direct.

4. Diction. (*a*) As you read through the idyll, you may wish to note on a page of your memorandum book the archaic words or forms that you find. Some of them are mentioned in the notes. Perhaps you will wish to look up the history of some of the words in an unabridged dictionary and report on them to the class. (*b*) Select some passage of forty or fifty lines that you like very well and pick out all the words that you think contribute particularly to the beauty of the passage. Show what each contributes to the meaning or the beauty.

5. Memory. One of the surest ways of in-

creasing your love of poetry is to memorize passages that you think you would like to repeat often. A passage may be worth remembering for several reasons: (*a*) The thought may be lofty or inspiring, or revealingly true. (*b*) The lines may contain a very significant section of the story. (*c*) Some trait of character may be revealed in a striking way. (*d*) The imagery or the rhythm or the figures or the diction may be unusually beautiful.

Look through the idyll for some passage fifteen or twenty lines in extent that you would like to memorize. In repeating the chosen section aloud to yourself or to members of your family, try to bring the meaning and the beauty out as clearly as you can. When you deliver it, try to make every classmate like your selection. Be prepared to explain what feature of it pleased you particularly. The class might vote at the end of the period or of the week to determine which pupil has made the best selection.

You can memorize lines much more easily if you follow one of two methods. Probably the best way is to read over the whole selection attentively several times, thinking out the meaning each time. When you have done this four or five times, shut the book and try to repeat all of it. If some parts slip your memory, try to go on to the end. Then reread the passage, paying very close attention to the parts you could not remember. When you have memorized the passage, repeat it several times. An hour or so later, repeat it again. In the morning, while you are combing your hair or tying your shoes, repeat it again. In a few weeks it will be a permanent possession.

If you become impatient with this method begin with shorter selections, but never with shorter divisions than whole sentences. When you begin to repeat the sentences together, think of the way in which one leads to the next. Then repeat as in the first method.

GARETH AND LYNETTE

The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful spring
Stared at the spate. A slender-shafted pine
Lost footing, fell, and so was whirled away.
"How he went down," said Gareth, "as a false knight
Or evil king before my lance, if lance
Were mine to use—O senseless cataract,
Bearing all down in thy precipitancy—
And yet thou art but swollen with cold snows,
And mine is living blood; thou dost His will,
The Maker's, and not knowest, and I that know,
Have strength and wit, in my good mother's hall
Linger with vacillating obedience,
Prisoned, and kept and coaxed and whistled to—
Since the good mother holds me still a child!
Good mother is bad mother unto me!
A worse were better; yet no worse would I.
Heaven yield her for it, but in me put force
To weary her ears with one continuous prayer,
Until she let me fly discaged to sweep
In ever-highering eagle-circles up
To the great Sun of Glory, and thence swoop
Down upon all things base, and dash them dead,
A knight of Arthur, working out his will,
To cleanse the world. Why, Gawain, when he came
With Modred hither in the summer-time,
Asked me to tilt with him, the proven knight.
Modred, for want of worthier, was the judge.
Then I so shook him in the saddle, he said,
'Thou hast half prevailed against me,' said so—he—
Though Modred biting his thin lips was mute,
For he is alway sullen; what care I?"

And Gareth went, and hovering round her chair,
Asked, "Mother, though ye count me still the child,

1. **Lot and Bellicent.** See "The Coming of Arthur," nes 189-191, and 242-244. 3. **spate,** flood. 18. **yield,** eward.

22. **Sun of Glory,** Arthur; see "The Coming of Arthur," lines 496-497.

Sweet mother, do ye love the child?" She laughed,
"Thou art but a wild goose to question it."
"Then, mother, an ye love the child," he said,
"Being a goose and rather tame than wild,
Hear the child's story." "Yea, my well-beloved,
An 'twere but of the goose and golden eggs."

And Gareth answered her with kindling eyes,
"Nay, nay, good mother, but this egg of mine
Was finer gold than any goose can lay;
For this an Eagle, a royal Eagle, laid
Almost beyond eye-reach, on such a palm
As glitters gilded in thy Book of Hours.
And there was ever haunting round the palm
A lusty youth, but poor, who often saw
The splendor sparkling from aloft, and thought
'An I could climb and lay my hand upon it,
Then were I wealthier than a leash of kings.'
But ever when he reached a hand to climb,
One that had loved him from his childhood, caught
And stayed him, 'Climb not lest thou break thy neck,
I charge thee by my love,' and so the boy,
Sweet mother, neither clomb, nor brake his neck,
And brake his very heart in pining for it,
And passed away."

To whom the mother said,
"True love, sweet son, had risked himself and climbed,
And handed down the golden treasure to him."

And Gareth answered her with kindling eyes,
"Gold? said I gold?—aye, then, why he, or she,
Or whosoe'er it was, or half the world
Had ventured—*had* the thing I spake of been
Mere gold—but this was all of that true steel
Whereof they forged the brand Excalibur,
And lightnings played about it in the storm,
And all the little fowl were flurried at it,
And there were cries and clashings in the nest,
That sent him from his senses.—Let me go."

Then Bellicent bemoaned herself and said,
"Hast thou no pity upon my loneliness?
Lo, where thy father Lot beside the hearth
Lies like a log, and all but smoldered out
For ever since when traitor to the King
He fought against him in the barons' war,
And Arthur gave him back his territory,
His age hath slowly drooped, and now lies there
A yet-warm corpse, and yet unburiable,
No more; nor sees, nor hears, nor speaks, nor knows.
And both thy brethren are in Arthur's hall,
Albeit neither loved with that full love
I feel for thee, nor worthy such a love.
Stay therefore thou; red berries charm the bird,
And thee, mine innocent, the justs, the wars,
Who never knewest finger-ache nor pang
Of wrenched or broken limb—an often chance
In those brain-stunning shocks, and tourney-falls,
Frights to my heart. But stay; follow the deer
By these tall firs and our fast-falling burns
So make thy manhood mightier day by day;
Sweet is the chase. And I will seek thee out
Some comfortable bride and fair, to grace
Thy climbing life, and cherish my prone year,
Till falling into Lot's forgetfulness
I know not thee, myself, nor anything.
Stay, my best son! ye are yet more boy than man."

Then Gareth, "An ye hold me yet for child
Hear yet once more the story of the child

37. an, if. 46. **Book of Hours**, a manuscript book, often richly decorated, containing prayers for seven stated hours of the day. 51. **a leash of**, three; originally a hunter held three dogs on one leash, or strap.

66. **Excalibur.** See "The Coming of Arthur," lines 294-308. 76. **the barons' war.** See "The Coming of Arthur," lines 62-73 and 95-123. 94. **prone year**, declining years.

or, mother, there was once a King, like ours.
he prince, his heir, when tall and marriageable,
sked for a bride; and thereupon the King
et two before him. One was fair, strong-armed—
ut to be won by force—and many men
esired her; one, good lack, no man desired.
nd these were the conditions of the King:
hat save he won the first by force, he needs
Iust wed that other, whom no man desired,
red-faced bride who knew herself so vile
hat evermore she longed to hide herself,
or fronted man or woman, eye to eye—
ea—some she cleaved to, but they died of her.
nd one—they called her Fame; and one—O mother,
ow can ye keep me tethered to you—Shame.
an am I grown, a man's work must I do.
ollow the deer? Follow the Christ, the King,
ve pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
se, wherefore born?"

To whom the mother said,
weet son, for there be many who deem him not,
will not deem him, wholly proven king—
beit in mine own heart I knew him king,
hen I was frequent with him in my youth,
id heard him kingly speak, and doubted him
more than he, himself, but felt him mine,
closest kin to me; yet—wilt thou leave
ine easeful biding here, and risk thine all,
e, limbs, for one that is not proven king?
ay, till the cloud that settles round his birth
th lifted but a little. Stay, sweet son."

d Gareth answered quickly, "Not an hour,
that ye yield me—I will walk through fire,
Mother, to gain it—your full leave to go.
Not proven, who swept the dust of ruined Rome
From off the threshold of the realm, and crushed
The idolaters, and made the people free?
Who should be king save him who makes us free?"

So when the Queen, who long had sought in vain
To break him from the intent to which he grew,
Found her son's will unwaveringly one,
She answered craftily, "Will ye walk through fire?
Who walks through fire will hardly heed the smoke.
Aye, go then, an ye must; only one proof,
Before thou ask the King to make thee knight,
Of thine obedience and thy love to me,
Thy mother—I demand."

And Gareth cried,
"A hard one, or a hundred, so I go.
Nay—quick! the proof to prove me to the quick!"

But slowly spake the mother, looking at him,
"Prince, thou shalt go disguised to Arthur's hall,
And hire thyself to serve for meats and drinks
Among the scullions and the kitchen-knaves,
And those that hand the dish across the bar.
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to anyone.
And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth and a day."

For so the Queen believed that when her son
Beheld his only way to glory lead
Low down through villain kitchen-vassalage,
Her own true Gareth was too princely-proud
To pass thereby; so should he rest with her,

151. **knaves**, boy servants. 152. **bar**, the rail, or counter, over which food was passed from the kitchen to the dining hall. 157. **villain**, slavish.

Closed in her castle from the sound of arms.

Silent awhile was Gareth, then replied,
"The thrall in person may be free in soul,
And I shall see the justs. Thy son am I,
And since thou art my mother, must obey.
I therefore yield me freely to thy will;

The three were clad like tillers of the soil.
Southward they set their faces. The birds made
Melody on branch, and melody in mid-air.
The damp hill-slopes were quickened into green,
And the live green had kindled into flowers,
For it was past the time of Easter Day.

"HERE IS A CITY OF ENCHANTERS"

For hence will I, disguised, and hire myself
To serve with scullions and with kitchen-knaves;
Nor tell my name to any—no, not the King."
Gareth awhile lingered. The mother's eye
Full of the wistful fear that he would go,
And turning toward him wheresoe'er he turned,
Perplexed his outward purpose, till an hour,
When, wakened by the wind which with full voice
Swept bellowing through the darkness on to dawn,
He rose, and out of slumber calling two
That still had tended on him from his birth,
Before the wakeful mother heard him, went.

So, when their feet were planted on the plain
That broadened toward the base of Camelot,
Far off they saw the silver-misty morn
Rolling her smoke about the royal mount
That rose between the forest and the field.
At times the summit of the high city flashed;
At times the spires and turrets halfway down
Pricked through the mist; at times the great gate shone
Only, that opened on the field below;
Anon, the whole fair city had disappeared.

Then those who went with Gareth were amazed,
One crying, "Let us go no further, lord.
Here is a city of enchanters, built

162. thrall, slave. 176. still, habitually.

By fairy kings." The second echoed him,
"Lord, we have heard from our wise man at home,
To northward, that this king is not the king,
But only changeling out of fairyland,
Who drave the heathen hence by sorcery
And Merlin's glamour." Then the first again,
"Lord, there is no such city anywhere,
But all a vision."

Gareth answered them
With laughter, swearing he had glamour enow
In his own blood, his princedom, youth, and hopes,
To plunge old Merlin in the Arabian Sea;
So pushed them all unwilling toward the gate.
And there was no gate like it under heaven.
For barefoot on the keystone, which was lined
And rippled like an ever-fleeting wave,
The Lady of the Lake stood; all her dress
Wept from her sides as water flowing away;
But like the cross her great and goodly arms
Stretched under all the cornice and upheld;
And drops of water fell from either hand;
And down from one a sword was hung, from one
A censer, either worn with wind and storm;
And o'er her breast floated the sacred fish;
And in the space to left of her, and right,
Were Arthur's wars in weird devices done,
New things and old co-twisted, as if Time
Were nothing, so inveterately that men
Were giddy gazing there; and over all
High on the top were those three Queens, the friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need.

Then those with Gareth for so long a space
Stared at the figures, that at last it seemed
The dragon-boughts and elvish emblemings
Began to move, seethe, twine, and curl; they called
To Gareth, "Lord, the gateway is alive."

And Gareth likewise on them fixed his eyes
So long that ev'n to him they seemed to move.
Out of the city a blast of music pealed.
Back from the gate started the three, to whom
From out thereunder came an ancient man,
Long-bearded, saying, "Who be ye, my sons?"

Then Gareth, "We be tillers of the soil,
Who, leaving share in furrow, come to see
The glories of our King; but these, my men—
Your city moved so weirdly in the mist—
Doubt if the King be king at all, or come
From fairyland; and whether this be built
By magic, and by fairy kings and queens;
Or whether there be any city at all,
Or all a vision; and this music now
Hath scared them both, but tell thou these the truth."

Then that old Seer made answer playing on him
And saying, "Son, I have seen the good ship sail
Keel upward and mast downward in the heavens,
And solid turrets topsy-turvy in air;
And here is truth; but an it please thee not,
Take thou the truth as thou hast told it me.
For truly, as thou sayest, a fairy king
And fairy queens have built the city, son;
They came from out a sacred mountain-cleft
Toward the sunrise, each with harp in hand,
And built it to the music of their harps.
And, as thou sayest, it is enchanted, son,
For there is nothing in it as it seems
Saving the King; though some there be that hold
The King a shadow, and the city real.
Yet take thou heed of him, for, so thou pass
Beneath this archway, then wilt thou become
A thrall to his enchantments, for the King
Will bind thee by such vows, as is a shame

202. **glamour**, enchantment. 218. **either**, each. 219. **fish**, the emblem of the early Christians, because the letters of the Greek word for *fish* are the initial letters for the Greek of "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior." 229. **dragon-boughts**, coils of the dragon's tail.

236. **ancient man**, Merlin, the wizard. 250. **Keel upward**, etc. Merlin is describing a mirage. 253. Cf lines 279-287.

A man should not be bound by, yet the which
No man can keep; but, so thou dread to swear,
Pass not beneath this gateway, but abide
Without, among the cattle of the field.
For an ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built forever."

Gareth spake
Angered, "Old Master, reverence thine own beard
That looks as white as utter truth, and seems
Wellnigh as long as thou art statured tall!
Why mockest thou the stranger that hath been
To thee fair-spoken?"

But the Seer replied,
"Know ye not then the Riddling of the Bards?
'Confusion, and illusion, and relation,
Elusion, and occasion, and evasion'?
I mock thee not but as thou mockest me,
And all that see thee, for thou art not who
Thou seemest, but I know thee who thou art.
And now thou goest up to mock the King,
Who cannot brook the shadow of any lie."

Unmockingly the mocker ending here
Turned to the right, and passed along the plain;
Whom Gareth looking after said, "My men,
Our one white lie sits like a little ghost
Here on the threshold of our enterprise.
Let love be blamed for it, not she, nor I;
Well, we will make amends."

With all good cheer
He spake and laughed, then entered, with his twain,
Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces
And stately, rich in emblem and the work
Of ancient kings who did their days in stone;
Which Merlin's hand, the mage at Arthur's court,
Knowing all arts, had touched, and everywhere
At Arthur's ordinance, tipped with lessening peak
And pinnacle, and had made it spire to heaven.
And ever and anon a knight would pass
Outward, or inward to the hall; his arms
Clashed; and the sound was good to Gareth's ear.
And out of bower and casement shyly glanced
Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars of love;
And all about, a healthful people stepped
As in the presence of a gracious king.

Then into hall Gareth ascending heard
A voice, the voice of Arthur, and beheld
Far over heads in that long-vaulted hall
The splendor of the presence of the King
Throned, and delivering doom—and looked no more—
But felt his young heart hammering in his ears,
And thought, "For this half-shadow of a lie
The truthful King will doom me when I speak."
Yet pressing on, though all in fear to find
Sir Gawain or Sir Modred, saw nor one
Nor other, but in all the listening eyes
Of those tall knights that ranged about the throne,
Clear honor shining like the dewy star
Of dawn, and faith in their great King, with pure
Affection, and the light of victory,
And glory gained, and evermore to gain.

Then came a widow crying to the King,
"A boon, Sir King! Thy father, Uther, reft
From my dead lord a field with violence;
For howsoe'er at first he proffered gold,
Yet, for the field was pleasant in our eyes,
We yielded not; and then he reft us of it
Perforce, and left us neither gold nor field."

Said Arthur, "Whether would ye—gold or field?"
To whom the woman weeping, "Nay, my lord,

280. **Riddling**, ambiguous manner of speaking.
298. **did their days in stone**, carved their achievements on stone.
314. **doom**, judgment.

The field was pleasant in my husband's eye."

And Arthur, "Have thy pleasant field again,
And thrice the gold for Uther's use thereof,
According to the years. No boon is here,
But justice, so thy say be proven true.
Accursed, who from the wrongs his father did
Would shape himself aright!"

And while she passed,
Came yet another widow crying to him,
A boon, Sir King! Thine enemy, King, am I.
With thine own hand thou slewest my dear lord,
A knight of Uther in the barons' war,
When Lot and many another rose and fought
Against thee, saying thou wert basely born.
I held with these, and loathe to ask thee aught.
Yet lo! my husband's brother had my son
Thralled in his castle, and hath starved him dead;
And standeth seized of that inheritance
Which thou that slewest the sire hast left the son.
So though I scarce can ask it thee for hate,
Grant me some knight to do the battle for me,
Kill the foul thief, and wreak me for my son."

Then strode a good knight forward, crying to him,
A boon, Sir King! I am her kinsman, I.
Give me to right her wrong, and slay the man."

Then came Sir Kay, the seneschal, and cried,
A boon, Sir King! ev'n that thou grant her none,
This railer, that hath mocked thee in full hall—
Gone; or the wholesome boon of gyve and gag."

But Arthur, "We sit king, to help the wronged
Through all our realm. The woman loves her lord.
Peace to thee, woman, with thy loves and hates!
The kings of old had doomed thee to the flames;
Aurelius Emrys would have scourged thee dead,
And Uther slit thy tongue; but get thee hence—
Lest that rough humor of the kings of old
Return upon me! Thou that art her kin,
Go likewise; lay him low and slay him not,
But bring him here, that I may judge the right,
According to the justice of the King;
Then, be he guilty, by that deathless King
Who lived and died for men, the man shall die."

Then came in hall the messenger of Mark,
A name of evil savor in the land,
The Cornish King. In either hand he bore
What dazzled all, and shone far-off as shines
A field of charlock in the sudden sun
Between two showers, a cloth of palest gold,
Which down he laid before the throne, and knelt,
Delivering, that his lord, the vassal King,
Was ev'n upon his way to Camelot;
For having heard that Arthur of his grace
Had made his goodly cousin, Tristram, knight,
And, for himself was of the greater state,
Being a king, he trusted his liege-lord
Would yield him this large honor all the more;
So prayed him well to accept this cloth of gold,
In token of true heart and fealty.

Then Arthur cried to rend the cloth, to rend
In pieces, and so cast it on the hearth.
An oak-tree smoldered there. "The goodly knight!
What! shall the shield of Mark stand among these?"
For, midway down the side of that long hall

351. **standeth seized of,** now holds forcibly. 362. **gyve and gag,** an allusion to the old custom of fitting a muzzle on a scolding woman, and tying her in a chair.

367. **Aurelius Emrys,** brother of Uther, Arthur's father. 380. **charlock,** wild mustard, which has light yellow flowers. 386. **cousin,** here, kinsman. Tristram was King Mark's nephew.

A stately pile—whereof along the front,
Some blazoned, some but carven, and some blank,
There ran a treble range of stony shields—
Rose, and high-arching overbrowed the hearth.
And under every shield a knight was named.
For this was Arthur's custom in his hall:
When some good knight had done one noble deed,
His arms were carven only; but if twain,
His arms were blazoned also; but if none,
The shield was blank and bare without a sign,
Saving the name beneath. And Gareth saw
The shield of Gawain blazoned rich and bright,
And Modred's blank as death. And Arthur cried
To rend the cloth and cast it on the hearth.

"More like are we to reave him of his crown
Than make him knight because men call him king.
The kings we found, ye know we stayed their hands
From war among themselves, but left them kings;
Of whom were any bounteous, merciful,
Truth-speaking, brave, good livers, them we enrolled
Among us, and they sit within our hall.
But Mark hath tarnished the great name of king,
As Mark would sully the low state of churl;
And, seeing he hath sent us cloth of gold,
Return, and meet, and hold him from our eyes,
Lest we should lap him up in cloth of lead,
Silenced forever—craven—a man of plots,
Crafts, poisonous counsels, wayside ambushings—
No fault of thine. Let Kay the seneschal
Look to thy wants, and send thee satisfied—
Accursed, who strikes nor lets the hand be seen!"
And many another suppliant crying came
With noise of ravage wrought by beast and man,
And evermore a knight would ride away.

Last, Gareth, leaning both hands heavily
Down on the shoulders of the twain, him men,
Approached between them toward the King, and asked,
"A boon, Sir King (his voice was all ashamed),
For see ye not how weak and hungerworn I seem—leaning on these? Grant me to serve
For meat and drink among thy kitchen knaves
A twelvemonth and a day, nor seek my name.
Hereafter I will fight."

To him the King
"A goodly youth and worth a goodlier boon!
But so thou wilt no goodlier, then must Kay,
The master of the meats and drinks, be thine."

He rose and passed; then Kay, a man of mien
Wan-sallow as the plant that feels itself
Root-bitten by white lichen,

"Lo ye now!
This fellow hath broken from some abbey where,
God wot, he had not beef and brewis enow
However that might chance! But an he work,
Like any pigeon will I cram his crop,
And sleeker shall he shine than any hog.

Then Lancelot standing near, "Sir Seneschal,
Sleuth-hound thou knowest, and gray, and all the hounds;
A horse thou knowest; a man thou dost not know.
Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair and fine
High nose, a nostril large and fine, and hands

398. **blazoned**, painted with the colors of heraldry. 411. **reave**, deprive. 422. **lap him up in cloth of lead**, slay him; the dead were wrapped in sheet-lead.

444. **itself root-bitten**, its vitality being absorbed by a parasitic plant. 447. **brewis**, thickened broth. 452. **gray**, greyhound. 454. **fluent**, flowing.

Large, fair, and fine!—Some young lad's mystery—
But, or from sheepcot or king's hall, the boy
Is noble-natured. Treat him with all grace,
Lest he should come to shame thy judging of him."

Then Kay, "What murmurest thou of mystery?
Think ye this fellow will poison the King's dish?
Nay, for he spake too fool-like; mystery!
Tut, an the lad were noble, he had asked
For horse and armor; fair and fine, forsooth!
Sir Fine-face, Sir Fair-hands? But see thou to it
That thine own fineness, Lancelot, some fine day
Undo thee not—and leave my man to me."

So Gareth all for glory underwent
The sooty yoke of kitchen-vassalage;
Ate with young lads his portion by the door,
And couched at night with grimy kitchen-knaves.
And Lancelot ever spake him pleasantly,
But Kay the seneschal, who loved him not,
Would hustle and harry him, and labor him
Beyond his comrade of the hearth, and set
To turn the broach, draw water, or hew wood,
Or grosser tasks; and Gareth bowed himself
With all obedience to the King, and wrought
All kind of service with a noble ease
That graced the lowliest act in doing it.
And when the thralls had talk among themselves,
And one would praise the love that linked the King
And Lancelot—how the King had saved his life
In battle twice, and Lancelot once the King's—
For Lancelot was the first in tournament,
But Arthur mightiest on the battlefield—
Gareth was glad. Or if some other told
How once the wandering forester at dawn,
Far over the blue tarns and hazy seas,
On Caer-Eryri's highest found the King,
A naked babe, of whom the Prophet spake,
"He passes to the Isle Avilion,
He passes and is healed and cannot die"—
Gareth was glad. But if their talk were foul,
Then would he whistle rapid as any lark,
Or carol some old roundelay, and so loud
That first they mocked, but, after, reverenced him.
Or Gareth, telling some prodigious tale
Of knights who sliced a red, life-bubbling way
Through twenty folds of twisted dragon, held
All in a gap-mouthed circle his good mates
Lying or sitting round him, idle hands,
Charmed; till Sir Kay the seneschal would come
Blustering upon them, like a sudden wind
Among dead leaves, and drive them all apart.
Or when the thralls had sport among themselves,
So there were any trial of mastery,
He, by two yards in casting bar or stone,
Was counted best; and if there chanced a just,
So that Sir Kay nodded him leave to go,
Would hurry thither, and when he saw the knights
Clash like the coming and retiring wave,
And the spear spring, and good horse reel, the boy
Was half beyond himself for ecstasy.

So for a month he wrought among the thralls;
But in the weeks that followed, the good Queen,
Repentant of the word she made him swear,
And saddening in her childless castle, sent,
Between the in-crescent and de-crescent moon,
Arms for her son, and loosed him from his vow.

This, Gareth hearing from a squire of Lot
With whom he used to play at tourney once,

476. **broach**, spit. See note on line 39, page 421. **489. arns**, mountain lakes. 490. **Caer-Eryri**, the summit of Snowdon, the highest mountain in Wales. 492. **Avilion**, Avalon, an imaginary ocean island, "Land of the Blessed." 519. **between . . moon**, at full moon.

When both were children, and in lonely haunts
Would scratch a ragged oval on the sand,
And each at either dash from either end—
Shame never made girl redder than Gareth joy.
He laughed; he sprang. "Out of the smoke, at once
I leap from Satan's foot to Peter's knee—
These news be mine, none other's—nay, the King's—
Descend into the city"; whereon he sought
The King alone, and found, and told him all.

"I have staggered thy strong Gawain in a tilt
For pastime; yea, he said it; just can I.
Make me thy knight—in secret! Let my name
Be hidden, and give me the first quest; I spring
Like flame from ashes."

Here the King's calm eye
Fell on, and checked, and made him flush, and bow
Lowly, to kiss his hand, who answered him,
"Son, the good mother let me know thee here,
And sent her wish that I would yield thee thine.
Make thee my knight? My knights are sworn to vows
Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
And, loving, utter faithfulness in love,
And uttermost obedience to the King."

Then Gareth, lightly springing from his knees,
"My King, for hardihood I can promise thee.
For uttermost obedience make demand
Of whom ye gave me to, the seneschal,
No mellow master of the meats and drinks!
And as for love, God wot, I love not yet,
But love I shall, God willing."

And the King—
"Make thee my knight in secret? Yea, but he,
Our noblest brother, and our truest man,
And one with me in all, he needs must know."

"Let Lancelot know, my King, let Lancelot know,
Thy noblest and thy truest!"

And the King—
"But wherefore would ye men should wonder at you?
Nay, rather for the sake of me, their King,
And the deed's sake my knighthood do the deed,
Than to be noised of."

Merrily Gareth asked,
"Have I not earned my cake in baking of it?
Let be my name until I make my name!
My deeds will speak; it is but for a day."
So with a kindly hand on Gareth's arm
Smiled the great King, and half-unwillingly
Loving his lusty youthhood yielded to him.
Then, after summoning Lancelot privily,
"I have given him the first quest; he is not proven.
Look, therefore, when he calls for this in hall,
Thou get to horse and follow him far away.
Cover the lions on thy shield, and see
Far as thou mayest, he be nor ta'en nor slain."

Then that same day there passed into the hall
A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower;
She into hall passed with her page and cried,

"O King, for thou hast driven the foe without,
See to the foe within! bridge, ford, beset
By bandits, everyone that owns a tower
The lord for half a league. Why sit ye there?

528. **Peter**, St. Peter, the gatekeeper of Heaven. 540. **yield thee thine**, accord you the treatment your birth deserves.

571. **lions**, Lancelot's coat-of-arms. 575. **May-blossom**, the white hawthorn. 579. **for**, since.

Best would I not, Sir King, an I were king,
Till ev'n the lonest hold were all as free
From cursed bloodshed as thine altar-cloth
From that blest blood it is a sin to spill."

"Comfort thyself," said Arthur, "I nor mine
Best; so my knighthood keep the vows they swore,
The wastest moorland of our realm shall be
Safe, damsel, as the center of this hall.
What is thy name? thy need?"

"My name?" she said—
"Lynette my name; noble; my need, a knight
To combat for my sister, Lyonors,
A lady of high lineage, of great lands,
And comely, yea, and comelier than myself.
She lives in Castle Perilous. A river
Runs in three loops about her living place;
And o'er it are three passings, and three knights
Defend the passings, brethren; and a fourth,
And of that four the mightiest, holds her stayed
In her own castle, and so besieges her
To break her will, and make her wed with him;
And but delays his purport till thou send,
To do the battle with him, thy chief man
Sir Lancelot, whom he trusts to overthrow,
Then wed, with glory. But she will not wed
Save whom she loveth, or a holy life.
Now therefore have I come for Lancelot."

Then Arthur, mindful of Sir Gareth, asked,
"Damsel, ye know this Order lives to crush
All wrongers of the realm. But say, these four,
Who be they? What the fashion of the men?"

"They be of foolish fashion, O Sir King,
The fashion of that old knight-errantry,
Who ride abroad, and do but what they will;
Courteous or bestial from the moment, such
As have nor law nor king; and three of these
Proud in their fantasy call themselves the Day—
Morning-Star, and Noon-Sun, and Evening-Star—
Being strong fools; and never a whit more wise
The fourth, who always rideth armed in black,
A huge man-beast of boundless savagery.
He names himself the Night and oftener Death,
And wears a helmet mounted with a skull,
And bears a skeleton figured on his arms,
To show that who may slay or scape the three,
Slain by himself, shall enter endless night.
And all these four be fools, but mighty men,
And therefore am I come for Lancelot."

Hereat Sir Gareth called from where he rose,
A head with kindling eyes above the throng,
"A boon, Sir King—this quest!" Then—for he marked
Kay near him groaning like a wounded bull—
"Yea, King, thou knowest thy kitchen-knave am I,
And mighty through thy meats and drinks am I,
And I can topple over a hundred such—
Thy promise, King." And Arthur glancing at him,
Brought down a momentary brow, "Rough, sudden,
And pardonable, worthy to be knight—
Go therefore," and all hearers were amazed.

But on the damsel's forehead shame, pride, wrath
Slew the may-white; she lifted either arm,
"Fie on thee, King! I asked for thy chief knight,
And thou hast given me but a kitchen-knave."
Then ere a man in hall could stay her, turned,
Fled down the lane of access to the King,

584. **lonest hold**, loneliest stronghold. 586. **blest blood**, sacramental wine. 607. **a holy life**, become a nun.

616. **from the moment**, as their fancy moves them. 642. **may-white**. See note on line 575, page 442. 646. **lane of access**, passageway between the knights.

Took horse, descended the slope street, and passed
The weird white gate, and paused without, beside
The field of tourney, murmuring, "kitchen-knave."

Now two great entries opened from the hall,
At one end one, that gave upon a range
Of level pavement where the King would pace
At sunrise, gazing over plain and wood;
And down from this a lordly stairway sloped
Till lost in blowing trees and tops of towers;
And out by this main doorway passed the King.
But one was counter to the hearth, and rose
High that the highest-crested helm could ride
Therethrough nor graze; and by this entry fled
The damsel in her wrath, and on to this
Sir Gareth strode, and saw without the door
King Arthur's gift, the worth of half a town,
A warhorse of the best, and near it stood
The two that out of north had followed him.
This bare a maiden shield, a casque; that held
The horse, the spear; whereat Sir Gareth loosed
A cloak that dropped from collar-bone to heel,
A cloth of roughest web, and cast it down,
And from it like a fuel-smothered fire,
That looked half-dead, brake bright, and flashed as those
Dull-coated things, that making slide apart
Their dusk wing-cases, all beneath there burns
A jeweled harness, ere they pass and fly.
So Gareth, ere he parted, flashed in arms.
Then as he donned the helm and took the shield
And mounted horse and grasped a spear, of grain
Storm-strengthened on a windy site, and tipped
With trenchant steel, around him slowly pressed
The people, while from out of kitchen came
The thralls in throng, and seeing who had worked
Lustier than any, and whom they could but love,
Mounted in arms, threw up their caps and cried,
"God bless the King, and all his fellowship!"
And on through lanes of shouting Gareth rode
Down the slope street, and passed without the gate.

So Gareth passed with joy; but as the cur
Plucked from the cur he fights with, ere his cause
Be cooled by fighting, follows, being named,
His owner, but remembers all, and growls
Remembering, so Sir Kay beside the door
Muttered in scorn of Gareth whom he used
To harry and hustle.

"Bound upon a quest
With horse and arms—the King hath passed his time—
My scullion knave! Thralls, to your work again,
For an your fire be low ye kindle mine!
Will there be dawn in West and eve in East?
Begone!—my knave!—belike and like enow
Some old head-blow not heeded in his youth
So shook his wits they wander in his prime—
Crazed! How the villain lifted up his voice,
Nor shamed to bawl himself a kitchen-knave.
Tut; he was tame and meek enow with me,
Till peacocked up with Lancelot's noticing.
Well—I will after my loud knave and learn
Whether he know me for his master yet.
Out of the smoke he came, and so my lance
Hold, by God's grace, he shall into the mire—
Thence, if the King awaken from his craze,
Into the smoke again."

657. **counter**, opposite. 665. **maiden**, without coat-of-arms or other device, because it belonged to an unproved knight. 671. **Dull-coated things**, probably dragon-flies, which have dull wings but brilliant bodies.

698. **passed his time**, fallen into his dotage.

But Lancelot said,
'Kay, wherefore wilt thou go against the King,
For that did never he whereon ye rail,
But ever meekly served the King in thee?
Abide; take counsel; for this lad is great
And lusty, and knowing both of lance and sword."
'Tut, tell not me," said Kay, "ye are overfine
To mar stout knaves with foolish courtesies";
Then mounted, on through silent faces rode
Down the slope city, and out beyond the gate.

But by the field of tourney lingering yet,
Muttered the damsel, "Wherefore did the King
Scorn me? For, were Sir Lancelot lacked, at least
He might have yielded to me one of those
Who tilt for lady's love and glory here,
Rather than—O sweet heaven! O fie upon him—
His kitchen-knave."

To whom Sir Gareth drew—
And there were none but few goodlier than he—
Shining in arms, "Damsel, the quest is mine.
Lead, and I follow." She thereat, as one
That smells a foul-fleshed agaric in the holt,
And deems it carrion of some woodland thing,
Or shrew, or weasel, nipped her slender nose
With petulant thumb and finger, shrilling, "Hence!
Avoid, thou smellest all of kitchen-grease.
And look who comes behind," for there was Kay.
"Knowest thou not me, thy master? I am Kay.
We lack thee by the hearth."

And Gareth to him,
"Master no more! too well I know thee, aye—
The most ungentle knight in Arthur's hall."
"Have at thee, then," said Kay; they shocked, and Kay
Fell shoulder-slipped, and Gareth cried again,
"Lead, and I follow," and fast away she fled.

But after sod and shingle ceased to fly
Behind her, and the heart of her good horse
Was nigh to burst with violence of the beat,
Perforce she stayed, and overtaken spoke:

"What doest thou, scullion, in my fellowship?
Deem'st thou that I accept thee aught the more
Or love thee better, that by some device
Full cowardly, or by mere unhappiness,
Thou hast overthrown and slain thy master—thou!—
Dishwasher and broach-turner, loon!—to me
Thou smellest all of kitchen as before."

"Damsel," Sir Gareth answered gently, "say
Whate'er ye will, but whatsoe'er ye say,
I leave not till I finish this fair quest,
Or die therefore."

"Aye, wilt thou finish it?
Sweet lord, how like a noble knight he talks!
The listening rogue hath caught the manner of it.
But, knave, anon thou shalt be met with knave,
And then by such a one that thou for all
The kitchen brewis that was ever supped
Shalt not once dare to look him in the face."

"I shall essay," said Gareth with a smile
That maddened her, and away she flashed again
Down the long avenues of a boundless wood,
And Gareth following was again beknaved.

"Sir Kitchen-knave, I have missed the only way
Where Arthur's men are set along the wood;

729. **foul-fleshed**, etc., decaying mushroom in the woods. 731. **Or**, either.

740. **shoulder-slipped**, i. e., with his shoulder out of joint. 742. **shingle**, coarse gravel. 749. **unhappiness**, accident.

"SO TILL THE DUSK THAT FOLLOWED EVENSONG
RODE ON THE TWO, REVILER AND REVILED"

The wood is nigh as full of thieves as leaves;
If both be slain, I am rid of thee; but yet,
Sir Scullion, canst thou use that spit of thine?
Fight, an thou canst; I have missed the only way."

So till the dusk that followed evensong
Rode on the two, reviler and reviled;
Then after one long slope was mounted, saw,
Bowl-shaped, through tops of many thousand pines
A gloomy-gladed hollow slowly sink
To westward—in the deeps whereof a mere,
Round as the red eye of an eagle-owl,
Under the half-dead sunset glared; and shouts
Ascended, and there brake a serving-man
Flying from out of the black wood, and crying,
"They have bound my lord to cast him in the mere."
Then Gareth, "Bound am I to right the wronged,
But straitlier bound am I to bide with thee."
And when the damsel spake contemptuously,
"Lead, and I follow," Gareth cried again,
"Follow, I lead!" So down among the pines
He plunged; and there, blackshadowed nigh the mere,
And mid-thigh-deep in bulrushes and reed,
Saw six tall men haling a seventh along,
A stone about his neck to drown him in it.
Three with good blows he quieted, but three
Fled through the pines; and Gareth loosed the stone
From off his neck, then in the mere beside
Tumbled it; oilily bubbled up the mere.
Last, Gareth loosed his bonds and on free feet
Set him, a stalwart Baron, Arthur's friend.

"Well that ye came, or else these caitiff rogues
Had wreaked themselves on me; good cause is theirs
To hate me, for my wont hath ever been
To catch my thief, and then like vermin here

771. spit, sword; spoken sarcastically. See note on line 39, page 421.

Drown him, and with a stone about his neck;
And under this wan water many of them
Lie rotting, but at night let go the stone,
And rise, and flickering in a grimly light
Dance on the mere. Good now, ye have saved a life
Worth somewhat as the cleanser of this wood,
And fain would I reward thee worshipfully.
What guerdon will ye?"

Gareth sharply spake,
'None! for the deed's sake have I done the deed,
In uttermost obedience to the King.
But wilt thou yield this damsel harborage?"

Whereat the Baron saying, "I well believe
You be of Arthur's Table," a light laugh
Broke from Lynette, "Aye, truly of a truth,
And in a sort, being Arthur's kitchen-knave!—
But deem not I accept thee aught the more,
Scullion, for running sharply with thy spit
Down on a rout of craven foresters.
A thresher with his flail had scattered them.
Nay—for thou smellest of the kitchen still.
But an this lord will yield us harborage, well."

So she spake. A league beyond the wood,
All in a full-fair manor and a rich,
His towers, where that day a feast had been
Held in high hall, and many a viand left,
And many a costly cate, received the three.
And there they placed a peacock in his pride
Before the damsel, and the Baron set
Gareth beside her, but at once she rose.

'Meseems that here is much discourtesy,
Setting this knave, Lord Baron, at my side.
Hear me—this morn I stood in Arthur's hall,
And prayed the King would grant me Lancelot
To fight the brotherhood of Day and Night—
The last a monster unsubduable
Of any save of him for whom I called—
Suddenly bawls this frontless kitchen-knave,
'The quest is mine; thy kitchen-knave am I,
And mighty through thy meats and drinks am I.'
Then Arthur all at once gone mad replies,
'Go therefore,' and so gives the quest to him—
Him—here—a villain fitter to stick swine
Than ride abroad redressing woman's wrong,
Or sit beside a noble gentlewoman."

Then half-ashamed and part-amazed, the lord
Now looked at one and now at other, left
The damsel by the peacock in his pride,
And, seating Gareth at another board,
Sat down beside him, ate, and then began:

"Friend, whether thou be kitchen-knave or not,
Or whether it be the maiden's fantasy,
And whether she be mad, or else the King,
Or both or neither, or thyself be mad,
I ask not; but thou strikest a strong stroke,
For strong thou art and goodly therewithal,
And saver of my life; and therefore now,
For here be mighty men to just with, weigh
Whether thou wilt not with thy damsel back
To crave again Sir Lancelot of the King.
Thy pardon; I but speak for thine avail,
The saver of my life."

And Gareth said,
"Full pardon, but I follow up the quest,
Despite of Day and Night and Death and Hell."

So when, next morn, the lord whose life he saved
Had, some brief space, conveyed them on their way
And left them with Godspeed, Sir Gareth spake,
"Lead, and I follow." Haughtily she replied,

"I fly no more; I allow thee for an hour.
Lion and stoat have isled together, knave,

828. **cate**, dainty. 829. **peacock.** At great feasts a peacock was served, before which the knights made vows of bravery, the women vows of kindness and faithfulness.

839. **frontless**, shameless. 871. **stoat**, ermine.

In time of flood. Nay, furthermore, methinks
Some ruth is mine for thee. Back wilt thou, fool?
For hard by here is one will overthrow
And slay thee; then will I to court again,
And shame the King for only yielding me
My champion from the ashes of his hearth."

To whom Sir Gareth answered courteously,
"Say thou thy say, and I will do my deed.
Allow me for mine hour, and thou wilt find
My fortunes all as fair as hers who lay
Among the ashes and wedded the King's son."

Then to the shore of one of those long loops
Wherethrough the serpent river coiled, they came.
Rough-thicketed were the banks and steep; the stream
Full, narrow; this a bridge of single arc
Took at a leap; and on the further side
Arose a silk pavilion, gay with gold
In streaks and rays, and all Lent-lily in hue,
Save that the dome was purple, and above,
Crimson, a slender banneret fluttering.
And therebefore the lawless warrior paced
Unarmed, and calling, "Damsel, is this he,
The champion thou hast brought from Arthur's hall,
For whom we let thee pass?" "Nay, nay," she said,
"Sir Morning Star. The King in utter scorn
Of thee and thy much folly hath sent thee here
His kitchen-knave. And look thou to thyself;
See that he fall not on thee suddenly,
And slay thee unarmed; he is not knight, but knave."

Then at his call, "O daughters of the Dawn,
And servants of the Morning Star, approach,
Arm me," from out the silken curtain-folds,
Barefooted and bareheaded three fair girls
In gilt and rosy raiment came; their feet
In dewy grasses glistened; and the hair
All over glanced with dewdrop or with gem
Like sparkles in the stone aventurine.
These armed him in blue arms, and gave a shield
Blue also, and thereon the morning star.
And Gareth silent gazed upon the knight,
Who stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,
Glorying; and in the stream beneath him shone,
Immingled with heaven's azure waveringly,
The gay pavilion and the naked feet,
His arms, the rosy raiment, and the star.

Then she that watched him, "Wherefore stare ye so?
Thou shakest in thy fear; there yet is time;
Flee down the valley before he get to horse.
Who will cry shame? Thou art not knight, but knave."

Said Gareth, "Damsel, whether knave or knight,
Far liefer had I fight a score of times
Than hear thee so missay me and revile.
Fair words were best for him who fights for thee;
But truly foul are better, for they send
That strength of anger through mine arms; I know
That I shall overthrow him."

And he that bore
The star, when mounted, cried from o'er the bridge,
"A kitchen-knave, and sent in scorn of me!
Such fight not I, but answer scorn with scorn.
For this were shame to do him further wrong
Than set him on his feet, and take his horse
And arms, and so return him to the King.
Come, therefore, leave thy lady lightly, knave.
Avoid; for it beseemeth not a knave
To ride with such a lady."

873. **ruth**, pity. 881. **hers**, Cinderella's. 889. **Lent-lily**, yellow like the daffodil, which is sometimes so-called because it blooms about the Lenten season.

908. **aventurine**, a fine variety of feldspar, containing particles of glittering mica. 934. **lightly**, quickly.

"Dog, thou liest!
I spring from loftier lineage than thine own."
He spake; and all at fiery speed the two
Shocked on the central bridge, and either spear
Bent but not brake, and either knight at once,
Hurled as a stone from out of a catapult
Beyond his horse's crupper and the bridge,
Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and drew,
And Gareth lashed so fiercely with his brand
He drave his enemy backward down the bridge,
The damsel crying, "Well-stricken, kitchen-knave!"
Till Gareth's shield was cloven; but one stroke
Laid him that clove it groveling on the ground.

Then cried the fall'n, "Take not my life; I yield."
And Gareth, "So this damsel ask it of me,
Good—I accord it easily as a grace."
She, reddening, "Insolent scullion; I of thee?
I bound to thee for any favor asked!"
"Then shall he die." And Gareth there unlaced
His helmet as to slay him, but she shrieked,
"Be not so hardy, scullion, as to slay
One nobler than thyself." "Damsel, thy charge
Is an abounding pleasure to me. Knight,
Thy life is thine at her command. Arise
And quickly pass to Arthur's hall, and say
His kitchen-knave hath sent thee. See thou crave
His pardon for thy breaking of his laws.
Myself, when I return, will plead for thee.
Thy shield is mine—farewell; and, damsel, thou,
Lead, and I follow."

And fast away she fled.
Then when he came upon her, spake, "Methought,
Knave, when I watched thee striking on the bridge,
The savor of thy kitchen came upon me
A little faintlier; but the wind hath changed;
I scent it twenty-fold." And then she sang,
"'O morning star'—not that tall felon there
Whom thou by sorcery or unhappiness
Or some device hast foully overthrown—
'O morning star that smilest in the blue,
O star, my morning dream hath proven true,
Smile sweetly, thou! my love hath smiled on me.'

"But thou begone, take counsel, and away,
For hard by here is one that guards a ford—
The second brother in their fool's parable—
Will pay thee all thy wages, and to boot.
Care not for shame; thou art not knight, but knave."

To whom Sir Gareth answered laughingly,
"Parables? Hear a parable of the knave.
When I was kitchen-knave among the rest
Fierce was the hearth, and one of my co-mates
Owned a rough dog, to whom he cast his coat,
'Guard it,' and there was none to meddle with it.
And such a coat art thou, and thee the King
Gave me to guard, and such a dog am I,
To worry, and not to flee—and—knight or knave—
The knave that doth thee service as full knight
Is all as good, meseems, as any knight
Toward thy sister's freeing."

"Aye, Sir Knave!
Aye, knave, because thou strikest as a knight,
Being but knave, I hate thee all the more."

"Fair damsel, you should worship me the more,
That, being but knave, I throw thine enemies."

"Aye, aye," she said, "but thou shalt meet thy match."

939. **Shocked**, rushed together. **central bridge**, center of the bridge. 951. **grace**, favor.

So when they touched the second river-loop,
Huge on a huge red horse, and all in mail
Burnished to blinding, shone the Noonday Sun
Beyond a raging shallow. As if the flower,
That blows a globe of after arrowlets,
Ten thousand-fold had grown, flashed the fierce shield,
All sun; and Gareth's eyes had flying blots
Before them when he turned from watching him.
He from beyond the roaring shallow roared,
"What doest thou, brother, in my marches here?"
And she athwart the shallow shrilled again,
"Here is a kitchen-knave from Arthur's hall
Hath overthrown thy brother, and hath his arms."
"Ugh!" cried the Sun, and visoring up a red
And cipher face of rounded foolishness,
Pushed horse across the foamings of the ford,
Whom Gareth met midstream; no room was there
For lance or tourney-skill; four strokes they struck
With sword, and these were mighty; the new knight
Had fear he might be shamed; but as the Sun
Heaved up a ponderous arm to strike the fifth,
The hoof of his horse slipped in the stream, the stream
Descended, and the Sun was washed away.

Then Gareth laid his lance athwart the ford;
So drew him home; but he that fought no more,
As being all bone-battered on the rock,
Yielded; and Gareth sent him to the King.
"Myself when I return will plead for thee.
Lead, and I follow." Quietly she led.
"Hath not the good wind, damsel, changed again?"
"Nay, not a point; nor art thou victor here.
There lies a ridge of slate across the ford;
His horse thereon stumbled—aye, for I saw it.

1002. **flower**, dandelion. 1008. **brother**, mistakenly, because Gareth carries the shield of Morning Star. **marches**, territory.

" 'O sun'—not this strong fool whom thou,
Sir Knave,
Hast overthrown through mere unhappi-
ness—
'O sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain
O moon, that layest all to sleep again,
Shine sweetly; twice my love hath smiled
on me.'

"What knowest thou of lovesong or of love
Nay, nay, God wot, so thou wert nobly
born,
Thou hast a pleasant presence. Yea, per-
chance—

" 'O dewy flowers that open to the sun,
O dewy flowers that close when day is done,
Blow sweetly; twice my love hath smiled on
me.'

"What knowest thou of flowers, except,
belike,
To garnish meats with? Hath not our good
King,
Who lent me thee, the flower of kitchen-
dom,
A foolish love for flowers? What stick ye
round
The pasty? Wherewithal deck the boar's
head?
Flowers? Nay, the boar hath rosemaries
and bay.

" 'O birds, that warble to the morning sky,
O birds that warble as the day goes by,
Sing sweetly; twice my love hath smiled
on me.'

"What knowest thou of birds, lark, mavis,
merle,
Linnet? What dream ye when they utter
forth
May-music growing with the growing light,
Their sweet sun-worship? These be for
the snare—
So runs thy fancy—these be for the spit,
Larding and basting. See thou have not
now
Larded thy last, except thou turn and fly.
There stands the third fool of their alle-
gory."

1048. **boar hath rosemaries] and bay**, i.e., when served at feasts.

For there beyond a bridge of treble bow,
All in a rose-red from the west, and all
Naked it seemed, and glowing in the broad
Deep-dimpled current underneath, the knight,
That named himself the Star of Evening, stood.

And Gareth, "Wherefore waits the madman there
Naked in open dayshine?" "Nay," she cried,
"Not naked, only wrapped in hardened skins
That fit him like his own; and so ye cleave
His armor off him, these will turn the blade."

Then the third brother shouted o'er the bridge,
"O brother-star, why shine ye here so low?
Thy ward is higher up; but have ye slain
The damsel's champion?" And the damsel cried,

"No star of thine, but shot from Arthur's heaven
With all disaster unto thine and thee!
For both thy younger brethren have gone down
Before this youth; and so wilt thou, Sir Star;
Art thou not old?"

"Old, damsel, old and hard,
Old, with the might and breath of twenty boys."
Said Gareth, "Old, and over-bold in brag!
But that same strength which threw the Morning Star
Can throw the Evening."

Then that other blew
A hard and deadly note upon the horn.
"Approach and arm me!" With slow steps from out
An old storm-beaten, russet, many-stained
Pavilion, forth a grizzled damsel came,
And armed him in old arms, and brought a helm
With but a drying evergreen for crest,
And gave a shield whereon the star of even
Half-tarnished and half-bright, his emblem, shone.
But when it glittered o'er the saddle-bow,
They madly hurled together on the bridge;
And Gareth overthrew him, lighted, drew,
There met him drawn, and overthrew him again,
But up like fire he started; and as oft
As Gareth brought him groveling on his knees,
So many a time he vaulted up again;
Till Gareth panted hard, and his great heart,
Foredooming all his trouble was in vain,
Labored within him, for he seemed as one
That all in later, sadder age begins
To war against ill uses of a life,
But these from all his life arise, and cry,
"Thou hast made us lords, and canst not put us down!"
He half despairs; so Gareth seemed to strike
Vainly, the damsel clamoring all the while,
"Well done, knave-knight! Well stricken, O good knight-knave—
O knave, as noble as any of all the knights—
Shame me not, shame me not! I have prophesied—
Strike, thou art worthy of the Table Round—
His arms are old, he trusts the hardened skin—
Strike—strike—the wind will never change again!"
And Gareth hearing, ever stronglier smote,
And hewed great pieces of his armor off him,
But lashed in vain against the hardened skin,
And could not wholly bring him under, more
Than loud southwesterns, rolling ridge on ridge,
The buoy that rides at sea, and dips and springs
Forever; till at length Sir Gareth's brand
Clashed his, and brake it utterly to the hilt.
"I have thee now"; but forth that other sprang,
And, all unknightlike, writhed his wiry arms

1060. **treble bow**, three arches. 1072. **ward**, place of defense.

1094. **drawn**, with drawn sword.

Around him, till he felt, despite his mail,
Strangled, but straining ev'n his uttermost
Cast, and so hurled him headlong o'er the bridge
Down to the river, sink or swim, and cried,
"Lead, and I follow."

But the damsel said,
"I lead no longer; ride thou at my side;
Thou art the kingliest of all kitchen-knaves.

" 'O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy plain,
O rainbow with three colors after rain,
Shine sweetly; thrice my love hath smiled on me.'

"Sir—and, good faith, I fain had added—Knight,
But that I heard thee call thyself a knave—
Shamed am I that I so rebuked, reviled,
Missaid thee; noble I am; and thought the King
Scorned me and mine; and now thy pardon, friend,
For thou hast ever answered courteously,
And wholly bold thou art, and meek withal
As any of Arthur's best, but, being knave,
Hast mazed my wit; I marvel what thou art."

"Damsel," he said, "you be not all to blame,
Saving that you mistrusted our good King
Would handle scorn, or yield you, asking, one
Not fit to cope your quest. You said your say;
Mine answer was my deed. Good sooth! I hold
He scarce is knight, yea but half-man, nor meet
To fight for gentle damsel, he who lets
His heart be stirred with any foolish heat
At any gentle damsel's waywardness.
Shamed! care not! thy foul sayings fought for me;
And seeing now thy words are fair, methinks
There rides no knight, not Lancelot, his great self,
Hath force to quell me."

1144. **handle scorn**, treat you in a scornful manner.

Nigh upon that hour
When the lone hern forgets his melancholy,
Lets down his other leg, and stretching, dreams
Of goodly supper in the distant pool,
Then turned the noble damsel smiling at him,
And told him of a cavern hard at hand,
Where bread and baken meats and good red wine
Of Southland, which the Lady Lyonors
Had sent her coming champion, waited him.

Anon they passed a narrow comb wherein
Were slabs of rock with figures, knights on horse
Sculptured, and decked in slowly-waning hues.
"Sir Knave, my knight, a hermit once was here,
Whose holy hand hath fashioned on the rock
The war of Time against the soul of man.
And yon four fools have sucked their allegory
From these damp walls, and taken but the form.
Know ye not these?" and Gareth looked and read—
In letters like to those the vexillary
Hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt—
"PHOSPHORUS," then "MERIDIES"—"HESPERUS"—
"NOX"—"MORS," beneath five figures, armed men,
Slab after slab, their faces forward all,
And running down the Soul, a shape that fled
With broken wings, torn raiment, and loose hair,
For help and shelter to the hermit's cave.
"Follow the faces, and we find it. Look,
Who comes behind!"

1155. **hern**, heron. 1163. **comb**, a small hollow or valley enclosed on three sides by steep cliffs. 1172. **vexillary**, a Roman standard-bearer. 1173. **Gelt**, a stream in northwest England. 1174. **Phosphorus**, the Greek for "morning star." **Meridies**, the Latin for "noon." **Hesperus**, the Greek for "evening star." 1175. **Nox**, the Latin for "night." **Mors**, the Latin for "death."

For one—delayed at first
Through helping back the dislocated Kay
To Camelot, then by what thereafter chanced,
The damsel's headlong error through the wood—
Sir Lancelot, having swum the river-loops—
His blue shield-lions covered—softly drew
Behind the twain, and when he saw the star
Gleam, on Sir Gareth's turning to him, cried,
"Stay, felon knight, I avenge me for my friend."
And Gareth crying pricked against the cry;
But when they closed—in a moment—at one touch
Of that skilled spear, the wonder of the world—
Went sliding down so easily, and fell,
That when he found the grass within his hands
He laughed; the laughter jarred upon Lynette.
Harshly she asked him, "Shamed and overthrown,
And tumbled back into the kitchen-knave,
Why laugh ye? That ye blew your boast in vain?"
"Nay, noble damsel, but that I, the son
Of old King Lot and good Queen Bellicent,
And victor of the bridges and the ford,
And knight of Arthur, here lie thrown by whom
I know not, all through mere unhappiness—
Device and sorcery and unhappiness—
Out, sword; we are thrown!" And Lancelot answered, "Prince,
O Gareth—through the mere unhappiness
Of one who came to help thee, not to harm,
Lancelot, and all as glad to find thee whole,
As on the day when Arthur knighted him."

Then Gareth, "Thou—Lancelot!—thine the hand
That threw me? An some chance to mar the boast
Thy brethren of thee make—which could not chance—
Had sent thee down before a lesser spear,
Shamed had I been, and sad—O Lancelot—thou!"

Whereat the maiden, petulant, "Lancelot,
Why came ye not, when called? And wherefore now
Come ye, not called? I gloried in my knave,
Who being still rebuked, would answer still
Courteous as any knight—but now, if knight,
The marvel dies, and leaves me fooled and tricked,
And only wondering wherefore played upon;
And doubtful whether I and mine be scorned.
Where should be truth if not in Arthur's hall,
In Arthur's presence? Knight, knave, prince, and fool,
I hate thee and forever."

And Lancelot said,
"Blessed be thou, Sir Gareth! Knight art thou
To the King's best wish. O damsel, be you wise
To call him shamed who is but overthrown?
Thrown have I been, nor once, but many a time.
Victor from vanquished issues at the last,
And overthrower from being overthrown.
With sword we have not striven; and thy good horse
And thou art weary; yet not less I felt
Thy manhood through that wearied lance of thine.
Well hast thou done; for all the stream is freed,
And thou hast wreaked his justice on his foes,
And, when reviled, hast answered graciously,
And makest merry when overthrown. Prince, Knight,
Hail, Knight and Prince, and of our Table Round!"

And then when turning to Lynette he told
The tale of Gareth, petulantly she said,

1181. **one**, Lancelot. 1186. **shield-lions**. See note for ne 571, page 442. 1187. **star**, on the shield of Morn- g Star, which Gareth carried. 1190. **pricked**, spurred.

"Aye, well—aye, well—for worse than being fooled
Of others, is to fool oneself. A cave,
Sir Lancelot, is hard by, with meats and drinks
And forage for the horse, and flint for fire.
But all about it flies a honeysuckle.
Seek, till we find." And when they sought and found,
Sir Gareth drank and ate, and all his life
Passed into sleep; on whom the maiden gazed.
"Sound sleep be thine! Sound cause to sleep hast thou.
Wake lusty! Seem I not as tender to him
As any mother? Aye, but such a one
As all day long hath rated at her child,
And vexed his day, but blesses him asleep—
Good lord, how sweetly smells the honeysuckle
In the hushed night, as if the world were one
Of utter peace, and love, and gentleness!
O Lancelot, Lancelot"—and she clapped her hands—
"Full merry am I to find my goodly knave
Is knight and noble. See now, sworn have I,
Else yon black felon had not let me pass,
To bring thee back to do the battle with him.
Thus an thou goest, he will fight thee first;
Who doubts thee victor? So will my knight-knave
Miss the full flower of this accomplishment."

Said Lancelot, "Peradventure he you name
May know my shield. Let Gareth, an he will,
Change his for mine, and take my charger, fresh,
Not to be spurred, loving the battle as well
As he that rides him." "Lancelot-like," she said,
"Courteous in this, Lord Lancelot, as in all."

And Gareth, wakening, fiercely clutched the shield;
"Ramp, ye lance-splintering lions, on whom all spears
Are rotten sticks! ye seem agape to roar!
Yea, ramp and roar at leaving of your lord!—
Care not, good beasts, so well I care for you.
O noble Lancelot, from my hold on these
Streams virtue—fire—through one that will not shame
Even the shadow of Lancelot under shield.
Hence; let us go."

Silent the silent field
They traversed. Arthur's harp though summer-wan,
In counter motion to the clouds, allured
The glance of Gareth dreaming on his liege.
A star shot—"Lo," said Gareth, "the foe falls!"
An owl whooped—"Hark the victor pealing there!"
Suddenly she that rode upon his left
Clung to the shield that Lancelot lent him, crying,
"Yield, yield him this again; 'tis he must fight.
I curse the tongue that all through yesterday
Reviled thee, and hath wrought on Lancelot now
To lend thee horse and shield. Wonders ye have done;
Miracles ye cannot. Here is glory enow
In having flung the three; I see thee maimed,
Mangled; I swear thou canst not fling the fourth."

"And wherefore, damsel? Tell me all ye know.
You cannot scare me; nor rough face, or voice,
Brute bulk of limb, or boundless savagery
Appal me from the quest."

"Nay, Prince," she cried,
"God wot, I never looked upon the face,
Seeing he never rides abroad by day;
But watched him have I like a phantom pass
Chilling the night; nor have I heard the voice.
Always he made his mouthpiece of a page
Who came and went, and still reported him

1281. **Arthur's harp**, a constellation, perhaps the Great Bear. 1282. **In counter motion to**, appearing to move in the opposite direction from—because the clouds were moving.

As closing in himself the strength of ten,
And when his anger tare him, massacring
Man, woman, lad, and girl—yea, the soft babe!
Some hold that he hath swallowed infant flesh,
Monster! O Prince, I went for Lancelot first—
The quest is Lancelot's; give him back the shield."

Said Gareth laughing, "An he fight for this,
Belike he wins it as the better man;
Thus—and not else!"

But Lancelot on him urged
All the devisings of their chivalry
When one might meet a mightier than himself;
How best to manage horse, lance, sword, and shield,
And so fill up the gap, where force might fail,
With skill and fineness. Instant were his words.

Then Gareth, "Here be rules. I know but one—
To dash against mine enemy and to win.
Yet have I watched thee victor in the just,
And seen thy way." "Heaven help thee," sighed Lynette.

Then for a space, and under cloud that grew
To thunder-gloom palling all stars, they rode
In converse till she made her palfrey halt,
Lifted an arm, and softly whispered, "There."
And all the three were silent seeing, pitched
Beside the Castle Perilous on flat field,
A huge pavilion like a mountain peak
Under the glooming crimson on the marge,
Black, with black banner, and a long black horn
Beside it hanging; which Sir Gareth grasped,
And so, before the two could hinder him,
Sent all his heart and breath through all the horn.
Echoed the walls; a light twinkled; anon
Came lights and lights, and once again he blew;
Whereon were hollow tramplings up and down
And muffled voices heard, and shadows passed;
Till high above him, circled with her maids,
The Lady Lyonors at a window stood,
Beautiful among lights, and waving to him
White hands, and courtesy; but when the Prince
Three times had blown—after long hush—at last—
The huge pavilion slowly yielded up,
Through those black foldings, that which housed therein,
High on a night-black horse, in night-black arms,
With white breastbone, and barren ribs of Death,
And crowned with fleshless laughter—some ten steps—
In the half-light—through the dim dawn—advanced
The monster, and then paused, and spake no word.

But Gareth spake and all indignantly,
"Fool, for thou hast, men say, the strength of ten,
Canst thou not trust the limbs thy God hath given,
But must, to make the terror of thee more,
Trick thyself out in ghastly imageries
Of that which Life hath done with, and the clod,
Less dull than thou, will hide with mantling flowers
As if for pity?" But he spake no word;
Which set the horror higher. A maiden swooned;
The Lady Lyonors wrung her hands and wept,
As doomed to be the bride of Night and Death;
Sir Gareth's head prickled beneath his helm;

1314. **devisings**, devices, methods. 1318. **Instant**, by earnest.

1348. **fleshless laughter**, a skull. 1362. **prickled**, i.e., his hair stood on end.

And ev'n Sir Lancelot through his warm blood felt
Ice strike, and all that marked him were aghast.

At once Sir Lancelot's charger fiercely neighed,
And Death's dark war-horse bounded forward with him.
Then those that did not blink the terror saw
That Death was cast to ground, and slowly rose.
But with one stroke Sir Gareth split the skull.
Half fell to right and half to left, and lay.
Then with a stronger buffet he clove the helm
As throughly as the skull; and out from this
Issued the bright face of a blooming boy
Fresh as a flower new-born, and crying, "Knight,
Slay me not; my three brethren bade me do it,
To make a horror all about the house,
And stay the world from Lady Lyonors.
They never dreamed the passes would be passed."

Answered Sir Gareth graciously to one
Not many a moon his younger, "My fair child,
What madness made thee challenge the chief knight
Of Arthur's hall?" "Fair sir, they bade me do it.
They hate the King, and Lancelot, the King's friend.
They hoped to slay him somewhere on the stream;
They never dreamed the passes could be passed."

Then sprang the happier day from underground;
And Lady Lyonors and her house, with dance
And revel and song, made merry over Death,
As being after all their foolish fears
And horrors only proven a blooming boy.
So large mirth lived and Gareth won the quest.

And he that told the tale in older times
Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,
But he that told it later, says Lynette.

1392. he, Malory. 1394. he, Tennyson.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The story comes, in the main, from Book VII of Malory, but Tennyson makes several very important changes. Malory does not give the long account of Gareth's plea to his mother to be allowed to go to the court; we learn little of his relations to his mother until Chapter XXV, where the Queen of the Orkneys comes to Arthur's court in search of her son and upbraids Arthur for having made a kitchen-knave of him for a twelvemonth. She says that when he left home he had been equipped as befitted his birth. Arthur responds that the lad had given only the name Beaumains (Fair-hands) and had entered the kitchen at his own request. The story of a youth brought up remote from court who pleaded with his mother to be allowed to enter Arthur's service and was permitted to go only in disguise as a peasant is told in a collection of old Celtic tales translated under the name of the *Mabinogion* only a few years before Tennyson wrote this idyll. The story is very old and is found in many places. The essential point of it is that the youth is disguised, usually being called the Fair Unknown, and wins fame after a year spent in service among slaves and menials. This story Tennyson combines with Malory's spirited account of Gareth in such a way as to make it one of the most splendid expressions of knightly idealism.

Other relationships between Tennyson and Malory are as follows:

(*a*) Tennyson follows closely the characterization of Lynette, Kay, and Gareth given in Malory. The adventures, however, are different. In Malory the unknown knight fights with the Black Knight, the Green Knight, and the Red Knight. They have no allegorical significance.

(*b*) In Malory, as Tennyson suggests at the end of the story, Gareth weds the lady of Castle

Perilous; in the present form we are all so interested in the scornful maiden and the way in which the youth won her love that we are ready to accept the change that Tennyson makes in the conclusion.

2. Attention should be paid to certain allegorical and mystical elements in Tennyson's story. Reference is made again to the idea that the King does not die (lines 200, 493); the old seer who tests Gareth as he approaches Camelot is Merlin (lines 248 ff); the allegorical character of the Lady of the Lake (lines 210 and following) should be studied in connection with the note at the end of "The Coming of Arthur" (page 429). In addition to these points observe the effect of mysterious and romantic beauty given by the description of Camelot (lines 185 ff). The geographical identity of these places is unimportant. Malory, who adopted the traditions of his own day, assumed that Arthur's capital was the place at present called Winchester. Tennyson in a prose sketch written about forty years before he published these lines placed it beyond Land's End: "On the latest limit of the West, in the land of Lyonesse, where save the rocky Isles of Scilly, all is now wild sea, rose the sacred Mount of Camelot. It rose from the deeps, with gardens and bowers, and palaces, and at the top of the mount was King Arthur's hall and the holy minster with the cross of gold." Tennyson's description in the poem is supposed to be allegorical. The idea that the city was built to music suggests the old classical stories, such as the story of Orpheus, whose music was so marvelous that walls and cities were built to its sound; or the story of the building of ancient Thebes. It seems both real and unreal, like the work of fairy, or enchantment. It abounds in symbolic figures, sometimes statuary or other decoration, sometimes suggested by the turrets and the elfin shapes of the buildings. The symbolism is that of Man's Soul, musical, harmonious, presided over by Spiritual Truth. Allegory is also present in many later parts of the story. For example, the serpent-like river is the stream of time, its three parts being youth, middle age, old age. Gareth's contest became increasingly difficult, like the conquest over evil habits at different periods of life. The hideous figure whom Gareth last meets is Death, which, when met bravely, becomes a lovely child, symbolizing Love and Eternal Life. Finally, the story as a whole represents the idea of youthful ambition, willing to undergo seeming shame and to be busy about mean employments in search of honor, and triumphing over false ideals of place and rank and the scorn of those who judge only superficially.

Questions and Topics

I. The Story

1. In many narratives the chief character strives to achieve some aim or ambition. Much of the story consists in showing how he overcomes the obstacles that lie between him and his aims. In the present case, Gareth wishes to win a quest for King Arthur. The first obstacle is gaining his mother's permission to go to the court. Lines 1-177 recount how he finally overcomes this obstacle. You will be interested in dividing the whole poem into sections, showing the successive obstacles, both physical and spiritual, that lay between him and the achievement recorded in line 1391, "and Gareth won the Quest."

2. Which obstacles were the more difficult for him to overcome, those requiring physical prowess, or those requiring self-control, courtesy, and loyalty to his vows of knighthood? You will decide more safely if you first list the obstacles under one or the other of the two heads—physical and spiritual.

3. Do you like Malory's or Tennyson's conclusion the better? (See page 456, note 1*b*.)

4. If there is in the class someone who can draw well, he will add much to the pleasure of the class by illustrating the poem. The class may wish to select, by debate and vote, the scenes that ought to be illustrated. In several of them, as in the arming of Morning Star before his pavilion, the artist should use colors. The pictures may be displayed about the room or bound, so as to present a series.

5. Do you think Gareth has any faults? What are his chief virtues? Do you think his faults or his virtues have anything to do with the way the story turns out? What tests come through his relations with Arthur? With Lancelot? With Kay? With his mother? With Lynette? In his combats? Do you think he fought for glory or for Lynette? Does he seem a real or a legendary character?

6. What are the chief traits of Arthur? Illustrate each by at least one incident. Does he seem greater here or in "The Coming of Arthur"? Is there any difference in the way people think of him in this idyll and in the preceding?

7. What is Lancelot's reputation in this idyll? How does Arthur regard him? What qualities does he display? Cite passages that bear out your opinion.

8. Do you like Lynette? Give several incidents to bear out your opinion. Is she like modern girls in any respects?

9. Is there any good in Kay?

10. Is Guinevere mentioned? Why?

II. Allegory

1. At what time of year does the action of this idyll take place?

2. Read over lines 1100-4, 1167-79, 1365-85. In the light of these lines explain the allegory of Gareth's combats. Why is the second harder than the first? In what way is the third harder still? Do you think the result of Gareth's battle with Death a natural result to one who has won the battle against evil in the morning, noon, and evening of life? Why? Explain the allegory of the child.

3. What allegorical meaning do you find in the description of Camelot as Gareth first saw it? Can you give modern instances of the truth of Merlin's explanation?

4. Explain as well as you can the allegorical meaning of the bas-relief on the gate of the city.

5. How does this idyll illustrate the general theme of the idylls, "Sense at war with Soul"?

III. Intensive Study

A. For oral discussion in class (lines 294-325).

1. Was Camelot a beautiful or an ugly city? Quote expressions to support your belief.

2. Was it well or ill governed? Give evidence.

3. Where was Gareth standing when he saw Arthur? Why does he call the hall "long-vaulted"?

4. What are meant by "splendors" and "delivering doom"?

5. Why is Gareth frightened? Give two reasons.

6. How do the knights there regard Arthur? Quote phrases for each point.

B. For oral reading in class.

Select some passages to read aloud to the class. Perhaps one of the following will suit your purpose: lines 376-401; 446-467; 901-927; 1215-1239. Be prepared also to ask a question or two that will provoke discussion—a discussion that you will be able to conduct.

IV. Modern Problems

1. Compare Gareth's ambition with the chief ambitions of modern youths. Which requires the more persistence? In which are more temptations to be fought against? In which are more obstacles? In which is the goal or prize more worth while?

2. Would a modern American girl have felt toward Gareth as Lynette felt? Why do you think so?

3. What ideals of chivalry, as revealed in the ideals and vows of Arthur's court, can be applied to modern life? Show how one could live up to them.

4. Are there today any employers like Kay? Show in two or three respects quite definitely why you think so.

V. Project

If you were making a movie scenario of this idyll, into how many reels would you divide it? Prepare full notes on the architecture and the costumes. In doing so you will gain much assistance from *When Knights Were Bold*, Tappan; *A History of Everyday Things in England*, Quennel; or *Social England*, Volume I, "Art and Architecture," Traill.

VI. Poetic Elements

1. Select five passages that you think present unusually beautiful pictures. Read them to the class and try to make the students enjoy them.

2. Select three or four passages that seem particularly musical. Read at least one of them aloud to the class. Possibly the class will wish to vote as to which is the most musical of all those presented by the pupils.

3. What figures of speech appeal to you as beautiful or illuminating? Show how they light up the thought in each case. The class may wish to vote as to which is the best figure.

4. Bring in examples of poetic phrasing. Show what the diction suggests in each case.

VII. Further Reading

Some student should report to the class on Malory's *Morte Darthur*, Book VII. The *Everyman* Edition is the easiest to read.

LANCELOT AND ELAINE

Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber up a tower to the east
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot;
Which first she placed where morning's earliest ray
Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam;
Then, fearing rust or soilure, fashioned for it
A case of silk, and braided thereupon
All the devices blazoned on the shield
In their own tinct, and added, of her wit,
A border fantasy of branch and flower,
And yellow-throated nestling in the nest.
Nor rested thus content, but day by day,
Leaving her household and good father, climbed
That eastern tower, and entering barred her door,
Stripped off the case, and read the naked shield,
Now guessed a hidden meaning in his arms,
Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,
And every scratch a lance had made upon it,
Conjecturing when and where—this cut is fresh;
That ten years back; this dealt him at Caerlyle;
That at Caerleon; this at Camelot;
And, ah, God's mercy, what a stroke was there!
And here a thrust that might have killed, but God
Broke the strong lance, and rolled his enemy down,
And saved him. So she lived in fantasy.

How came the lily maid by that good shield
Of Lancelot, she that knew not ev'n his name?
He left it with her, when he rode to tilt
For the great diamond in the diamond justs,
Which Arthur had ordained, and by that name
Had named them, since a diamond was the prize.

For Arthur, long before they crowned him king,
Roving the trackless realms of Lyonesse,
Had found a glen, gray bowlder and black tarn.
A horror lived about the tarn, and clave,
Like its own mists, to all the mountain side:
For here two brothers, one a king, had met
And fought together; but their names were lost;
And each had slain his brother at a blow;
And down they fell and made the glen abhorred;
And there they lay till all their bones were bleached,
And lichened into color with the crags.
And he, that once was king, had on a crown
Of diamonds, one in front, and four aside.
And Arthur came, and laboring up the pass,
All in a misty moonshine, unawares
Had trodden that crowned skeleton, and the skull
Brake from the nape, and from the skull the crown
Rolled into light, and turning on its rims
Fled like a glittering rivulet to the tarn.
And down the shingly scar he plunged, and caught,
And set it on his head, and in his heart
Heard murmurs, "Lo, thou likewise shalt be king."

Thereafter, when a king, he had the gems
Plucked from the crown, and showed them to his knights,
Saying, "These jewels, whereupon I chanced
Divinely, are the kingdom's, not the king's—
For public use. Henceforward let there be,
Once every year, a just for one of these;
For so by nine years' proof we needs must learn
Which is our mightiest, and ourselves shall grow
In use of arms and manhood, till we drive
The heathen, who, some say, shall rule the land
Hereafter, which God hinder!" Thus he spoke.

2. **Astolat**, the name Malory gives. It has often been identified with Guildford in Surrey. 7. **soilure**, tarnishing. 8. **braided**, embroidered. 10. **their own tinct**, the same colors. 22. **Caerlyle**, Carlisle, in Cumberland. 23. **Caerleon**, in Monmouthshire; one of the several capitals of Arthur's realm. **Camelot**. See "Gareth and Lynette," lines 296-302.

35. **Lyonesse**. See note 2, page 457, first column. 46. **aside**, on each side. 53. **shingly scar**, steep rock covered with loose, water-worn pebbles.

And eight years passed, eight justs had been, and still
Had Lancelot won the diamond of the year,
With purpose to present them to the Queen,
When all were won; but meaning all at once
To snare her royal fancy with a boon
Worth half her realm, had never spoken word.

Now for the central diamond and the last
And largest, Arthur, holding then his court
Hard on the river nigh the place which now
Is this world's hugest, let proclaim a just
At Camelot, and when the time drew nigh
Spake (for she had been sick) to Guinevere,
"Are you so sick, my Queen, you cannot move
To these fair justs?" "Yea, lord," she said, "ye know it."
"Then will ye miss," he answered, "the great deeds
Of Lancelot, and his prowess in the lists,
A sight ye love to look on." And the Queen
Lifted her eyes, and they dwelt languidly
On Lancelot, where he stood beside the King.
He thinking that he read her meaning there,
"Stay with me, I am sick; my love is more
Than many diamonds," yielded; and a heart
Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen
(However much he yearned to make complete
The tale of diamonds for his destined boon)
Urged him to speak against the truth, and say,
"Sir King, mine ancient wound is hardly whole,
And lets me from the saddle"; and the King
Glanced first at him, then her, and went his way.
No sooner gone than suddenly she began:

"To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot, much to blame!
Why go ye not to these fair justs? The knights
Are half of them our enemies, and the crowd
Will murmur, 'Lo, the shameless ones, who take
Their pastime now the trustful King is gone!' "
Then Lancelot, vexed at having lied in vain,
"Are ye so wise? Ye were not once so wise,
My Queen, that summer, when ye loved me first.
Then of the crowd ye took no more account
Than of the myriad cricket of the mead,
When its own voice clings to each blade of grass,
And every voice is nothing. As to knights,
Them surely can I silence with all ease.
But now my loyal worship is allowed
Of all men; many a bard, without offense,
Has linked our names together in his lay,
Lancelot, the flower of bravery, Guinevere,
The pearl of beauty; and our knights at feast
Have pledged us in this union, while the King
Would listen smiling. How then? Is there more?
Has Arthur spoken aught? Or would yourself,
Now weary of my service and devoir,
Henceforth be truer to your faultless lord?"

She broke into a little scornful laugh:
"Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the faultless King,
That passionate perfection, my good lord—
But who can gaze upon the sun in heaven?
He never spake word of reproach to me,
He never had a glimpse of mine untruth,
He cares not for me; only here today
There gleamed a vague suspicion in his eyes.
Some meddling rogue has tampered with him—else
Rapt in this fancy of his Table Round,
And swearing men to vows impossible,
To make them like himself. But, friend to me
He is all fault who hath no fault at all;
For who loves me must have a touch of earth;
The low sun makes the color. I am yours
Not Arthur's, as ye know, save by the bond.
And therefore hear my words: go to the justs;
The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream
When sweetest; and the vermin voices here
May buzz so loud—we scorn them, but they sting."

Then answered Lancelot, the chief of knights:

75. the place, London. 91. tale, full number. 94. lets, hinders.

118. devoir, the duty I owe you as a knight.

And with what face, after my pretext made,
hall I appear, O Queen, at Camelot, I
efore a King who honors his own word,
s if it were his God's?"

"Yea," said the Queen,
A moral child without the craft to rule,
lse had he not lost me. But listen to me,
f I must find you wit: we hear it said
hat men go down before your spear at a touch,
ut knowing you are Lancelot; your great name,
his conquers; hide it therefore; go unknown.
Vin! by this kiss you will; and our true King
Vill then allow your pretext, O my knight,
s all for glory; for to speak him true,
e know right well, how meek soe'er he seem,
o keener hunter after glory breathes.
e loves it in his knights more than himself;
hey prove to him his work. Win and return."

hen got Sir Lancelot suddenly to horse,
roth at himself. Not willing to be known,
e left the barren-beaten thoroughfare,
hose the green path that showed the rarer foot,
nd there among the solitary downs,
ull often lost in fancy, lost his way;
ill as he traced a faintly-shadowed track,
hat all in loops and links among the dales
an to the Castle of Astolat, he saw
ired from the west, far on a hill, the towers.
hither he made, and blew the gateway horn.
hen came an old, dumb, myriad-wrinkled man,
ho let him into lodging and disarmed.

nd Lancelot marveled at the wordless man;
nd issuing found the Lord of Astolat
ith two strong sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine,
oving to meet him in the castle court;

And close behind them stepped the lily maid
Elaine, his daughter; mother of the house
There was not. Some light jest among them rose
With laughter dying down as the great knight
Approached them; then the Lord of Astolat:
"Whence comest thou, my guest, and by what name
Livest between the lips? For by thy state
And presence I might guess thee chief of those,
After the King, who eat in Arthur's halls.
Him have I seen; the rest, his Table Round,
Known as they are, to me they are unknown."

Then answered Lancelot, the chief of knights:
"Known am I, and of Arthur's hall, and known,
What I by mere mischance have brought, my shield.
But since I go to just as one unknown
At Camelot for the diamond, ask me not.
Hereafter ye shall know me—and the shield—
I pray you lend me one, if such you have,
Blank, or at least with some device not mine."

Then said the Lord of Astolat, "Here is Torre's.
Hurt in his first tilt was my son, Sir Torre,
And so, God wot, his shield is blank enough.
His ye can have." Then added plain Sir Torre,
"Yea, since I cannot use it, ye may have it."
Here laughed the father, saying, "Fie, sir churl,
Is that an answer for a noble knight?
Allow him! But Lavaine, my younger here,
He is so full of lustihood he will ride,
Just for it, and win, and bring it in an hour,
And set it in this damsel's golden hair,
To make her thrice as willful as before."

"Nay, father, nay, good father, shame me not
Before this noble knight," said young Lavaine,

167. **Fired from the west**, lighted up by the setting sun.

"For nothing. Surely I but played on Torre—
He seemed so sullen, vexed he could not go—
A jest, no more! For, knight, the maiden dreamt
That someone put this diamond in her hand,
And that it was too slippery to be held,
And slipped and fell into some pool or stream,
The castle-well, belike; and then I said
That *if* I went and *if* I fought and won it
(But all was jest and joke among ourselves)
Then must she keep it safelier. All was jest.
But, father, give me leave, and if he will,
To ride to Camelot with this noble knight.
Win shall I not, but do my best to win;
Young as I am, yet would I do my best."

"So ye will grace me," answered Lancelot,
Smiling a moment, "with your fellowship
O'er these waste downs whereon I lost myself,
Then were I glad of you as guide and friend;
And you shall win this diamond—as I hear,
It is a fair large diamond—if ye may,
And yield it to this maiden, if ye will."

"A fair large diamond," added plain Sir Torre,
"Such be for queens, and not for simple maids."
Then she, who held her eyes upon the ground,
Elaine, and heard her name so tossed about,
Flushed slightly at the slight disparagement
Before the stranger knight, who, looking at her,
Full courtly, yet not falsely, thus returned:
"If what is fair be but for what is fair,
And only queens are to be counted so,
Rash were my judgment then, who deem this maid
Might wear as fair a jewel as is on earth,
Not violating the bond of like to like."

He spoke and ceased; the lily maid Elaine,
Won by the mellow voice before she looked,
Lifted her eyes, and read his lineaments.
The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marred his face, and marked it ere his time.
Another sinning on such heights with one
The flower of all the West and all the world
Had been the sleeker for it; but in him
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul.
Marred as he was, he seemed the goodliest man
That ever among ladies ate in hall,
And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.
However marred, of more than twice her years,
Seamed with an ancient sword-cut on the cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes
And loved him, with that love which was her doom.

Then the great knight, the darling of the court,
Loved of the loveliest, into that rude hall
Stepped with all grace, and not with hall disdain
Hid under grace, as in a smaller time,
But kindly man moving among his kind;
Whom they with meats and vintage of their best
And talk and minstrel melody entertained.
And much they asked of court and Table Round,
And ever well and readily answered he.
But Lancelot, when they glanced at Guinevere,
Suddenly speaking of the wordless man,
Heard from the Baron that, ten years before,
The heathen caught and reft him of his tongue.
"He learned and warned me of their fierce design
Against my house, and him they caught and maimed;
But I, my sons, and little daughter fled
From bonds or death, and dwelt among the woods

269. glanced at, spoke of.

y the great river in a boatman's hut.
ull days were those, till our good Arthur broke
he pagan yet once more on Badon Hill."

) there, great lord, doubtless," Lavaine said, rapt
y all the sweet and sudden passion of youth

Of Duglas; that on Bassa; then the war
That thundered in and out the gloomy skirts
Of Celidon the forest; and again
By castle Gurnion, where the glorious King
Had on his cuirass worn Our Lady's Head,
Carved of one emerald centered in a sun
Of silver rays, that lightened as he breathed;

"AND EVER WELL AND READILY ANSWERED HE"

ward greatness in its elder, "you have fought.
tell us—for we live apart—you know
Arthur's glorious wars." And Lancelot spoke
nd answered him at full, as having been
ith Arthur in the fight which all day long
ng by the white mouth of the violent Glem;
nd in the four loud battles by the shore

And at Caerleon had he helped his lord,
When the strong neighings of the wild White Horse
Set every gilded parapet shuddering;
And up in Agned-Cathregonion, too,
And down the waste sand-shores of Trath Treroit,
Where many a heathen fell; "and on the Mount
Of Badon I myself beheld the King
Charge at the head of all his Table Round,
And all his legions crying Christ and him,
And break them; and I saw him, after, stand

279. **Badon Hill.** Now Badbury Rings, the site of an ual battle about 520, in which the Britons defeated the ading Saxons. Here it is given as the greatest of hur's twelve battles listed in the following lines.

293. **Our Lady's Head**, an image of the Virgin Mary.
297. **White Horse**, the emblem of the Saxons.

High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume
Red as the rising sun with heathen blood,
And seeing me, with a great voice he cried,
'They are broken, they are broken!' for the King,
However mild he seems at home, nor cares
For triumph in our mimic wars, the justs—
For if his own knight cast him down, he laughs,
Saying his knights are better men than he—
Yet in this heathen war the fire of God
Fills him; I never saw his like; there lives
No greater leader."

While he uttered this,
Low to her own heart said the lily maid,
"Save your great self, fair lord"; and when he fell
From talk of war to traits of pleasantry—
Being mirthful he, but in a stately kind—
She still took note that when the living smile
Died from his lips, across him came a cloud
Of melancholy severe, from which again,
Whenever in her hovering to and fro
The lily maid had striven to make him cheer,
There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness
Of manners and of nature; and she thought
That all was nature, all, perchance, for her.
And all night long his face before her lived,
As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest; so the face before her lived,
Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence, full
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep;
Till rathe she rose, half-cheated in the thought
She needs must bid farewell to sweet Lavaine.
First as in fear, step after step, she stole
Down the long tower-stairs, hesitating.
Anon, she heard Sir Lancelot cry in the court,
"This shield, my friend, where is it?" and Lavaine
Passed inward, as she came from out the tower.

338. rathe, early.

There to his proud horse Lancelot turned, and smoothed
The glossy shoulder, humming to himself.
Half-envious of the flattering hand, she drew
Nearer and stood. He looked, and more amazed
Than if seven men had set upon him, saw
The maiden standing in the dewy light.
He had not dreamed she was so beautiful.
Then came on him a sort of sacred fear,
For silent, though he greeted her, she stood
Rapt on his face as if it were a god's.
Suddenly flashed on her a wild desire
That he should wear her favor at the tilt.
She braved a riotous heart in asking for it.
"Fair lord, whose name I know not—noble it is,
I well believe, the noblest—will you wear
My favor at this tourney?" "Nay," said he,
"Fair lady, since I never yet have worn
Favor of any lady in the lists.
Such is my wont, as those, who know me, know."
"Yea, so," she answered; "then in wearing mine
Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble lord,
That those who know should know you." And he turned
Her counsel up and down within his mind,
And found it true, and answered, "True, my child.
Well, I will wear it; fetch it out to me;
What is it?" And she told him, "A red sleeve
Broidered with pearls," and brought it; then he bound
Her token on his helmet, with a smile
Saying, "I never yet have done so much
For any maiden living," and the blood
Sprang to her face and filled her with delight;
But left her all the paler when Lavaine
Returning brought the yet-unblazoned shield,
His brother's; which he gave to Lancelot,
Who parted with his own to fair Elaine:
"Do me this grace, my child, to have my shield
In keeping till I come." "A grace to me,"
She answered, "twice today. I am your squire!"

Whereat Lavaine said, laughing, "Lily maid,
For fear our people call you lily maid
In earnest, let me bring your color back;
Once, twice, and thrice; now get you hence to bed."
So kissed her, and Sir Lancelot his own hand,
And thus they moved away; she stayed a minute,
Then made a sudden step to the gate, and there—
Her bright hair blown about the serious face
Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's kiss—
Paused by the gateway, standing near the shield
In silence, while she watched their arms far-off
Sparkle, until they dipped below the downs.
Then to her tower she climbed, and took the shield,
There kept it, and so lived in fantasy.

Meanwhile the new companions passed away
Far o'er the long backs of the bushless downs,
To where Sir Lancelot knew there lived a knight
Not far from Camelot, now for forty years
A hermit, who had prayed, labored, and prayed,
And ever laboring had scooped himself
In the white rock a chapel and a hall
On massive columns, like a shore-cliff cave,
And cells and chambers; all were fair and dry;
The green light from the meadows underneath
Struck up and lived along the milky roofs;
And in the meadows tremulous aspen-trees
And poplars made a noise of falling showers.
And thither wending there that night they bode.

But when the next day broke from underground,
And shot red fire and shadows through the cave,
They rose, heard Mass, broke fast, and rode away.

Then Lancelot saying, "Hear, but hold my name
Hidden, you ride with Lancelot of the Lake,"
Abashed Lavaine, whose instant reverence,
Dearer to true young hearts than their own praise,
But left him leave to stammer, "Is it indeed?"
And after muttering "The great Lancelot,"
At last he got his breath and answered, "One,
One have I seen—that other, our liege lord,
The dread Pendragon, Britain's King of kings,
Of whom the people talk mysteriously,
He will be there—then were I stricken blind
That minute, I might say that I had seen."

So spake Lavaine, and when they reached the lists
By Camelot in the meadow, let his eyes
Run through the peopled gallery which half round
Lay like a rainbow fall'n upon the grass,
Until they found the clear-faced King, who sat,
Robed in red samite, easily to be known,
Since to his crown the golden dragon clung,
And down his robe the dragon writhed in gold,
And from the carven-work behind him crept
Two dragons gilded, sloping down to make
Arms for his chair, while all the rest of them
Through knots and loops and folds innumerable
Fled ever through the woodwork, till they found
The new design wherein they lost themselves,
Yet with all ease, so tender was the work.
And, in the costly canopy o'er him set,
Blazed the last diamond of the nameless king.

Then Lancelot answered young Lavaine and said,
"Me you call great; mine is the firmer seat,
The truer lance; but there is many a youth

422. **Pendragon**, chief ruler.

Now crescent, who will come to all I am
And overcome it; and in me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great;
There is the man." And Lavaine gaped upon him
As on a thing miraculous, and anon
The trumpets blew; and then did either side,
They that assailed, and they that held the lists,
Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly move,
Meet in the midst, and there so furiously
Shock that a man far-off might well perceive—
If any man that day were left afield—
The hard earth shake, and a low thunder of arms.
And Lancelot bode a little, till he saw
Which were the weaker; then he hurled into it
Against the stronger. Little need to speak
Of Lancelot in his glory! King, duke, earl,
Count, baron—whom he smote, he overthrew.

But in the field were Lancelot's kith and kin,
Ranged with the Table Round that held the lists,
Strong men, and wrathful that a stranger knight
Should do and almost overdo the deeds
Of Lancelot; and one said to the other, "Lo!
What is he? I do not mean the force alone—
The grace and versatility of the man!
Is it not Lancelot?" "When has Lancelot worn
Favor of any lady in the lists?
Not such his wont, as we that know him, know."
"How then? Who then?" A fury seized them all,
A fiery family passion for the name
Of Lancelot, and a glory one with theirs.
They couched their spears and pricked their steeds, and thus,
Their plumes driv'n backward by the wind they made
In moving, all together down upon him
Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North Sea,
Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
Down on a bark, and overbears the bark
And him that helms it, so they overbore
Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear
Down-glancing lamed the charger, and a spear
Pricked sharply his own cuirass, and the head
Pierced through his side, and there snapped, and remained.

Then Sir Lavaine did well and worshipfully;
He bore a knight of old repute to the earth,
And brought his horse to Lancelot where he lay.
He up the side, sweating with agony, got,
But thought to do while he might yet endure,
And being lustily holpen by the rest,
His party—though it seemed half-miracle
To those he fought with—drave his kith and kin,
And all the Table Round that held the lists
Back to the barrier; then the trumpets blew,
Proclaiming his the prize who wore the sleeve
Of scarlet, and the pearls; and all the knights,
His party, cried, "Advance and take thy prize
The diamond"; but he answered, "Diamond me
No diamonds! For God's love, a little air
Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death
Hence will I, and I charge you, follow me not."

He spoke, and vanished suddenly from the field
With young Lavaine into the poplar grove
There from his charger down he slid, and sat,
Gasping to Sir Lavaine, "Draw the lance head."

446. crescent, growing up. 453. held the lists, fought on the defensive. 484. helms, steers.

"Ah, my sweet lord, Sir Lancelot," said Lavaine,
"I dread me, if I draw it, you will die."
But he, "I die already with it; draw—
Draw"—and Lavaine drew, and Sir Lancelot gave
A marvelous great shriek and ghastly groan,
And half his blood burst forth, and down he sank
For the pure pain, and wholly swooned away.
Then came the hermit out and bare him in,
There stanched his wound; and there, in daily doubt
Whether to live or die, for many a week
Hid from the wide world's rumor by the grove
Of poplars with their noise of falling showers,
And ever-tremulous aspen-trees, he lay.

But on that day when Lancelot fled the lists,
His party, knights of utmost North and West,
Lords of waste marches, kings of desolate isles,
Came round their great Pendragon, saying to him,
"Lo, sire, our knight, through whom we won the day,
Hath gone sore wounded, and hath left his prize
Untaken, crying that his prize is death."
"Heaven hinder," said the King, "that such an one,
So great a knight as we have seen today—
He seemed to me another Lancelot—
Yea, twenty times I thought him Lancelot—
He must not pass uncared for. Wherefore, rise,
O Gawain, and ride forth and find the knight.
Wounded and wearied needs must he be near.
I charge you that you get at once to horse.
And, knights and kings, there breathes not one of you
Will deem this prize of ours is rashly given;
His prowess was too wondrous. We will do him
No customary honor; since the knight
Came not to us, of us to claim the prize,
Ourselves will send it after. Rise and take
This diamond, and deliver it, and return,
And bring us where he is, and how he fares,
And cease not from your quest until ye find."

So saying, from the carven flower above,
To which it made a restless heart, he took,
And gave, the diamond; then from where he sat
At Arthur's right, with smiling face arose,
With smiling face and frowning heart, a Prince
In the mid might and flourish of his May,
Gawain, surnamed the Courteous, fair and strong,
And after Lancelot, Tristram, and Geraint,
And Gareth, a good knight, but therewithal
Sir Modred's brother, and the child of Lot,
Nor often loyal to his word, and now
Wroth that the King's command to sally forth,
In quest of whom he knew not, made him leave
The banquet and concourse of knights and kings.

So all in wrath he got to horse and went;
While Arthur to the banquet, dark in mood,
Passed, thinking, "Is it Lancelot who hath come
Despite the wound he spake of, all for gain
Of glory, and hath added wound to wound,
And ridd'n away to die?" So feared the King,
And, after two days' tarriance there, returned.
Then when he saw the Queen, embracing asked,
"Love, are you yet so sick?" "Nay, lord," she said.
"And where is Lancelot?" Then the Queen amazed,
"Was he not with you? Won he not your prize?"
"Nay, but one like him." "Why, that like was he."
And when the King demanded how she knew,

545. **bring us**, supply *word*. 548. **restless**, because of its changing lights.

Said, "Lord, no sooner had ye parted from us,
Than Lancelot told me of a common talk
That men went down before his spear at a touch,
But knowing he was Lancelot; his great name
Conquered; and therefore would he hide his name
From all men, ev'n the King, and to this end
Had made the pretext of a hindering wound,
That he might just unknown of all, and learn
If his old prowess were in aught decayed;
And added, 'Our true Arthur, when he learns,
Will well allow my pretext, as for gain
Of purer glory.' "

Then replied the King:
"Far lovelier in our Lancelot had it been,
In lieu of idly dallying with the truth,
To have trusted me as he hath trusted thee.
Surely his King and most familiar friend
Might well have kept his secret. True, indeed,
Albeit I know my knights fantastical,
So fine a fear in our large Lancelot
Must needs have moved my laughter; now remains
But little cause for laughter; his own kin—
Ill news, my Queen, for all who love him, this!—
His kith and kin, not knowing, set upon him;
So that he went sore wounded from the field.
Yet good news, too; for goodly hopes are mine
That Lancelot is no more a lonely heart.
He wore, against his wont, upon his helm
A sleeve of scarlet, broidered with great pearls,
Some gentle maiden's gift."

"Yea, lord," she said,
"Thy hopes are mine," and saying that, she choked
And sharply turned about to hide her face,
Passed to her chamber, and there flung herself
Down on the great King's couch, and writhed upon it,
And clenched her fingers till they bit the palm,
And shrieked out "Traitor" to the unhearing wall,
Then flashed into wild tears, and rose again,
And moved about her palace, proud and pale.

Gawain the while through all the region round
Rode with his diamond, wearied of the quest,
Touched at all points, except the poplar grove,
And came at last, though late, to Astolat:
Whom glittering in enameled arms the maid
Glanced at and cried, "What news from Camelot, lord?
What of the knight with the red sleeve?"
"He won."
"I knew it," she said. "But parted from the justs
Hurt in the side"; whereat she caught her breath.
Through her own side she felt the sharp lance go;
Thereon she smote her hand; well nigh she swooned;
And, while he gazed wonderingly at her
came
The Lord of Astolat out, to whom the Prince
Reported who he was, and on what quest
Sent, that he bore the prize and could not find
The victor, but had ridd'n a random round
To seek him, and had wearied of the search.
To whom the Lord of Astolat, "Bide with us,
And ride no more at random, noble Prince!
Here was the knight, and here he left his shield;
This will he send or come for. Furthermore
Our son is with him; we shall hear anon;
Needs must we hear." To this the courteous Prince
Accorded with his wonted courtesy,

591. **fantastical**, given to fancies.

Courtesy with a touch of traitor in it,
And stayed; and cast his eyes on fair Elaine.
Where could be found face daintier? Then her shape
From forehead down to foot, perfect; again
From foot to forehead exquisitely turned—
"Well—if I bide, lo! this wild-flower for me!"
And oft they met among the garden yews,
And there he set himself to play upon her
With sallying wit, free flashes from a height
Above her, graces of the court, and songs,
Sighs, and slow smiles, and golden eloquence
And amorous adulation, till the maid
Rebelled against it, saying to him, "Prince,
O loyal nephew of our noble King,
Why ask you not to see the shield he left,
Whence you might learn his name? Why slight your King,
And lose the quest he sent you on, and prove
No surer than our falcon yesterday,
Who lost the hern we slipped her at, and went
To all the winds?" "Nay, by mine head," said he,
"I lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,
O damsel, in the light of your blue eyes;
But an ye will it, let me see the shield."
And when the shield was brought, and Gawain saw
Sir Lancelot's azure lions, crowned with gold,
Ramp in the field, he smote his thigh, and mocked:
"Right was the King! our Lancelot! that true man!"
"And right was I," she answered merrily "I,
Who dreamed my knight the greatest knight of all."
"And if *I* dreamed," said Gawain, "that you love
This greatest knight, your pardon! Lo, ye know it!
Speak therefore; shall I waste myself in vain?"
Full simple was her answer, "What know I?
My brethren have been all my fellowship;
And I, when often they have talked of love,
Wished it had been my mother, for they talked,
Meseemed of what they knew not; so myself—
I know not if I know what true love is,
But if I know, then, if I love not him,
I know there is none other I can love."
"Yea, by God's death," said he, "ye love him well,
But would not, knew ye what all others know,
And whom he loves." "So be it," cried Elaine,
And lifted her fair face and moved away.
But he pursued her, calling, "Stay a little!
One golden minute's grace! He wore your sleeve;
Would he break faith with one I may not name?
Must our true man change like a leaf at last?
Nay—like enow; why then, far be it from me
To cross our mighty Lancelot in his loves!
And, damsel, for I deem you know full well
Where your great knight is hidden, let me leave
My quest with you; the diamond also; here!
For if you love, it will be sweet to give it;
And if he love, it will be sweet to have it
From your own hand; and whether he love or not,
A diamond is a diamond. Fare you well
A thousand times!—a thousand times farewell!
Yet, if he love, and his love hold, we two
May meet at court hereafter; there, I think,
So ye will learn the courtesies of the court,
We two shall know each other."

Then he gave,
And slightly kissed the hand to which he gave,
The diamond, and all wearied of the quest,
Leaped on his horse and, caroling as he went
A true-love ballad, lightly rode away.

Thence to the court he passed; there told the King

653. slipped, loosed, let fly.

What the King knew, "Sir Lancelot is the knight."
And added, "Sir, my liege, so much I learned;
But failed to find him, though I rode all round
The region; but I lighted on the maid
Whose sleeve he wore; she loves him; and to her,
Deeming our courtesy is the truest law,
I gave the diamond; she will render it;
For by mine head she knows his hiding-place."

The seldom-frowning King frowned, and replied,
"Too courteous truly! ye shall go no more
On quest of mine, seeing that ye forget
Obedience is the courtesy due to kings."

He spake and parted. Wroth, but all in awe,
For twenty strokes of the blood, without a word,
Lingered that other, staring after him;
Then shook his hair, strode off, and buzzed abroad
About the maid of Astolat, and her love.
All ears were pricked at once, all tongues were loosed:
"The maid of Astolat loves Sir Lancelot;
Sir Lancelot loves the maid of Astolat."
Some read the King's face, some the Queen's, and all
Had marvel what the maid might be, but most
Predoomed her as unworthy. One old dame
Came suddenly on the Queen with the sharp news.
She, that had heard the noise of it before.
But sorrowing Lancelot should have stooped so low,
Marred her friend's aim with pale tranquillity.
So ran the tale like fire about the court,
Fire in dry stubble a nine-days' wonder flared;
Till ev'n the knights at banquet twice or thrice
Forgot to drink to Lancelot and the Queen,
And pledging Lancelot and the lily maid
Smiled at each other, while the Queen, who sat
With lips severely placid, felt the knot
Climb in her throat, and with her feet unseen
Crushed the wild passion out against the floor
Beneath the banquet, where the meats became
As wormwood, and she hated all who pledged.

But far away the maid in Astolat,
Her guiltless rival, she that ever kept
The one-day-seen Sir Lancelot in her heart,
Crept to her father, while he mused alone,
Sat on his knee, stroked his gray face, and said,
"Father, you call me willful, and the fault
Is yours who let me have my will, and now,
Sweet father, will you let me lose my wits?"
"Nay," said he, "surely." "Wherefore, then, let me hence,"
She answered, "and find out our dear Lavaine."
"Ye will not lose your wits for dear Lavaine;
Bide," answered he; "we needs must hear anon
Of him, and of that other." "Aye," she said,
"And of that other, for I needs must hence
And find that other, wheresoe'er he be,
And with mine own hand give his diamond to him,
Lest I be found as faithless in the quest
As yon proud Prince who left the quest to me.
Sweet father, I behold him in my dreams
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,
Death-pale, for lack of gentle maiden's aid.
The gentler-born the maiden, the more bound,
My father, to be sweet and serviceable
To noble knights in sickness, as ye know
When these have worn their tokens; let me hence,
I pray you." Then her father nodding said,
"Aye, aye, the diamond; wit ye well, my child,
Right fain were I to learn this knight were whole,
Being our greatest. Yea, and you must give it—
And sure I think this fruit is hung too high

For any mouth to gape for save a queen's—
Nay, I mean nothing; so then, get you gone,
Being so very willful you must go."

Lightly, her suit allowed, she slipped away,
And while she made her ready for her ride,
Her father's latest word hummed in her ear,
"Being so very willful you must go,"
And changed itself and echoed in her heart,
"Being so very willful you must die."
But she was happy enough and shook it off,
As we shake off the bee that buzzes at us;
And in her heart she answered it and said,
"What matter, so I help him back to life?"
Then far away with good Sir Torre for guide
Rode o'er the long backs of the bushless downs
To Camelot, and before the city gates
Came on her brother with a happy face
Making a roan horse caper and curvet
For pleasure all about a field of flowers;
Whom when she saw, "Lavaine," she cried, "Lavaine,
How fares my lord Sir Lancelot?" He, amazed,
'Torre and Elaine! why here? Sir Lancelot!
How know ye my lord's name is Lancelot?"
But when the maid had told him all her tale,
Then turned Sir Torre, and being in his moods
Left them, and under the strange-statued gate,
Where Arthur's wars were rendered mystically,
Passed up the still rich city to his kin,
His own far blood, which dwelt at Camelot;
And her, Lavaine across the poplar grove
Led to the caves. There first she saw the casque
Of Lancelot on the wall; her scarlet sleeve,
Though carved and cut and half the pearls away,
Streamed from it still; and in her heart she laughed,
Because he had not loosed it from his helm,
But meant once more perchance to tourney in it.
And when they gained the cell wherein he slept,
His battle-writhen arms and mighty hands
Lay naked on the wolfskin, and a dream
Of dragging down his enemy made them move.
Then she that saw him lying unsleek, unshorn,
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,
Uttered a little tender, dolorous cry.
The sound not wonted in a place so still
Woke the sick knight, and while he rolled his eyes
Yet blank from sleep, she started to him, saying,
"Your prize the diamond sent you by the King."
His eyes glistened; she fancied, "Is it for me?"
And when the maid had told him all the tale
Of King and Prince, the diamond sent, the quest
Assigned to her not worthy of it, she knelt
Full lowly by the corners of his bed,
And laid the diamond in his open hand.
Her face was near, and as we kiss the child
That does the task assigned, he kissed her face.
At once she slipped like water to the floor.
"Alas," he said, "your ride hath wearied you.
Rest must you have." "No rest for me," she said;
"Nay, for near you, fair lord, I am at rest."
What might she mean by that? His large black eyes,
Yet larger through his leanness, dwelt upon her,
Till all her heart's sad secret blazed itself
In the heart's colors on her simple face;
And Lancelot looked and was perplexed in mind,
And being weak in body said no more;
But did not love the color; woman's love,
Save one, he not regarded, and so turned,
Sighing, and feigned sleep until he slept.

Then rose Elaine and glided through the fields,

795. **strange-statued**, etc. See "Gareth and Lynette," lines 206 ff.

807. **battle-writhen**, showing the knotted and twisted muscles that had resulted from many contests.

And passed beneath the weirdly-sculptured gates
Far up the dim rich city to her kin;
There bode the night; but woke with dawn, and passed
Down through the dim rich city to the fields,
Thence to the cave. So day by day she passed
In either twilight ghost-like to and fro
Gliding, and every day she tended him;
And likewise many a night. And Lancelot
Would, though he called his wound a little hurt
Whereof he should be quickly whole, at times
Brain-feverous in his heat and agony, seem
Uncourteous, even he; but the meek maid
Sweetly forbore him ever, being to him
Meeker than any child to a rough nurse,
Milder than any mother to a sick child,
And never woman yet, since man's first fall,
Did kindlier unto man, but her deep love
Upbore her; till the hermit, skilled in all
The simples and the science of that time,
Told him that her fine care had saved his life.
And the sick man forgot her simple blush,
Would call her friend and sister, sweet Elaine,
Would listen for her coming and regret
Her parting step, and held her tenderly,
And loved her with all love except the love
Of man and woman when they love their best,
Closest, and sweetest, and had died the death
In any knightly fashion for her sake.
And peradventure had he seen her first
She might have made this and that other world
Another world for the sick man; but now
The shackles of an old love straitened him,
His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Yet the great knight in his mid-sickness made
Full many a holy vow and pure resolve.
These, as but born of sickness, could not live;

870. **straitened**, confined.

For when the blood ran lustier in him again
Full often the bright image of one face,
Making a treacherous quiet in his heart,
Dispersed his resolution like a cloud.
Then if the maiden, while that ghostly grace
Beamed on his fancy, spoke, he answered not,
Or short and coldly, and she knew right well
What the rough sickness meant, but what this meant
She knew not, and the sorrow dimmed her sight,
And drave her ere her time across the field
Far into the rich city, where alone
She murmured, "Vain, in vain; it cannot be
He will not love me; how then? Must I die?"
Then as a little helpless innocent bird,
That has but one plain passage of few notes,
Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er
For all an April morning, till the ear
Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid
Went half the night repeating, "Must I die?"
And now to right she turned, and now to left,
And found no ease in turning or in rest;
And, "Him or death," she muttered, "death or him,"
Again and like a burden, "Him or death."

But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt was whole,
To Astolat returning rode the three.
There morn by morn, arraying her sweet self
In that wherein she deemed she looked her best,
She came before Sir Lancelot, for she thought,
"If I be loved, these are my festal robes.
If not, the victim's flowers before he fall."
And Lancelot ever pressed upon the maid
That she should ask some goodly gift of him
For her own self or hers; "and do not shun
To speak the wish most near to your true heart;

880. **ghostly grace**, Guinevere's beauty, which he recalls in imagination. 898. **burden**, refrain. 90 **victim's flowers**. In Greek and Roman times the sacrifice led to the altar was bedecked with garlands.

uch service have ye done me that I make
Iy will of yours, and prince and lord am I
ı mine own land, and what I will I can."
hen like a ghost she lifted up her face,
ut like a ghost without the power to speak.
nd Lancelot saw that she withheld her wish,
nd bode among them yet a little space
ill he should learn it; and one morn it chanced
e found her in among the garden yews,
nd said, "Delay no longer, speak your wish,
eing I go today." Then out she brake:
Going? And we shall never see you more.
nd I must die for want of one bold word."
Speak; that I live to hear," he said, "is yours."
hen suddenly and passionately she spoke:
I have gone mad. I love you; let me die."
Ah, sister," answered Lancelot, "what is this?"
nd innocently extending her white arms,
Your love," she said, "your love—to be your wife."
nd Lancelot answered, "Had I chosen to wed,
had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine;
ut now there never will be wife of mine."
No, no," she cried, "I care not to be wife,
ut to be with you still, to see your face,
o serve you, and to follow you through the world."
nd Lancelot answered, "Nay, the world, the world,
ll ear and eye, with such a stupid heart
o interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue
o blare its own interpretation—nay,
ıll ill then should I quit your brother's love,
ıd your good father's kindness." And she said,
Not to be with you, not to see your face—
as for me then, my good days are done."
Nay, noble maid," he answered, "ten times nay!
ıis is not love, but love's first flash in youth,
Most common; yea, I know it of mine own self.
And you yourself will smile at your own self
Hereafter, when you yield your flower of life
To one more fitly yours, not thrice your age.
And then will I, for true you are and sweet
Beyond mine old belief in womanhood,
More specially should your good knight be poor,
Endow you with broad land and territory
Even to the half my realm beyond the seas,
So that would make you happy; furthermore,
Ev'n to the death, as though ye were my blood,
In all your quarrels will I be your knight;
This will I do, dear damsel, for your sake,
And more than this I cannot."

While he spoke
She neither blushed nor shook, but deathly-pale
Stood grasping what was nearest, then replied,
"Of all this will I nothing"; and so fell,
And thus they bore her swooning to her tower.

Then spake, to whom through those black walls of yew
Their talk had pierced, her father: "Aye, a flash,
I fear me, that will strike my blossom dead.
Too courteous are ye, fair Lord Lancelot.
I pray you, use some rough discourtesy
To blunt or break her passion."

Lancelot said,
"That were against me; what I can I will";
And there that day remained, and toward even
Sent for his shield. Full meekly rose the maid,
Stripped off the case, and gave the naked shield.
Then, when she heard his horse upon the stones,
Unclasping flung the casement back, and looked

928. yours, the result of your care. 939. quit, uite.

953. my realm, according to Malory, France.

Down on his helm, from which her sleeve had gone.
And Lancelot knew the little clinking sound;
And she by tact of love was well aware
That Lancelot knew that she was looking at him.
And yet he glanced not up, nor waved his hand,
Nor bade farewell, but sadly rode away.
This was the one discourtesy that he used.

So in her tower alone the maiden sat.
His very shield was gone; only the case,
Her own poor work, her empty labor, left.
But still she heard him, still his picture formed
And grew between her and the pictured wall.
Then came her father, saying in low tones,
"Have comfort," whom she greeted quietly.
Then came her brethren, saying, "Peace to thee,
Sweet sister," whom she answered with all calm.
But when they left her to herself again,
Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field,
Approaching through the darkness, called; the owls
Wailing had power upon her, and she mixed
Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms
Of evening, and the moanings of the wind.

And in those days she made a little song,
And called her song "The Song of Love and Death,"
And sang it; sweetly could she make and sing.

"Sweet is true love though given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain;
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet? Then bitter death must be;
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

"Sweet love, that seems not made to fa away,
Sweet death, that seems to make us lovel clay,
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"I fain would follow love, if that could l
I needs must follow death, who calls me;
Call and I follow, I follow! Let me die.

High with the last line scaled her voi and this,
All in a fiery dawning wild with wind
That shook her tower, the brothers hea and thought
With shuddering, "Hark the phantom the house
That ever shrieks before a death," a called
The father, and all three in hurry and fl
Ran to her, and lo! the blood-red light dawn
Flared on her face, she shrilling, "Let die!"

And when we dwell upon a word we kn
Repeating, till the word we know so w
Becomes a wonder, and we know not w
So dwelt the father on her face, and thoug
"Is this Elaine?" till back the maiden f
Then gave a languid hand to each, a lay,
Speaking a still good-morrow with her ey
At last she said, "Sweet brothers, yest night
I seemed a curious little maid again,
As happy as when we dwelt among woods,
And when ye used to take me with the flo
Up the great river in the boatman's bo
Only ye would not pass beyond the cap
That has the poplar on it; there ye fixe
Your limit, oft returning with the tide.
And yet I cried because ye would not p
Beyond it, and far up the shining flood
Until we found the palace of the King.
And yet ye would not; but this nigh dreamed
That I was all alone upon the flood,
And then I said, 'Now shall I have will';

995. **sallow-rifted glooms**, slaty dark clouds with yellowish streaks. 999. **make**, compose poetry.

1015. **phantom of the house**, etc., called also banshee. 1031. **great river**, Thames.

nd there I woke, but still the wish remained.
› let me hence that I may pass at last
eyond the poplar and far up the flood,
ntil I find the palace of the King.
here will I enter in among them all,
nd no man there will dare to mock at me;
ut there the fine Gawain will wonder at me,
nd there the great Sir Lancelot muse at me;
awain, who bade a thousand farewells to me,
ancelot, who coldly went, nor bade me one;
nd there the King will know me and my love,
nd there the Queen herself will pity me,
nd all the gentle court will welcome me,
nd after my long voyage I shall rest!"

Peace," said her father, "O my child, ye seem
ight-headed, for what force is yours to go
› far, being sick? And wherefore would ye look
a this proud fellow again, who scorns us all?"

ien the rough Torre began to heave and move,
id bluster into stormy sobs and say,
never loved him; an I meet with him,
care not howsoever great he be,
ien will I strike at him and strike him down;
ve me good fortune, I will strike him dead,
›r this discomfort he hath done the house."

› whom the gentle sister made reply,
'ret not yourself, dear brother, nor be wroth,
eing it is no more Sir Lancelot's fault
›t to love me, than it is mine to love
m of all men who seems to me the highest."

[ighest?" the father answered, echoing "highest?"
'e meant to break the passion in her)
"nay,
:ughter, I know not what you call the highest;
t this I know, for all the people know it,
He loves the Queen, and in an open shame;
And she returns his love in open shame.
If this be high, what is it to be low?"

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat:
"Sweet father, all too faint and sick am I
For anger; these are slanders; never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made a foe.
But now it is my glory to have loved
One peerless, without stain; so let me pass,
My father, howsoe'er I seem to you,
Not all unhappy, having loved God's best
And greatest, though my love had no return;
Yet, seeing you desire your child to live,
Thanks, but you work against your own desire;
For if I could believe the things you say
I should but die the sooner; wherefore cease,
Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man
Hither, and let me shrive me clean, and die."

So when the ghostly man had come and gone,
She, with a face bright as for sin forgiven,
Besought Lavaine to write as she devised
A letter, word for word; and when he asked,
"Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord?
Then will I bear it gladly," she replied,
"For Lancelot and the Queen and all the world,
But I myself must bear it." Then he wrote
The letter she devised; which being writ
And folded, "O sweet father, tender and true,
Deny me not," she said—"ye never yet
Denied my fancies—this, however strange,
My latest: lay the letter in my hand
A little ere I die, and close the hand
Upon it; I shall guard it even in death.
And when the heat is gone from out my heart,
Then take the little bed on which I died
For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's
For richness, and me also like the Queen
In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.
And let there be prepared a chariot-bier
To take me to the river, and a barge
Be ready on the river, clothed in black

1092. ghostly man, priest.

I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.
There surely I shall speak for mine own self,
And none of you can speak for me so well.
And therefore let our dumb old man alone
Go with me; he can steer and row, and he
Will guide me to that palace, to the doors."

She ceased; her father promised; whereupon
She grew so cheerful that they deemed her death
Was rather in the fantasy than the blood.
But ten slow mornings passed, and on the eleventh
Her father laid the letter in her hand,
And closed the hand upon it, and she died.
So that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from underground,
Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows,
Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier
Passed like a shadow through the field, that shone
Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,
Palled all its length in blackest samite, lay.
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,
Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.
So those two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazonings,
And kissed her quiet brows, and saying to her,
"Sister, farewell forever," and again,
"Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears.
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead,
Oared by the dumb, went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dea
But fast asleep, and lay as though sh
smiled.

That day Sir Lancelot at the pala
craved
Audience of Guinevere, to give at last
The price of half a realm, his costly gi
Hard-won and hardly won with bruise an
blow,
With deaths of others, and almost his ow
The nine-years-fought-for diamonds; fl
he saw
One of her house, and sent him to th
Queen
Bearing his wish, whereto the Queen agre
With such and so unmoved a majesty
She might have seemed her statue, b
that he,
Low-drooping till he wellnigh kissed h
feet
For loyal awe, saw with a sidelong eye
The shadow of some piece of pointed la
In the Queen's shadow, vibrate on t
walls,
And parted, laughing in his courtly hea

All in an oriel on the summer side,
Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace toward t
stream,
They met, and Lancelot kneeling utter
"Queen,
Lady, my liege, in whom I have my jo
Take, what I had not won except for y
These jewels, and make me happy, maki
them
An armlet for the roundest arm on ear
Or necklace for a neck to which the swa
Is tawnier than her cygnet's; these a
words.
Your beauty is your beauty, and I sin
In speaking, yet O grant my worship
it
Words, as we grant grief tears. Such sin
words,
Perchance, we both can pardon; but, n
Queen,
I hear of rumors flying through your cou
Our bond, as not the bond of man and wi
Should have in it an absoluter trust
To make up that defect; let rumors be;

1158. **Hard-won and hardly won,** with difficu
earned and almost lost. 1170. **oriel,** etc., bay win
projecting from the southern wall of the pal
1178. **tawnier,** etc., Guinevere's neck is as n
whiter than the swan's as the swan's is whiter than
of her yellowish young.

When did not rumors fly? These, as I trust
That you trust me in your own nobleness,
I may not well believe that you believe."

While thus he spoke, half-turned away, the Queen
Brake from the vast oriel-embowering vine
Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them off,
Till all the place whereon she stood was green;
Then, when he ceased, in one cold, passive hand
Received at once and laid aside the gems
There on a table near her, and replied:

"It may be I am quicker of belief
Than you believe me, Lancelot of the Lake.
Our bond is not the bond of man and wife.
This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill,
It can be broken easier. I for you
This many a year have done despite and wrong
To one whom ever in my heart of hearts
I did acknowledge nobler. What are these?
Diamonds for me! They had been thrice their worth,
Being your gift, had you not lost your own.
To loyal hearts the value of all gifts
Must vary as the giver's. Not for me!
For her! for your new fancy. Only this
Grant me, I pray you: have your joys apart.
I doubt not that, however changed, you keep
So much of what is graceful; and myself
Would shun to break those bounds of courtesy
In which as Arthur's Queen I move and rule;
So cannot speak my mind. An end to this!
A strange one! yet I take it with Amen.
So pray you, add my diamonds to her pearls;
Deck her with these; tell her she shines me down;
An armlet for an arm to which the Queen's
Is haggard, or a necklace for a neck
So as much fairer—as a faith once fair
Was richer than these diamonds—hers not mine—
Nay, by the mother of our Lord himself,
Or hers or mine, mine now to work my will—
She shall not have them."

Saying which she seized,
And, through the casement standing wide for heat,
Flung them, and down they flashed, and smote the stream.
Then from the smitten surface flashed, as it were,
Diamonds to meet them, and they passed away.
Then while Sir Lancelot leaned, in half disdain
At love, life, all things, on the window ledge,
Close underneath his eyes, and right across
Where these had fallen, slowly passed the barge
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not, burst away
To weep and wail in secret; and the barge
On to the palace-doorway sliding, paused.
There two stood armed, and kept the door; to whom,
All up the marble stair, tier over tier,
Were added mouths that gaped, and eyes that asked,
"What is it?" but that oarsman's haggard face,
As hard and still as is the face that men
Shape to their fancy's eye from broken rocks
On some cliff-side, appalled them, and they said,
"He is enchanted, cannot speak—and she,
Look how she sleeps—the Fairy Queen, so fair!
Yea, but how pale! What are they? Flesh and blood?
Or come to take the King to fairyland?
For some do hold our Arthur cannot die,
But that he passes into fairyland."

While thus they babbled of the King, the King
Came girt with knights; then turned the tongueless man
From the half-face to the full eye, and rose
And pointed to the damsel, and the doors.
So Arthur bade the meek Sir Percivale
And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid;
And reverently they bore her into hall.

"I COME TO TAKE MY LAST FAREWELL OF YOU"

Then came the fine Gawain and wondered at her,
And Lancelot later came and mused at her,
And last the Queen herself, and pitied her.
But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,
Stooped, took, brake seal, and read it; this was all:

"Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
I, sometime called the maid of Astolat,
Come, for you left me taking no farewell,
Hither, to take my last farewell of you.
I loved you, and my love had no return,
And therefore my true love has been my death.
And therefore to our Lady Guinevere,
And to all other ladies, I make moan:
Pray for my soul, and yield me burial.
Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,
As thou art a knight peerless."

Thus he read;
And ever in the reading, lords and dames
Wept, looking often from his face who read
To hers which lay so silent, and at times
So touched were they, half-thinking that
her lips,
Who had devised the letter, moved again

Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to them all
"My lord liege Arthur, and all ye that hear
Know that for this most gentle maiden
death
Right heavy am I; for good she was and
true,
But loved me with a love beyond all lov
In women, whomsoever I have known.
Yet to be loved makes not to love again
Not at my years, however it hold in youth
I swear by truth and knighthood that I gav
No cause, not willingly, for such a love
To this I call my friends in testimony,
Her brethren, and her father, who himself
Besought me to be plain and blunt, and use
To break her passion, some discourtesy
Against my nature; what I could, I did
I left her and I bade her no farewell;
Though, had I dreamt the damsel would
have died,
I might have put my wits to some rough use
And helped her from herself."

1265. **sometime**, formerly.

Then said the Queen—
ea was her wrath, yet working after storm—
Ye might at least have done her so much grace,
air lord, as would have helped her from her death."
Ie raised his head, their eyes met and hers fell,
Ie adding,

"Queen, she would not be content
ave that I wedded her, which could not be.
hen might she follow me through the world, she asked;
t could not be. I told her that her love
Vas but the flash of youth, would darken down
'o rise hereafter in a stiller flame
'oward one more worthy of her—then would I,
Iore specially were he she wedded, poor,
'state them with large land and territory
n mine own realm beyond the narrow seas,
'o keep them in all joyance; more than this
could not; this she would not, and she died."

Ie pausing, Arthur answered, "O my knight,
t will be to thy worship, as my knight,
nd mine, as head of all our Table Round,
o see that she be buried worshipfully."

o toward that shrine which then in all the realm
Vas richest, Arthur leading, slowly went
he marshaled Order of their Table Round,
nd Lancelot sad beyond his wont, to see
he maiden buried, not as one unknown,
or meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies,
nd Mass, and rolling music, like a queen.
nd when the knights had laid her comely head
ow in the dust of half-forgotten kings,
hen Arthur spake among them, "Let her tomb
e costly, and her image thereupon,
nd let the shield of Lancelot at her feet
e carven, and her lily in her hand.
nd let the story of her dolorous voyage
or all true hearts be blazoned on her tomb
letters gold and azure!" which was wrought

Thereafter. But when now the lords and dames
And people, from the high door streaming, brake
Disorderly, as homeward each, the Queen,
Who marked Sir Lancelot where he moved apart,
Drew near, and sighed in passing, "Lancelot,
Forgive me; mine was jealousy in love."
He answered with his eyes upon the ground,
"That is love's curse; pass on, my Queen, forgiven."
But Arthur, who beheld his cloudy brows,
Approached him, and with full affection said:

"Lancelot, my Lancelot, thou in whom I have
Most joy and most affiance, for I know
What thou hast been in battle by my side,
And many a time have watched thee at the tilt
Strike down the lusty and long-practiced knight,
And let the younger and unskilled go by
To win his honor and to make his name,
And loved thy courtesies and thee, a man
Made to be loved; but now I would to God,
Seeing the homeless trouble in thine eyes,
Thou couldst have loved this maiden, shaped, it seems,
By God for thee alone, and from her face,
If one may judge the living by the dead,
Delicately pure and marvelously fair,
Who might have brought thee, now a lonely man
Wifeless and heirless, noble issue, sons
Born to the glory of thy name and fame,
My knight, the great Sir Lancelot of the Lake."

Then answered Lancelot, "Fair she was, my King,
Pure, as you ever wish your knights to be.
To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart—
Yea, to be loved, if what is worthy love
Could bind him, but free love will not be bound."

"Free love, so bound, were freest," said the King.

1319. **shrine**, i.e., Westminster Abbey.

1346. **affiance**, trust.

"Let love be free; free love is for the best.
And, after heaven, on our dull side of death,
What should be best, if not so pure a love
Clothed in so pure a loveliness? Yet thee
She failed to bind, though being, as I think,
Unbound as yet, and gentle, as I know."

And Lancelot answered nothing, but he went,
And at the inrunning of a little brook
Sat by the river in a cove, and watched
The high reed wave, and lifted up his eyes
And saw the barge that brought her moving down,
Far-off, a blot upon the stream, and said
Low in himself, "Ah, simple heart and sweet,
Ye loved me, damsel, surely with a love
Far tenderer than my Queen's. Pray for thy soul?
Aye, that will I. Farewell, too—now at last—
Farewell, fair lily. 'Jealousy in love'?
Not rather dead love's harsh heir, jealous pride?
Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of love,
May not your crescent fear for name and fame
Speak, as it waxes, of a love that wanes?
Why did the King dwell on my name to me?
Mine own name shames me, seeming a reproach,
Lancelot, whom the Lady of the Lake
Caught from his mother's arms—the wondrous one
Who passes through the vision of th
night—
She chanted snatches of mysterious hymn
Heard on the winding waters; eve and mor
She kissed me, saying, 'Thou art fair, m
child,
As a king's son'; and often in her arms
She bare me, pacing on the dusky mere.
Would she had drowned me in it, where'
it be!
For what am I? What profits me my na
Of greatest knight? I fought for it, a
have it.
Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it, pai
Now grown a part of me; but what us
in it?
To make men worse by making my si
known?
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming grea
Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a ma
Not after Arthur's heart! I needs mus
break
These bonds that so defame me; n
without
She wills it. Would I, if she willed it? Nay
Who knows? But if I would not, then ma
God,
I pray him, send a sudden Angel down
To seize me by the hair and bear me far
And fling me deep in that forgotte
mere,
Among the tumbled fragments of the hills.

So groaned Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain
Not knowing he should die a holy man.

1411. She, Guinevere.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

Four idylls intervene between "Gareth and Lynette" and "Lancelot and Elaine." The story of Gareth shows Arthur's knights as living up to their vows. Young men like Gareth followed without misgiving or hesitation those lofty ideals. In "The Marriage of Geraint," Guinevere exhibits her queenly kindness, but the rumor of her love for Lancelot leads Geraint to break his vow "To ride abroad redressing human wrongs," for he shuts himself up in a distant castle to preserve his wife, Enid, from taint at court. In "Geraint and Enid," Geraint puts his wife to cruel tests, and though the two are finally very happy together, he withdraws permanently from the court. The king himself finds many of his representatives wanting an has to replace them with more upright men. I "Balin and Balan," the story of two brothers Balin tries to become a perfect knight b emulating Lancelot and worshiping Guinevere When, by accident, he discovers the wicked lov of the Queen and Lancelot, he loses his mind In a sudden combat, the brothers wound each other mortally, but do not recognize each othe till a few minutes before they die. In "Merlin and Vivien," Merlin, the wizard at Arthur' court, the embodiment of human wisdom an science, is brought to his death by Vivien, wh represents the utmost disloyalty and the lowes craftiness. These idylls show how Arthur' knights gradually declined from the pure loyalty

f Gareth's day because of the suspicion and listrust that grew out of the sinful love of Lancelot and Guinevere.

The present idyll represents this influence as xtending to the innocent far from the court. The story itself was long a favorite with Tenny-on. In one of his early poems, "The Lady of Shalott," he told it in musical rime. There he wove an allegory into it, by making the heroine epresent a poet, or some other artist, who puts nto her poetry the reflection of the world pass-ng by. Unlike the early poem, and unlike Gareth and Lynette," this idyll should be read vithout much thought of allegory. It is a omantic tale of deep and innocent love, which evertheless brings only death.

Questions and Topics

I. The Story

1. This story begins in the midst of the ction. Is there any advantage in so doing? Where does the poet turn back to the begin-ing? How long does it take him to reach he starting point again?

2. Whose story is this chiefly—Lancelot's or Elaine's? Show by a brief summary why you hink so.

3. What scene do you regard as the most ramatic—that is, the scene that would be most triking if it were acted on a stage? Show hat struggle it contains and how the actor or ctress would reveal this struggle to the audi-nce.

4. Is there a distinct turning-point to this tory? If so, can you show that the fortunes f some character decrease after that point?

5. Compare the tournament in this idyll ith the one in *Ivanhoe*, Chapters VII-XII.

6. What purpose did Arthur have in found-g the justs? Why were the populace interested n them? What was Lancelot's purpose in ntering them? Why does Lancelot worship rthur? What opinion of Arthur does Guine-ere express? What opinion do you hold? Do ou find reason for supposing that Arthur sus-ects Guinevere? Do you find evidence for inking that he does not? In "Gareth and ynette" Arthur seemed most concerned for the utward and material safety of his kingdom. or what does he seem most concerned now? o you think he lacks the "craft to rule"? uote passages to support your view.

7. Is Guinevere's sickness of the body or of e mind? What is her chief preoccupation efore the tournament? In what parts does she ow her jealousy? What seems to be her chief terest in life?

8. Had Arthur's court any influence on aine's family before Lancelot appeared in their hall? In what ways through the story does Elaine show her willfulness? Is there any family trait appearing in all the members of her family? Why did she fall in love with Lancelot? What features of the way in which she was brought up and of her mode of life account for her proposal to Lancelot? Why did she wish to be borne to Camelot after her death? Account for the remark of each character concerning her. What is the sequel to Elaine's dream in lines 210-214? Compare her with Guinevere.

9. How has Gawain figured in earlier idylls? Exactly what commission did Arthur send him on? Why did he carry out the commission as he did? How does his wooing of Elaine differ from Lancelot's treatment of her? Which was the more courteous? What is your final estimate of Gawain's character?

10. Why does Lancelot go unknown to the diamond tournament? What falsehood is he guilty of? Trace step by step the way in which his deception causes the whole tragedy. Why does his disguising himself seem wrong, although Gareth's seems excusable? Do you think Lancelot did right to wear Elaine's favor? What "rough use" could he have employed to "help her from herself"? Do you think Lancelot was truly repentant? Do you admire him or condemn him utterly? Compare him with Arthur as a knight. In what ways was he better? In what ways, worse?

11. In this idyll what signs do you find of the gradual decay of Arthur's kingdom? Are his knights less loyal to him than in "Gareth and Lynette"? Do they keep their vows less strictly? Is the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere working further harm?

12. Look up some definitions of romance. What elements of romance do you find in the events of this idyll? In the characters?

II. Intensive Study

A. For oral discussion in class (lines 982-996).

1. Why is the case called an "empty labor"?
2. How could she hear and see him yet?
3. Why is Death like a friend's voice? Explain the whole figure.
4. What picture do you gain from the last two lines?
5. What notion of Elaine's character do you gain from this passage? Quote passages in support of your conception.
6. How does the passage make you *feel* about Elaine?

B. For oral reading in class.

Select some passage to read aloud to the class as the basis for discussion.

III. Modern Problems

1. What is true courtesy? See if you can find examples in modern life or among your acquaintances of the kind of courtesy shown by Gawain and also by Lancelot.

2. Lancelot's falsehood had tragic consequences. You have probably known of no case with equal results, but relate some case of falsehood that has come under your observation where the consequences were serious.

3. Elaine says, "He makes no friend who never made a foe." Do you think this true? Give instances to support your belief.

IV. Poetic Elements

This idyll is very rich in rhythmical passages, in picturesque descriptions, in fine figures of speech, in musical lines. For class work proceed as in the directions for "Gareth a Lynette," page 458, section VI.

V. Comparison with Malory

Read Malory's version of this same st (Book XVIII, Chapter viii-xx). It is very teresting to note in what ways the ninetee century poet changed it. You can make better report to the class if you look for speci differences; as, changes in events either omission or by addition, with some guesses to the reasons for the change. You may a study the changes in the characters, as Gawain, Sir Lancelot, Elaine; note the omissi of some characters, as Sir Bors. How do th changes in character affect the course of t story?

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

That story which the bold Sir Bedivere,
First made and latest left of all the knights,
Told, when the man was no more than a voice
In the white winter of his age, to those
With whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.

For on their march to westward, Bedivere,
Who slowly paced among the slumbering host,
Heard in his tent the moanings of the King:

"I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I marked Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it, and make it beautiful?
Or else as if the world were wholly fair,
But that these eyes of men are dense and dim,
And have not power to see it as it is.

Perchance, because we see not to the close
For I, being simple, thought to work H
will,
And have but stricken with the sword
vain;
And all whereon I leaned in wife a
friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my rea
Reels back into the beast, and is no mo
My God, thou hast forgotten me in m
death;
Nay—God my Christ—I pass but sh
not die."

Then, ere that last weird battle in t
West,
There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawa
killed
In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawa
blown
Along a wandering wind, and past his e
Went shrilling, "Hollow, hollow all delig
Hail, King! tomorrow thou shalt pa
away.
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee.
And I am blown along a wandering win
And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight

6. **march to westward**, i.e., to overthrow the traitor Modred.

26. **Reels back**, etc., sinks into its former wretch condition. See "The Coming of Arthur," lines 5-
28. **I pass**. See "The Coming of Arthur," line 418-4

nd fainter onward, like wild birds that change
heir season in the night and wail their way
rom cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
hrilled; but in going mingled with dim cries
ar in the moonlit haze among the hills,
s of some lonely city sacked by night,
Vhen all is lost, and wife and child with wail
ass to new lords; and Arthur woke and called,
Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind,
hine, Gawain, was the voice—are these dim cries
hine? Or doth all that haunts the waste and wild
Iourn, knowing it will go along with me?"

his heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake:
O me, my King, let pass whatever will,
lves, and the harmless glamour of the field;
ut in their stead thy name and glory cling
o all high places like a golden cloud
orever; but as yet thou shalt not pass.
ight was Gawain in life, and light in death
Gawain, for the ghost is as the man;
nd care not thou for dreams from him, but rise—
hear the steps of Modred in the West,
nd with him many of thy people, and knights
nce thine, whom thou hast loved, but grosser grown
han heathen, spitting at their vows and thee.
ight well in heart they know thee for the King.
ise, go forth and conquer as of old."

ien spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
Far other is this battle in the West,
hereto we move, than when we strove in youth,
nd brake the petty kings, and fought with Rome,
Or thrust the heathen from the Roman wall,
And shook him through the North. Ill doom is mine
To war against my people and my knights.
The king who fights his people fights himself.
And they my knights, who loved me once, the stroke
That strikes them dead is as my death to me.
Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way
Through this blind haze, which ever since I saw
One lying in the dust at Almesbury,
Hath folded in the passes of the world."

Then rose the King and moved his host by night,
And ever pushed Sir Modred, league by league,
Back to the sunset bound of Lyonesse—
A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again;
Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt,
And the long mountains ended in a coast
Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
The phantom circle of a moaning sea.
There the pursuer could pursue no more,
And he that fled, no further fly the King;
And there, that day when the great light of heaven
Burned at his lowest in the rolling year,
On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.
Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the West.
A death-white mist slept over sand and sea,
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought.
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,

62. **glamour of the field,** fairies and other spirits of ure.

69. **Roman wall.** See note on line 511, page 429.
77. **One lying,** etc., Guinevere, who having fled to the nunnery at Almesbury, threw herself to the ground at Arthur's coming, and so heard his judgment and forgiveness. 78. **Hath folded,** etc., has caused a mistiness everywhere.

And friend slew friend, not knowing whom he slew;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed, many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battle-axes on shattered helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Looked up for heaven, and only saw the mist;
And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Last, as by some one deathbed after wail
Of suffering, silence follows, or through death
Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,
Save for some whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide
Rose, and the pale King glanced across the field
Of battle; but no man was moving there,
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down
Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,
And shivered brands that once had fought with Rome,
And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,
And whiter than the mist that all day long
Had held the field of battle was the King:

"Hearest thou this great voice that shake
the world,
And wastes the narrow realm whereon w
move,
And beats upon the faces of the dead,
My dead, as though they had not died f
me?—
O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fall
Confusion, till I know not what I am,
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be Kin
Behold, I seem but King among the dead.

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere: "M
King,
King everywhere! and so the dead hav
kings,
There also will I worship thee as King.
Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live
Who love thee; but who hates thee, he tha
brought
The heathen back among us, yonder stand
Modred unharmed, the traitor of thin
house."

Then spake the King: "My house hat
been my doom.
But call not thou this traitor of my hous
Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof wit
me.
My house are rather they who sware m
vows,
Yea, even while they brake them, owne
me King.
And well for thee, saying in my dark hour
When all the purport of my throne hath
failed,
That quick or dead thou holdest me fo
King.
King am I, whatsoever be their cry;
And one last act of knighthood shalt thou
see
Yet, ere I pass." And uttering this, the King
Made at the man; then Modred smote hi
liege
Hard on that helm which many a heathen
sword
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea

117. voices, echoes of the last cries.

139. great voice, the ocean. 153. thine house. Se
"The Coming of Arthur," lines 317-324. 161. quick, living

"THOU THEREFORE TAKE MY BRAND EXCALIBUR"

Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord,
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of today unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall nevermore, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made—
Though Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more; but, let what will be, be.
I am so deeply smitten through the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride; for thou rememberest how

In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I rowed across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known.
But now delay not; take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere;
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm—
A little thing may harm a wounded man;
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stepped,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,

206. **lightly**, quickly. 215. **mighty bones**, probably those of the early Danish invaders of Britain reputed to have been of "great stature."

Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt;
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw; but at the last it seemed
Better to leave Excalibur concealed
There in the many-knotted water-flags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen, or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseemed
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight;
For surer sign had followed, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

248. lief, beloved.

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? But were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Someone might show it at a just of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen, or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying King,
Laid widowed of the power in his eye
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence;
But if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutched the sword,
And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea,
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur;
But ere he dipped the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:

"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out; what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not though I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick;
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

297. for, since. 307. streamer, etc., the aurora borealis. 308. moving isles of winter, icebergs. 315. other, Bedivere.

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armèd heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold; and from them rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,
And called him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a brow
Striped with dark blood; for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the withered moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dashed with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parched with dust;
Or clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shattered column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord-Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?

366. **Three Queens.** See note on line 275, page 425.

383. **dashed**, etc., spattered with blood from the battle. 401. **holy Elders**, the three wise men. 408. **The old order changeth.** Cf. "The Coming of Arthur," line 508.

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go,
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt—
To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow.
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had passed for evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groaned, "The King is gone."
And therewithal came on him the weird rime,
"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whereat he slowly turned and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag;
Thence marked the black hull moving yet, and cried,
"He passes to be King among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again; but—if he come no more—
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,
Who shrieked and wailed, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seemed there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

427. **Avilion.** See "Gareth and Lynette," line 492.
435. **fluting,** etc., an old belief.
445. **From the great deep,** etc. Cf. "The Coming of Arthur," line 410. 454. **high day.** See "The Coming of Arthur," lines 271-278.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The four idylls that intervene between "Lancelot and Elaine" and "The Passing of Arthur" trace the way in which the love of Lancelot and the Queen destroyed the ideals of Arthur's court and broke up the knighthood which he had gathered together. In "The Holy Grail" we learn that the times grew so evil that the Grail, or cup, from which Christ drank at the last supper and which had been brought to Glastonbury in England, disappeared. The knights of the Round Table, though most of them did not have sufficient purity for such a quest, set out to search for it. Of course they could not at the same time "ride abroad redressing human wrongs," as they had vowed to do on becoming Arthur's knights. Moreover, most of them never returned. In "Pelleas and Ettarre" we see one of the new knights misled by a woman who surpassed Guinevere in faithlessness. Pelleas does not kill his supplanter, Gawain, but he does bring home to the Queen and her lover the havoc their sin is working. "The Last Tournament" sketches the very famous story of Tristram and Iseult—a story similar to that of Lancelot and Guinevere. The husband of Iseult, Mark, who was not admitted to the Table Round, takes revenge by slipping up stealthily on Tristram and murdering him. "Guinevere" shows how sin finally drives the Queen to a nunnery. You should read the speech in "Guinevere" (lines 529-577) in which King Arthur bids her farewell, for it sums up her influence in destroying the Order of the Round Table. In the present idyll we see that destruction accomplished. Evil seems to be victorious, but there is a faint promise that Arthur will return to restore the reign of goodness and virtue.

Questions and Topics

I. The Story

1. Why is Arthur despondent? State definitely what aims of his he has failed to achieve. What details of the scene and of the times are in keeping with his despondency?

2. Do you think of the battle as a series of events or as a picture? Why was not Arthur able, as in previous times, to win a complete victory over his enemies? Why did he feel that he had to give up Excalibur?

3. Why does Bedivere disobey Arthur? Would he have done so earlier? What does Arthur mean in line 289? When does a ruler have authority? How does Bedivere finally make sure that he will obey Arthur?

4. Is there any significance in the fact that Arthur leaves by the sea, as he came? Do you think the conclusion sad or hopeful?

5. In comparing this, the last of the idylls, with the first, "The Coming of Arthur," we may bear certain topics in mind. What is the season of the year in each? Is the season appropriate to the events of each idyll? How does the scene of this idyll differ from the scene of the first? Is each scene appropriate? Do you think the scene after the battle is intended to correspond in any way with "The Coming of Arthur," lines 5-33? Is the part of Gawain here in keeping with his appearance there and in other idylls? Compare the finding of Excalibur with the return of it. What plans had Arthur in the beginning? How does Arthur here explain the failure of his work? What knights had most to do with destroying his kingdom? Is the departure of his barge intended to correspond with his coming on a wave of the sea?

6. Reviewing the idylls that you have read, set down the characters that stand out most clearly in your memory. Which one do you admire most, and why? (In giving your reasons you should cite definite actions from more than one idyll.) Which woman character stands out most distinctly and for what reasons? What combat is most thrilling? What deed is most noble? What event is most pathetic?

7. As idyll means "a little picture," you should expect many scenes to be so vividly presented that you will treasure them in your memory. Select two such scenes from each idyll, and be prepared to read each aloud to the class and explain why you like them best. The class can then vote for the one scene in each idyll that is best.

II. Modern Problems

1. From Tennyson's description of this last battle, do you gather that he thinks of war as heroic or horrible? Collect as many instances as you can from recent wars to show why you think him right or wrong.

2. Sir Bedivere thinks King Arthur wrong in wishing to throw Excalibur into the mere, yet he finally obeys. Collect instances from modern life to show why obedience to officials is necessary.

3. Among Arthur's last words are the famous lines:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Describe to the class (*a*) some social custom or business system that is "yielding place to new," and explain why you think the new better; (*b*) some other institution, (like chivalry) which once served a useful end, but has now disappeared.

4. In this idyll wrong seems to triumph over right, disloyalty over the desire to cleanse the world of evil, yet there is promise of better times in the future. From your observation of life or from your reading of history, do you find reason for agreeing or disagreeing with Tennyson, so far as our own times are concerned?

5. In looking back over the idylls as a whole, what cases do you find of the innocent suffering through no fault of their own? Who is really responsible in each case for the suffering? Can you find cases in your own experience or in that of your parents where disloyalty or envy or hatred has caused the innocent to suffer? Do you know of any community where the members trust each other and bear in mind the good of all? Is the world getting better or worse in this respect?

III. Poetic Elements

Bring to class at least five examples of phrases and lines where the sound echoes the sense and in fact helps to express the sense. You are familiar with this in such words as *hiss*, *buzz*, *moan*, *hum*. Poets often make lines and longer passages strikingly echo the meaning.

In his description of the battle Tennyson very frequently uses words of this kind. For example, the words in italics in the quotation which follows help very much to give a sense of the din of battle:

"And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the *splintering* spear, the *hard mail* hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the *clash* of brands, the *crash*
Of *battle-axes* on *shattered* helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Looked up for heaven, and only saw the mist."

A few lines below he gives a sense of quiet and hush by the mere sound and movement of the verse. The many *s*-sounds have a soothing effect. Note how many *s*'s appear in lines 118-122.

"Last, as by some one deathbed after wail
Of suffering, silence follows, or through death
Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,
Save for that whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell."

Sometimes, as where the thought is melancholy, the poet wishes to make the movement of the lines run very slowly. He is then likely to bring in a good many *o*-sounds, with *l*'s, *m*'s, *n*'s, and *ng*'s among the consonants. Note these lines:

"And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be."

In the passages which you select as containing the most beautiful pictures, you should draw the attention of the class, when you read aloud, to the lines that suggest the idea by the sound or by the rhythm.

Perhaps you will wish to look back over the earlier idylls to see how often Tennyson has used this device before.

INTERESTING BOOKS ABOUT THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

One or more reports should be made to the class on each of these divisions:

I. Tales of Chivalry

Malory, Sir Thomas: *Le Morte D'Arthur*. *Everyman* edition in two volumes. This is easy to read. For the old words there is a glossary at the end of Volume II.
Morte Darthur, Globe edition. The language is a little antiquated, but you will soon get used to it. To get the real flavor of medieval romance, you ought to read Malory himself.

Guest, Lady Charlotte: *Mabinogion*. *Everyman* edition. This famous volume gives many Welsh tales of the same age as Malory's. The story you will like best (probably) is called "Kilhwch and Olwen." It wanders a good deal, but some passages are so charming you will wish to read them to the class for comparison with Tennyson.

Lanier, Sidney: *The Boy's King Arthur*. The stories are retold in modern English, and illustrated in color. You will have no difficulty in following the many adventures.

Pollard, Alfred W.: *The Romance of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table*. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

Pyle, Howard: *Story of King Arthur and His Knights*. *Story of Sir Lancelot and His Companions*. *Story of the Champions of*

the Round Table. Story of the Grail and the Passing of Arthur. These volumes are the most recent retelling of the stories in Malory. They are handsomely illustrated by the author.

Krapp, George Philip: *Tales of True Knights.* These delightful stories are just as old as many of those told by Malory, and the book is illustrated.

II. Medieval Life and Customs

Quennell, Marjorie, and C. H. B.: *A History of Everyday Things in England.* Volume I, 1066-1499; Volume II, 1500-1799. The first volume tells of the age of knighthood. The best way to find what you want is to turn the pages, looking at the title at the top of each and at the illustrations.

Tappan, Eva March: *When Knights Were Bold.* This is not only very interesting but is well illustrated. The first seven chapters are particularly important for Malory and the *Idylls*, but Chapters X and XV are also helpful.

Van Loon, Hendrik: *The Story of Mankind.* You will find Chapters 32-38 very brief but vivid accounts of the way people lived and worked in those far-off days.

III. Poems Dealing with Arthurian Legend

Arnold, Matthew: "Tristram and Iseult." This poem deals with a different branch of the Arthurian story, but it is a very beautiful poem. In reporting on it, you should read some of the passages that picture the medieval knight and castle, or the two Iseults, and so on.

Lowell, James Russell: "The Vision of Sir Launfal." This poem must be familiar to all the class, but some member should show how it differs from Malory and Tennyson.

Robinson, Edwin Arlington: "Lancelot: a Poem." The story begins as Lancelot is about to leave for France, with a conversation between Gawain and Lancelot.

"Merlin: A Poem." The story tells of Merlin's return to Lancelot as Arthur discovers the relations of Lancelot and Guinevere. It is a very interesting poem for comparison with Tennyson's "Merlin and Vivien."

Scott, Sir Walter: "The Bridal of Triermain." This poem contains an Arthurian episode in which Merlin appears. The other characters are not to be found in Malory. It is very romantic.

IV. Editions of Tennyson

Poems: The Globe or the Cambridge edition is complete in one volume.

Idylls of the King: Vivien, Elaine, Enid, Guinevere, with sixty original decorations by G. W. Rhead and L. Rhead.

Elaine. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. This old book contains pictures of a style not seen very often in these days.

V. Books about Tennyson and His Work

Huckel, Oliver: *Through England with Tennyson.* Chapters XI-XV deal with the King Arthur country. If you are interested in learning the modern spots supposed to be referred to in the *Idylls of the King*, these chapters will hold your attention for several hours.

Lyall, Alfred: *Tennyson.* This biography in the *English Men of Letters Series* will give all the facts the ordinary reader wishes.

Tennyson, Hallam: *Life of Tennyson.* The two volumes contain many interesting details. You would need a long time to read the two books.

van Dyke, Henry: *The Poetry of Tennyson.* This commentary shows how Tennyson differs from other poets. You might be most interested in the account of the *Idylls.*

Reports

I. Tales of Chivalry. In reporting on any books under this heading, you should not attempt to retell the story. You can interest your classmates more by telling just enough to show the kind of story it is. Then pick out a passage you particularly like and read it to the class. You may wish to show how the story differs from Tennyson's *Idylls.* You may in many cases compare the Knight with Lancelot, as to the kind of adventure he meets and to the traits of character he displays. For example, was he as brave, or as courteous?

II. Medieval Life and Customs. Here you should select particular topics, as the castles of that time, the armor or the adventures of a knight, the government of towns and of the whole country. You should give enough specific details from the book to make your report interesting to the class. You should also make clear how far these topics appear in the *Idylls.*

III. Poems Dealing with Arthur. Your prime purpose here should be to show how the poem differs from the *Idylls.* Besides the notes under each title, observe the following suggestions. Robinson's "Lancelot": 1. How does Robinson bring out the conflict in Lancelot between his love for Guinevere and his spiritual

yearning? 2. How does the period of the Arthurian story covered in this poem differ from the *Idylls*? 3. Are Lancelot and Guinevere more, or less, modern than in Tennyson? Show why you think so by citing particular thoughts and speeches. 4. What was the light that haunted Lancelot? 5. What democratic ideas appear in the poem? Robinson's "Merlin": 1. Are Gawain and Modred different from Tennyson's picture of them? 2. Is there anyone in Tennyson like Lamorak? 3. Why does Merlin leave Vivien? 4. Why, according to the poem, was Camelot to be ruined? 5. Why does Merlin wish to roam over the earth? 6. Compare Robinson's treatment of Arthurian material with Tennyson's.

IV. **Tennyson.** In reading further in Tennyson, perhaps your first interest will be to dip into the other idylls. Or perhaps you will wish to report on some of his shorter poems. Look first at these to see which you like best: "The Dying Swan," "The Miller's Daughter," "Dora," "The Lotos-Eaters," "Ulysses," "Tithonus," "Locksley Hall," "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," "The Day Dream," "Break, Break, Break," "Enoch Arden," "The Brook," the songs in *The Princess*, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Revenge," "Crossing the Bar." You should dip into "In Memoriam" to see if you like it. In reporting to the class, you can speak of Tennyson's descriptions, or the beauty of his verse, or any ideas that especially appeal to you.

Particularly interesting will be the following short poems of Tennyson dealing with Arthurian material. If you will think out the answers to the questions, you will enjoy both the poems and the idylls more.

Sir Galahad

You will enjoy this poem about Arthur's purest knight more if you read from the idyll, "The Holy Grail," lines 134-337, 457-539. They tell of how he actually found the Grail. The Grail was fabled to have been brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea, but because of the sinfulness of the times it disappeared. When King Arthur organized the Table Round and cleansed the world, it was thought the Grail might return. In the present poem Sir Galahad gives in each stanza a separate picture from his wanderings.

Questions

1. What stanzas show Galahad in the usual pursuits of chivalry? Even in those does he differ from other knights? In what stanzas do his adventures seem very different from those of other knights? What stanzas give the hope and ambition of Galahad?

2. How does Galahad's ambition differ from Gareth's or Arthur's? Which do you consider the higher? Are there persons in the world today who have a similar ideal or ambition?

3. As a poem, how does this differ from "The Holy Grail"? Why does Tennyson use so much rime here? Which of the pictures is most typical of Sir Galahad?

Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere

Questions

1. Have you ever seen a spring like the one described in the first two stanzas? What parts of the description seem to you the most lovely?

2. In the fourth stanza, why is Guinevere's speed compared to that of fairies?

3. What is there in the last stanza to explain the action of Sir Lancelot in the *Idylls*?

4. Compare this poem with "Guinevere," 376-397. Which do you think the more beautiful?

The Lady of Shalott

The story of this poem resembles that of Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, related at length in "Lancelot and Elaine." It was printed twenty-six years before the idyll was written, and shows how early the Arthurian story had interested Tennyson. You should compare this with the idyll to see the poet's purpose in each.

Questions

1. What notion do you gain from Part I concerning Shalott and the lady who lived there? What is her occupation, and why does she tire of it?

2. Do you feel that Sir Lancelot is handsome enough to make her forget the "curse"? What was the curse?

3. In what way does Tennyson make the autumn weather seem different in Part IV from that in the rest of the poem? Why does he? Why does the Lady wish to go to Camelot?

4. Why is Sir Lancelot interested in her?

5. Which story seems to you more pathetic, that of Elaine or of the Lady of Shalott?

A READING LIST FOR PARTS I AND II

1. Recent Short Stories

Before you begin reading, draw up a list of things to look for in this field. For example, you will almost certainly wish to ask yourself, on laying down a story, whether it is interesting chiefly for its characters, its setting, or its events. It is well to think out also what kind of truth it possesses; that is, is it a picturesque view of local customs and peculiarities without looking beneath the surface, or is it a revelation of secret ideals and the deepest motives that move men?

Bercovici, Konrad: *Ghitza and Other Romances of Gypsy Blood.* The title story takes you into a different world from the one you have lived in.

Cobb, Irvin S.: *On an Island that Cost $24.00.* Read the story that gives the title to the volume, and follow it with "The End of the Chain" and "A Coyote in Central Park." How much local color is there in these stories?

Doyle, A. Conan: *The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes.* "The Adventure of the Three Garridebs" is full of mystery.

Tales of Sherlock Holmes contains a famous mystery, "The Sign of the Four."

Hergesheimer, Joseph: *The Happy End.* Begin with "Bread" and "Tol'able David" as presentations of memorable characters.

Johnson, Owen: *Murder in Any Degree.* It contains a corking mystery in "One Hundred in the Dark."

Lardner, Ring: *The Round Up.* "I Can't Breathe" and "Kate Wins a Home" are very amusing.

Tarkington, Booth: *The Fascinating Stranger and Other Stories.* Try "The One-Hundred-Dollar Bill" and "Mary Smith."

Penrod. You might begin with "Penrod's Busy Day."

2. Recent Narrative Verse

In reading narrative verse always keep in mind the quality which poetry adds to the interest that the same story would have in prose. In your report, either oral or written, bring out this quality in each writer by quotations. What general features of story-telling should be included in your report?

Benét, Stephen Vincent: *John Brown's Body.* After you get into it the narrative is as interesting as an adventure story.

Masefield, John: *Dauber,* a powerful story of the sea.

Midsummer Night, ballads retelling some of the King Arthur legends. Compare it with Tennyson's version.

Reynard the Fox, a stirring account of a fox-hunt.

Neihardt, John G.: *The Song of Three Friends* and *The Song of Hugh Glass,* engrossing tales of the American frontier.

Robinson, Edwin Arlington: *Tristram.* This may prove a little hard to understand, but if you like it, it holds a haunting beauty.

3. Recent Biography

One form of story-telling that has enjoyed since the World War a vogue never before attained, is biography. It is the narrative of a man's life. Complete biographies are too long to be included in a book like this, but your school library or the public library will contain most of the following volumes or others equally alluring. In your reports bring out elements of story-telling in this new type of narrative that are not prominent in the selections in Parts I and II. Here are some suggestions. Is there a plot? If not, what means does the author employ to keep up your interest? How does he give you an idea of the character of the subject of his biography? Try to account for the tremendous popularity of this kind of writing. In so doing, compare it with other forms of narration that you have studied thus far.

Peter Stuyvesant and His Times, by Hendrik Van Loon. This will give you a new picture of conditions in this country during the colonial period.

John Paul Jones, by Phillips Russell. The fascinating life of our first great naval hero.

John Jacob Astor, by Arthur D. Howden Smith. This reveals how an immigrant became a millionaire.

Kit Carson, by Stanley Vestal. One of the most famous scouts in our history.

Frémont, the West's Great Adventurer, by Allan Nevins. A spectacular career.

Skyward, by Commander Richard E. Byrd. An autobiographical recital by a hero of our own day, a leader in aviation.

The Revolt in the Desert, by T. E. Lawrence. The story of a man who made himself king.

Hunger Fighters, by Paul de Kruif. Heroes of science who worked from a love of truth.

The Training of an American: The Earlier Life and Letters of Walter H. Page, 1855-1913, by Burton J. Hendrick. Page was one of our distinguished public servants and leaders of opinion.

PART III

STORIES IN DRAMA

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

—Shakespeare

NEW SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATER, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Acme Photograph

STORIES IN DRAMA

AN INTRODUCTION

You have now become acquainted with two different forms of stories. You have read stories in prose and stories in verse. Before proceeding to drama, the story in action, let us glance back at these two for a moment. Prose narrative today, whether in short story, novel, or romance, has far outstripped every other kind of reading. A century ago to sit down and read a prose story was a rare pleasure. Today prose fiction fills magazines, weekly and monthly, thick and thin, large and small, and pours forth in an unending stream of books. A reader, no matter what his interests, can pick out the kind he likes best—baseball, mystery, humor, strong character portrayal, stories saturated with "local color." But this flood of prose has not drowned out the love of narrative verse. The poet has something to give which the prose writer lacks. He envelops his tale in a richer and more entrancing atmosphere. The rhythmic flow of verse carries home, with an intensity of effect not commonly found in prose, the true significance of the incidents or of the characters. The events often move against a background of nature or other pictorial beauty enhanced by the use of poetic diction or figures of speech that are more natural to verse than to prose. In addition, the poet may add to the reader's enjoyment by skillful use of rime. Through such devices the verse writer often achieves effects that are not possible for the writer of prose to match.

Drama, the third way of telling a story, is not so widespread as prose and verse, but it offers a pleasure different in kind and quite intense in flavor. It consists, not in relating the occurrences, but in telling the story *in action before an audience.* Instead of following the events as they are recounted in the first or third person, we see them actually happening before our eyes. We hear the words spoken. We watch the persons as they try to accomplish this purpose or that. We almost certainly take sides with them or against them and exult in their victory or defeat. For, even more than in any other kind of story-telling, drama builds its plot on struggle and conflict. One man sets out to achieve some object dear to his heart. The plot shows the steps by which he succeeds or fails. The "point," or climax, of the play is the outcome of the conflict between one man and another or between man and circumstances. As on the street a fight, even a dog-fight, stops every passer-by, so a conflict of wills on the stage holds the audience in the keenest suspense.

The effect is partly due to the fact that a struggle reveals character. If you know how a man behaves in the face of difficulties you know some of the most important aspects of his nature. To bring this significance out more clearly, the playwright contrasts the various characters (see page 12), throwing into relief the dominant traits of each. The drama becomes a spectacle of human life, in which the trivial and the tedious drop from sight and the significant and the vital stand out with revealing distinctness. It therefore satisfies one of our deepest demands for any kind of fiction—that it portray truth in character or action. We read fiction to live more variously than anyone can in his own single life. We may wish to join in the gayety of merry spirits at a country house or enter into the fierce ambitions of Eastern warriors upon their

sandy plains. But beneath the witty repartee of the drawing-room or the barbaric panoply of war we crave for human beings whose motives we can recognize and whose actions seem to us natural or, in serious concerns, inevitable. Drama, because of its way of telling a story, does enable us to look into human nature, sometimes into the innermost recesses of the heart. After watching a great play, we come away with a profound sense of how fearfully and wonderfully we are made, of what unsuspected forces rule our lives.

These statements are true only of a well-acted play, for a drama is fully understood only when it is acted in a theater before an audience. When the different rôles are taken by actors who enter into the parts, we sit enthralled by the unfolding of the plot. Every speech becomes significant. The costumes, the scenes in which the events take place, the lifting of an eyebrow, the waving of a hand, an inflection of the voice—all these various elements enter into our impressions. For a brief time we are privileged to witness the persons of the play at a crisis in their lives, when their deepest instincts come to the surface. To read the play does not give us this same advantage, for most of us cannot picture the facial expression or reproduce the tones of the voice with the vividness necessary to create the illusion. To derive the unique pleasure of this form of story-telling it is therefore well-nigh essential that the play be acted out. Fortunately most of the plays in this section are not too difficult for high-school students. Several of them are short enough to be given in a single class period. Even in the last two, scenes can be acted out to reveal the quality of the whole play. After some of these actual productions each of you will be better able to read a play, for you can then better imagine how each speech is delivered, how the character feels and acts and speaks as he is saying it. When you reach this point, you will be able to attend the theater at any time of day or night. All you will have to do is open the printed copy of the play, read the lines, and watch, in your mind's eye, the characters, grave or mirthful, moving before the background that the playwright has provided for them.

This last section of your book should lead you to capture this singular pleasure. The first dramas are one-act plays. They correspond to the long plays that fill an evening at the theater as the short story corresponds to the novel. (See pages 149-150.) Each deals with a single situation, a single plot, introduces few characters, and moves rapidly to a climax. The one-act play is among the most conspicuous developments of this century. It may be either a story of action, in which interest is aroused by thrilling or amusing situations, or a story of character, in which the interest depends chiefly on the personalities of the people who take part in the action or on the social conditions presented. The first play in this book, *The Beau of Bath*, is a play of sentiment. The love which the leader of fashion has not been able to declare in the day of his reign is realized for a moment in the dream of his decline. Thus in imagination he attains a victory which he had denied himself in actuality. Such is the mission of romance. The second, *Enter the Hero*, is a play of character. Here the struggle comes out more sharply. The young man and the maid have their fight out, but such is her self-deception that she makes defeat look like victory. Its mood is realistic. The third, *Sham*, is a play of satire. The conflict again is between a man and a woman, but it is waged in such a fashion as to light up whole tracts of petty rivalry and social ambition.

Following these recent plays come two classics of our language. Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* has been played for a century and a half to the delight of countless audiences. Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, one of the richest romantic comedies in the long list of works of the great dramatist, closes the part. A special introduction helps you to understand why it has been acted for more than three centuries, and why no one who has read it can forget the gayety and charm and romance of its characters.

THE BEAU OF BATH*

CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

CHARACTERS

BEAU NASH
JEPSON, HIS SERVANT
THE LADY OF THE PORTRAIT

PLACE: *Bath.*
TIME: *Christmas Eve, 1750.*
SCENE: *A room in the Beau's apartment.*

Furniture and hangings of faded splendor. Candles gleam in silver sconces. Christmas holly hangs here and there. At the left a fire burns on the hearth, first with small blue dancing flames then deepening to a rosy glow.

At the right there is an inlaid desk with candles burning on it; toward background a door opening into another room of the apartment.

In the center background hangs the life-sized portrait of a lady dressed in the fashion of the early eighteenth century. Her dress is a shimmer of rose-colored satin. Beneath her faintly powdered hair her face is young, dawn-tinted, starry-eyed. There are no other portraits in the room.

At the rise of the curtain BEAU NASH *is discovered seated at a round lacquered table, center foreground. He is an old man, still very erect and stately, very much the great dandy. The soft light of the room hides whatever ravages of time there may be in his face. It also hides the fact that the seams of the black velvet suit he is wearing are growing gray, and that the creamy lace ruffles that grace his sleeves and jabot have been very often mended. Near him stands his servant, an old man slightly stooped, wearing a shabby brown cloth suit with a buff vest and tarnished gold buttons. He looks at his master adoringly.*

JEPSON. And is that all, sir?
BEAU NASH. Bring my snuffbox. So! Where are the cards?

JEPSON. [*Bringing a pack of cards on a silver tray.*] Here, sir.
BEAU NASH. Now you may go.

[JEPSON *pauses.*]

You hesitate?
JEPSON. [*With feeling.*] Why, sir, I'm loath to see
You sitting here alone.
BEAU NASH. This room, for me,
Is filled with memories.
JEPSON. Aye, sir, I know.
I've served you thirty years and seen the flow
And ebb of fortune, and I cannot bear
Night after night to—
BEAU NASH. Jepson, all that's fair
Passes and fades. Even the eagle's wings
Grow slow with age. Content with little things
Is wisest.

[JEPSON *fetches a score pad and pencil from the desk, and stands waiting with them at his master's table.*]

JEPSON. Yes, sir.
BEAU NASH. [*Watching fire.*] See how strangely blue
The little flames are. *If it should be true. . .*
JEPSON. [*Puzzled.*] Sir?
BEAU NASH. That a spell is wrought by candle light
And gleaming flame when it shines faintly bright.
When hours grow small and embers lower burn
On Christmas night they say old loves return.
'Tis merely folly, Jepson. Ne'er again
Shall I behold that brilliant courtly train
Of wits and beauties, fops and gamesters gay—
All that made life in Bath when I held sway.
Time was, my nod would stop the Prince's dance;
A belle was made by my admiring glance;

*From *The Beau of Bath, and Other One-Act Plays* by Constance Mackay. Printed by permission of the publishers, Henry Holt and Company.

'Twas I who set the fashions in brocade,
But—laurels wither and the roses fade,
And now I sit alone. My reign is done.
The wits and fops have vanished one by one.

JEPSON. [*Moved.*] You were the King of all, sir. High and low
Admired you.

BEAU NASH. Thank you, Jepson.
[*Takes score card and pencil.*] You may go.

[*Exit* JEPSON, *left, quietly and reluctantly, with a backward glance at his master, who still dreams at fire.*]

Everything passes. Naught remains of all
Except that portrait smiling from the wall.

[*He crosses to the portrait, candlestick in hand.*

Disdainful Rosamond, you still look down
As when you were the toast of all the town.
Lips red as holly, eyes so archly bright—
Nay, but your beauty dims the candle's light! [*He puts down the candlestick.*
'Tis vain to wish for things that may not be;
Yet could you for one hour come back to me
Would I not say all that I left unsaid
In days gone by? But you are long since dead,
While I, grown old, above the embers cower, [*He goes back to his chair.*
Or play a game to help me pass the hour
When shadows flicker . . . and the candles blink
Until I drowse . . . and . . .

[*He nods and dozes in his chair. The* LADY *of the Portrait moves, smiles, slowly and gracefully steps down from the portrait, silently crosses to the table, her eyes on the* BEAU. *She catches up a handful of cards.*

THE LADY. 'Tis my play, I think
If I see rightly by the candle's gleam.

BEAU NASH. [*In a whisper.*] *Rosamond!*

THE LADY. [*Lightly.*] Well, sir, do you always dream
When you play cards with ladies? If 'tis so
I think 'twere best to call my chair and go.

BEAU NASH. [*Bewildered, passing a hand across his eyes.*] I thought . . . that you were dead . . . and I was old!

THE LADY. [*Still lightly.*] Fie, sir, to think that hearts like ours grow cold!
And when I hear you call upon my name
Shall I not step down from that gilded frame
To spend an hour of Christmas night with you?
Come! Let us gossip of the folk we knew!
Lord Foppington, whose wit I did adore—

BEAU NASH. I thought Lord Foppington a monstrous bore!
But Kitty Cavendish—'Faith, one mad night
We drank her health from out her slipper white.

THE LADY. [*With spirit.*] I vow then you were tipsy, one and all,
For Kitty's slipper was by no means small.

BEAU NASH. Nay, let's have done with thrust and counter-thrust!
Ah, Rosamond, in days gone by you must
Have known I loved you, yet you were so cold.

THE LADY. [*Very low.*] I had been warmer, sir, had you been bold!

BEAU NASH. Bold! At your feet dukes laid their coronets;
I could but offer you some gambling debts.
These, and the worship of a world-worn heart
Would scarce pass coinage in Dame Fashion's mart.
So I fought down my love for you, and yet
Your slightest gesture in the minuet
Would stir my pulses. With a covert glance
I watched you through the mazes of the dance,
So fair, so radiant—But what need for me
To tell you of my heart's poor comedy,
Is that a tear which falls for it, my sweet?

THE LADY. [*Very sweetly and gently.*] A tear is naught, sir.

[*She turns to him.*] Ah, I must repeat
My love in *words* before you will believe
That I too loved in vain?

[*As their eyes meet, her meaning grows clear to him.*]

Now I must leave,
For 'tis not long until the clock strikes one.

BEAU NASH. And you loved me!

46. **chair**, sedan chair.

THE LADY. Our hour is almost done.
I leave you to your firelight and your chair,
And to your game that's always—solitaire!

[With delicate tread, moving silently as a ghost, the LADY *steps back into the portrait. The* BEAU *dozes again. The rosy glow of the fire dies, leaving the room in utter twilight.* JEPSON *enters.*

JEPSON. 'Tis bedtime, sir. The clock struck long ago. 81
The embers on the hearth are burning low.
Even the wav'ring candle feebly gleams.

BEAU NASH. [*With a startled glance about the shadowy room.*] So late! . . .
So dim! . . . I have been dreaming
—Dreams!

The curtain slowly falls.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

EXPLANATORY NOTE

This little play is an imaginary picture of the old age of the famous English dandy, Richard Nash, better known as "Beau Nash." He was born in 1674 and died in 1762. In his early life he was a lawyer, but because of his fondness for fine dress and polite manners he came to be regarded as an authority on such matters.

In 1705 he became master of ceremonies at Bath, which under his direction developed into a famous resort and gaming-place. He drew up a code of dress and manners, built a large assembly-room for balls, and lived in great state. His chariot drawn by six horses, his elaborate dress, and his white hat made him a picturesque figure. For all his fashion and vanity, he was a clever man, and was immensely popular with the great. Oliver Goldsmith wrote a biography of him.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. The element of conflict in this graceful sketch is slight and takes place before the curtain rises. What struggle does it reveal in the past life of this ruler of fashion? How are we made acquainted with his earlier life? Does the author prepare us for the portrait's coming to life? How? Point out specific lines. Is there any climax in the story?

2. What is the prevailing mood of the play? Point out two ways in which the author achieves this effect. Does she succeed in conveying an impression of past times? What terms would you use to characterize the Beau of Bath? Jepson? The Lady of the Portrait? Let the class decide which terms are the best by taking a vote.

3. The best way to get the dramatic quality of this play is to act it out. In the classroom you will miss some of the illusion lent by the quaint costumes and the stage lighting. But if the lines are read to reveal the feeling of the character in each speech, the force and reality of the play will be evident.

4. Try to state in a paragraph the different effect this play would produce if written as a short story.

ENTER THE HERO*

THERESA HELBURN

The scene presents an upstairs sitting room in a comfortable house in a small city. The wall on the spectator's left is broken by a fireplace, and beyond that a door leading into the hall. At the back of the stage is a deep bay window from which one may have a view up and down the street. A door in the right wall leads to ANNE CAREY'S *bedroom. The sitting room, being* ANNE'S *particular property, is femininely furnished in chintz. A table desk with several drawers occupies an important place in the room, which is conspicuously rich in flowers.*

The curtain rises on an empty stage. RUTH CAREY, *a pretty girl of eighteen, enters hurriedly, carrying a large box; she wears a hat and coat.*

RUTH. Oh, Anne, here's *another* box of flowers! Anne, where are you?

VOICE FROM ANNE'S BEDROOM. In here. I thought you had gone out.

RUTH. [*Opening door left.*] I was just going when the expressman left these—and I wanted to see them. [*Looking into the bedroom.*] Oh, how pretty your dress is. Turn round. Just adorable! May I open these?

THE VOICE. Yes, but hurry. It's late.

RUTH. [*Throwing her sister a kiss.*] You dear! It's almost like having a fiancé of my own. Three boxes in two days! He's adorably extravagant. Oh, Anne, exquisite white roses! Come, look!

[ANNE CAREY *appears in the bedroom door. She is a girl of twenty-two. Her manner in this scene shows nervousness and suppressed excitement.*]

ANNE. Yes, lovely. Get a bowl, Ruth. Quickly.

RUTH. I will. Here's a card. [*She hands Anne an envelope, goes to the door, then stops.*] What does he say, Anne? May I see?

[ANNE, *who has read the card quickly with a curious little smile, hands it back to her without turning.*]

RUTH. [*Reading.*]

"The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

"But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips,
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips."

Oh, how beautiful! Did he make that up, do you suppose? I didn't know he was a real poet.

ANNE. [*Who has been pinning some of the roses on her dress.*] Anyone in love is a poet.

RUTH. It's perfectly beautiful! [*She takes a pencil and little notebook out of her pocket.*] May I copy it in my "Harold Notebook"?

ANNE. Your *what?*

RUTH. I call it my "Harold Notebook." I've put down bits of his letters that you read me, the lovery bits that are too beautiful to forget. Do you mind?

ANNE. You silly child!

RUTH. Here, you may see it. . . . That's from the second letter he wrote you from Rio Janeiro. I just couldn't get over that letter. You know I made you read it to me three times. It was so—so delicate. I remembered this passage—see. "A young girl seems to me as exquisite and frail as a flower, and I feel myself a vandal in desiring to pluck and possess one. Yet, Anne, your face is always before me, and I know now what I was too stupid to realize before, that it was you and you only who made life bearable for me last winter when I was a stranger and alone." Oh,

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Anne—[*Sighing rapturously.*]—that's the sort of love letters I've dreamed of getting. I don't suppose I ever shall.

ANNE. [*Still looking over the notebook with her odd smile.*] Have you shown this to anyone?

RUTH. Only to Caroline—in confidence. [*Pauses to see how* ANNE *will take it.*] But really, Anne, everyone knows about Harold. You've told Madge and Eleanor, and I'm sure they've told the others. They don't say anything to us, but they do to Caroline and she tells me. [*Watching* ANNE'S *face.*] You're not angry, are you, Anne?

ANNE. Yes, rather. [*Then eagerly.*] What do they say?

RUTH. Oh, all sorts of things. Some of them horrid, of course! You can't blame them for being jealous. Here you are having just the sort of experience that any one of them would give their eye teeth to have. *I'd* be jealous if you weren't my sister. As it is, I seem to get some of the glory myself.

ANNE. [*Pleased, but disparaging.*] But every girl has this experience sooner or later.

RUTH. Oh, not in this way. Everything that Harold does is beautiful, ideal. Jane Fenwick showed me some of Bob's letters. They were so dull, so prosaic! All about his salary and the corn crop. I was disgusted with them. So was she, I think, when she saw Harold's letters.

ANNE. Oh, you showed them to Jane, too?

RUTH. [*A bit frightened.*] No, really I didn't. Caroline did. I lent her my notebook once overnight, and she gave Jane a peek—in the *strictest* confidence. Jane really needed it. She was getting so cocky about Bob. Girls are funny things, aren't they?

ANNE. [*Who has been keenly interested in all of* RUTH'S *gossip.*] What do you mean?

RUTH. It isn't so much the man, as the idea of a man—someone to dream about, and to talk about. When I think of getting engaged—I suppose I shall get engaged some day—I never think of being really, really kissed by a man—

ANNE. What do you think of?

RUTH. I always think of telling Caroline about it, showing my ring to her and to Madge. Oh, Madge is green with envy. I believe she thought Harold sort of liked her. [ANNE *turns away.*] She was so excited when she saw him in New York. She said she would have got off the bus and chased him, but he went into a house. . . . Anne, why didn't you tell us—me, at least—that Harold was back from South America, before we heard it from Madge?

ANNE. Just because . . . I wanted to avoid all this . . . It was hard enough to have him within a few hours' distance and know he could not get to me. But it was easier when no one else knew. Don't you understand?

RUTH. Yes, dear, of course I do—but still—

ANNE. [*Impatiently.*] Now Ruth, it's quarter past four. You promised—

RUTH. I'm going . . . right straight off . . . unless—Oh, Anne, mayn't I stay and have just one peek. I won't let him see me, and then I'll run straight away.

ANNE. Oh, for heaven's sake, don't be naughty and silly! Clear out now, quickly, or—[*Changing her tone suddenly.*] Ruth, dear, put yourself in my place. Think how you would feel if you were going to see the man you loved for the first time. That's what it really is. Think of it! Two years ago when he went away we were just the merest friends—and now—

RUTH. And now you're engaged to be married! Oh, isn't it the most romantic thing! Of course you want to be alone. Forgive me. Oh, Anne, how excited you must be!

ANNE. [*With rather histrionic intensity.*] No, I'm strangely calm. And yet Ruth, I'm afraid, terribly afraid.

RUTH. Why, what of?

ANNE. [*Acting.*] I don't know . . . of everything . . . of the unknown. All this has been so wonderful, if anything should happen I don't think I could bear it. I think I should die.

RUTH. Nonsense, dear, what can happen? You're just on edge. Well, I'll be off. I'll join Mother at Aunt Nellie's. Give my love to Harold. You know I've never called him anything but Mr. Lawson

to his face. Isn't that funny? Good-by, dear. [*Throwing* ANNE *a kiss.*] You look so sweet.

ANNE. [*Her hands on* RUTH'S *shoulders for an impressive moment.*] Good-by, Ruth. Good-by. [*They kiss.*]

[RUTH *goes. Left alone, a complete change comes over* ANNE. *She drops the romantic attitude. She is nervously determined. She quickly arranges the flowers, takes out the box, etc., straightens the room, and surveys herself rapidly in the mirror. There is a sound of wheels outside.* ANNE *goes to the bay window and looks out. Then she stands erect in the grip of an emotion that is more like terror than anticipation. Hearing the sound of footsteps on the stair she is panic-stricken and about to bolt, but at the sound of voices she pulls herself together and stands motionless.*]

MAN'S VOICE. [*Outside.*] In here? All right!

[HAROLD LAWSON *enters, a well set-up, bronzed, rather commonplace young man of about twenty-eight. He sees no one on his entry, but as he advances into the room,* ANNE *comes down from the bay window.*]

HAROLD. Hello, Miss Carey, how are you? Splendid to see you again, after all this time. [ANNE *looks at him without speaking, which slightly embarrasses him.*] You're looking fine. How's your mother—and little Ruth?

ANNE. [*Slowly.*] Welcome home.

HAROLD. Oh, thanks. It's rather nice to be back in God's country. But it's not for long this time.

ANNE. Are you going away again?

HAROLD. Yes. I've another appointment. This one in India, some big salt mines. Not bad, eh? I made pretty good in Brazil, they tell me.

ANNE. [*Nervously.*] Sit down.

HAROLD. Thanks. Hot for September, isn't it? Though I ought to be used to heat by this time. Sometimes the thermometer would run a hundred and eight for a week on end. Not much fun, that.

ANNE. No, indeed.

HAROLD. [*Settling back comfortably to talk about himself.*] You know I loathed it down there at first. What with all the foreigners and the rotten weather and the bugs—thought I'd never get into the swing. Wanted to chuck engineering for any old job that was cool, but after a while—

ANNE. How long have you been home?

HAROLD. About three weeks. I'd really been meaning to come out here and have a look round my old haunts, but there was business in New York, and I had to go South and see my family—you know how time flies. Then your note came. It was mighty jolly of you to ask me out here. By the way, how did you know I was back?

ANNE. [*After a pause.*] Madge Kennedy caught sight of you in New York.

HAROLD. Did she really? How is little Madge? And that odd brother of hers. Is he just as much of a fool as ever? I remember once he said to me—

ANNE. Oh, I didn't ask you here to talk about Madge Kennedy's family.

HAROLD. [*Taken aback.*] No . . . no, of course not. I—er—I've been wondering just why you did ask me. You said you wanted to talk to me about something.

ANNE. [*Gently.*] Weren't you glad to come?

HAROLD. Why, of course I was. Oh, course. And then your note fired my curiosity—your asking me to come straight to you before seeing anyone else.

ANNE. Aren't you glad to be here with me?

HAROLD. Why surely, of course, but—[*Pause.*]

ANNE. You see, people seemed to expect you would come to see me first of all. I rather expected it myself. Don't you understand?

HAROLD. [*Very uncomfortable.*] No . . I'm afraid I don't . . .

ANNE. From the way you acted before you went away I thought you, yourself, would want to see me first of all.

HAROLD. Before I went away? What do you mean?

ANNE. You know well enough what I mean. The parties those last weeks—the theater we went to—the beautiful flowers you sent Mother—the letter—

HAROLD. But—but—why, I was going away. You and your people had been

wfully nice to me, a perfect stranger in own. I was simply trying to do the lecent thing. Good Lord! You don't nean to say you thought—

ANNE. [*Watching him very closely.*] Yes, t's true, I thought—and everyone else hought—I've been waiting these two ears for you to come back.

She drops her face into her hands. Her shoulders shake.]

HAROLD. [*Jumping up.*] Great Heavens! I never imagined—Why, Miss Carey, I—oh, I'm terribly sorry! [*She continues to sob.*] Please don't do that—lease! I'd better go away—I'll clear out —I'll go straight off to India—I'll never other you again.

He has seized his hat, and is making, in a bewildered way, for the door, when she intercepts him.]

ANNE. No. You mustn't go away!

HAROLD. But what can I do?

ANNE. [*Striking a tragic attitude.*] You nean to say you don't care at all—that ou have never cared?

HAROLD. Really, Miss Carey, I—

ANNE. For heaven's sake, don't call me liss Carey. Call me Anne.

HAROLD. Miss Carey . . . Anne . . . . . Oh, you'd better let me go—let me et away before anyone knows I'm here —before they think—

ANNE. It's too late. They think already.

HAROLD. Think what? What do you ean?

ANNE. Oh, this is terrible! Sit down, arold, and listen to me. [*She pushes him to a chair and begins to talk very rapidly, atching intently the effect of her words upon im.*] You see, when you went away, eople began to say things about us—you id me—about your caring. I let them go n. In fact I believed them. I suppose it as because I wanted so much to believe em. Oh, what a fool I've been! What fool! [*She covers her face with her hands. e gets up intending vaguely to comfort her, t she thinks he is making another move to ; and jumps to her feet.*] And now you ant to clear out like a thief in the night, id leave me to be laughed at! No, no, you can't do that! You must help me. You've hurt me to the very soul. You mustn't humiliate me before the world.

HAROLD. I'll do anything I can, Miss Carey.

ANNE. Anne!

HAROLD. Anne, I mean. But how?

ANNE. [*After a moment's thought, as if the idea had just come to her.*] You must stay here. You must pretend for a few days—for a week at most, that we're engaged.

HAROLD. I can't do that, you know. Really, I can't.

ANNE. [*Going to him.*] Why not? Only a little while. Then you'll go away to India. We'll find it's been a mistake. I'll break it off—it will only be a pretense, of course, but at least no one will know what a fool I've been.

HAROLD. [*After a moment's hesitation.*] Miss Carey—Anne, I mean, I'll do anything I can, but not that! A man can't do that. You see, there's a girl, an English girl, down in Brazil, I—

ANNE. Oh, a girl! Another! Well, after all, what does that matter? Brazil is a long way off. She need never know.

HAROLD. She might hear. You can't keep things like this hid. No. I wouldn't risk that. You'd better let me clear out before your family gets home. No one need ever know I've been here.

[*Again he makes a move toward the door. ANNE stands motionless.*]

ANNE. You can't go. You can't. It's more serious than you imagine.

HAROLD. Serious? What do you mean?

ANNE. Come here. [*He obeys. She sits in a big chair, but avoids looking at him. There is a delicate imitation of a tragic actress in the way she tells her story.*] I wonder if I can make you understand? It means so much to me that you should—so much! Harold, you know how dull life is here in this little town. You were glad enough to get away after a year of it, weren't you? Well, it's worse for a girl, with nothing to do but sit at home—and dream—of you. Yes, that's what I did, until, at last, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I wrote you.

HAROLD. [*Quickly.*] I never got the letter, Miss Carey. Honor bright, I didn't.

ANNE. Perhaps not, but you answered it.

HAROLD. Answered it? What are you talking about?

ANNE. Would you like to see your answer? [*She goes to the desk, takes a packet of letters out of a drawer, selects one, and hands it to him.*] Here it is—your answer. You see it's postmarked Rio Janeiro.

HAROLD. [*Taking it wonderingly.*] This does look like my writing. [*Reads.*] "Anne, my darling—" I say, what does this mean?

ANNE. Go on.

HAROLD. [*Reading.*] "I have your wonderful letter. It came to me like rain in the desert. Can it be true, Anne, that you do care? I ask myself a hundred times what I have done to deserve this. A young girl seems to me as exquisite and frail as a flower—" Great Scott! You don't think *I* could have written such stuff! What in the world!

ANNE. [*Handing over another letter.*] Here's the next letter you wrote me, from the mine. It's a beautiful one. Read it.

HAROLD. [*Tears it open angrily, and reads.*] "I have been out in the night under the stars. Oh, that you were here, my beloved! It is easy to stand the dust and the turmoil of the mine without you, but beauty that I cannot share with you hurts me like a pain—"

[*He throws the letter on the table and turns toward her, speechless.*]

ANNE. [*Inexorably.*] Yes, that's an exceptionally beautiful one. But there are more—lots more. Would you like to see them?

HAROLD. But I tell you, I never wrote them. These aren't my letters.

ANNE. Whose are they, then?

HAROLD. [*Walking up and down furiously.*] God knows! This is some outrageous trick. You've been duped, you poor child. But we'll get to the bottom of this. Just leave it to me. I'll get detectives. I'll find out who's back of it! I'll—

[*He comes face to face with her and finds he looking quietly at him with something akin to critical interest.*]

HAROLD. Good Lord. What's the matter with me! You don't believe those letters. You couldn't think I wrote them or you wouldn't have met me as you did quite naturally, as an old friend. *You understand!* For heaven's sake, make it clear to me!

ANNE. I am trying to . . . I told you there had to be . . . answers . . . I was afraid to send my letters to you, but there had to be answers. [HAROLD *stares at her.*] So I wrote them myself.

HAROLD. You wrote them yourself? ! ?

ANNE. Yes.

HAROLD. These? These very letters?

ANNE. Yes. I had to.

HAROLD. Good God! [*He gazes at the litter of letters on the desk in stupefied silence.*] But the handwriting.

ANNE. Oh, that was easy. I had the letter you wrote to Mother.

HAROLD. And you learned to imitate my handwriting?

ANNE. [*Politely.*] It was very good writing.

HAROLD. [*In sudden apprehension.*] No one has seen these things—have they?

ANNE. They arrived by mail.

HAROLD. You mean people saw the envelopes. Yes, that's bad enough . . . But you haven't shown them to anyone? [*At her silence he turns furiously upon her.*] Have you? . . . Have you?

ANNE. [*Who enjoys her answer and its effect upon him.*] Only parts—never a whole letter. But it was such a pleasure to be able to talk about you to someone. My only pleasure.

HAROLD. Good heavens! You told people I wrote these letters? That we were engaged?

ANNE. I didn't mean to, Harold. Really, I didn't. But I couldn't keep it dark. There were your telegrams.

HAROLD. My telegrams? ! ?

[*She goes to desk and produces a bundle of dispatches.*]

ANNE. [*Brazen in her sincerity.*] You used to wire me every time you changed your address. You were very thoughtful,

Harold. But, of course, I couldn't keep those secret like your letters.

Harold. [*Standing helplessly, with the telegrams loose in his fingers.*] My telegrams! Good Lord! [*He opens one and reads.*] "Leaving Rio for fortnight of inspection in interior. Address care Señor Miguel—" *My* telegrams!

[*He flings the packet violently on the table, thereby almost upsetting a bowl of roses which he hastens to preserve.*]

Anne. And then there were your flowers. I see you are admiring them.

[Harold *withdraws as if the flowers were charged with electricity.*]

Harold. What flowers?

Anne. These—these—all of them. You sent me flowers every week while you were gone.

Harold. [*Overcome.*] Good God!

[*He has now reached the apex of his amazement and becomes sardonic.*]

Anne. Yes. You were extravagant with flowers, Harold. Of course I love them, but I had to scold you about spending so much money.

Harold. Spending so much money? And what did I say when you scolded me?

Anne. [*Taken aback only for a moment by his changed attitude.*] You sent me a bigger bunch than ever before—and—wait a minute—here's the card you put in it.

[*She goes to the same fatal desk and produces a package of florist's cards.*]

Harold. Are all those my cards too?

Anne. Yes.

Harold. [*Laughing a bit wildly.*] I'm afraid I *was* a bit extravagant!

Anne. Here's the one! You wrote: "If all that I have, and all that I am, is too little to lay before you, how can these poor flowers be much?"

Harold. I wrote that? Very pretty—very. I'd forgotten I had any such knack at sentiments.

Anne. And then, right away, you sent me the ring.

Harold. [*Jumps, startled out of his sardonic pose.*] Ring! What ring?

Anne. My engagement ring. You really were very extravagant that time, Harold.

Harold. [*Looking fearfully at her hands.*] But I don't see . . . You're not wearing . . . ?

Anne. Not there—here, next to my heart. [*She takes out a ring which hangs on a chain inside her frock, and presses it to her lips. Looking at him deeply.*] I adore sapphires, Harold.

[*A new fear comes into* Harold's *eyes. He begins to humor her.*]

Harold. Yes. Yes. Of course. Everyone likes sapphires, Anne. It is a beauty. Yes. [*He comes very close to her, and speaks very gently, as if to a child.*] You haven't shown your ring to anyone, have you, Anne?

Anne. Only to a few people—one or two.

Harold. A few people! Good heavens! [*Then he controls himself, takes her hands gently in his, and continues speaking, as if to a child.*] Sit down, Anne; we must talk this over a little—very quietly, you understand, very quietly. Now to begin with, when did you first—

Anne. [*Breaks away from him with a little laugh.*] No, I'm not crazy. Don't be worried. I'm perfectly sane. I had to tell you all this to show how serious it was. Now you know. What are you going to do?

Harold. Do? [*He slowly straightens up as if the knowledge of her sanity had relieved him of a heavy load.*] I'm going to take the next train back to New York.

Anne. And leave me to get out of this before people all alone?

Harold. You got into it without my assistance, didn't you? Great Scott, you forged those letters in cold blood—

Anne. Not in cold blood, Harold. Remember, I cared.

Harold. I don't believe it. [*Accusingly.*] You enjoyed writing those letters!

Anne. Of course I enjoyed it. It meant thinking of you, talking of—

Harold. Rot! Not of me, really. You don't think I am really the sort of person who could write that—that drivel!

Anne. [*Hurt.*] Oh, I don't know. After a while I suppose you and my dream got confused.

HAROLD. But it was the rankest—

ANNE. Oh, I'm not so different from other girls. We're all like that. [*Repeating* RUTH'S *phrase reminiscently.*] We must have someone to dream about—to talk about. I suppose it's because we haven't enough to do. And then we don't have any—any real adventures like—shop girls.

HAROLD. [*Surprised at this bit of reality.*] That's a funny thing to say!

ANNE. Well, it's true. I know I went rather far. After I got started I couldn't stop. I didn't want to, either. It took hold of me. So I went on and on and let people think whatever they wanted. But if you go now and people find out what I've done, they'll think I'm really mad—or something worse. Life will be impossible for me here, don't you see—impossible. [HAROLD *is silent.*] But if you stay, it will be so easy. Just a day or two. Then you will have to go to India. Is that much to ask? [*Acting.*] And you save me from disgrace, from ruin!

[HAROLD *remains silent, troubled.*]

ANNE. [*Becoming impassioned.*] You must help me. You *must.* After I've been so frank with you, you can't go back on me now. I've never in my life talked to anyone like this—so openly. You *can't* go back on me! If you leave me here to be laughed at, mocked at by everyone, I don't know what I shall do. I shan't be responsible. If you have any kindness, any chivalry . . . Oh, for God's sake, Harold, help me, help me! [*Kneels at his feet.*]

HAROLD. I don't know . . . I'm horribly muddled . . . All right, I'll stay!

ANNE. Good! Good! Oh, you are fine! I knew you would be. Now everything will be so simple. [*The vista opens before her.*] We will be very quiet here for a couple of days. We won't see many people, for of course it isn't announced. And then you will go . . . and I will write you a letter . . .

HAROLD. [*Disagreeably struck by the phrase.*] Write me a letter? What for?

ANNE. [*Ingenuously.*] Telling you that I have been mistaken. Releasing you from the engagement . . . and you will write me an answer . . . sad but manly . . . reluctantly accepting my decision . . .

HAROLD. Oh, I am to write an answer, sad but manly—Good God! Suppose you don't release me after all!

ANNE. Don't be silly, Harold. I promise. Can't you trust me?

HAROLD. Trust you? [*His eyes travel quickly from the table littered with letters and dispatches to the flowers that ornament the room, back to the table, and finally to the ring that now hangs conspicuously on her breast. She follows the look and instinctively puts her hand to the ring.*] Trust you? By Jove, no, I don't trust you! This is absurd. I don't stay another moment. Say what you will to people. I'm off. This is final!

ANNE. [*Who has stepped to the window.*] You can't go now. I hear Mother and Ruth coming.

HAROLD. All the more reason. [*He finds his hat.*] I bolt.

ANNE. [*Blocking the door.*] You can't go, Harold! Don't corner me. I'll fight like a wildcat if you do.

HAROLD. Fight?

ANNE. Yes. A pretty figure you'll cut if you bolt now. They'll think you a cad—an out and out cad! Haven't they seen your letters come week by week, and your presents? And you have written to Mother, too—I have your letter. There won't be anything bad enough to say about you. They'll say you jilted me for that English girl in Brazil. It will be true, too. And it will get about. She'll hear of it, I'll see to that—and then—

HAROLD. But it's a complete lie! I can explain—

ANNE. You'll have a hard time explaining your letters and your presents—and your ring. There's a deal of evidence against you—

HAROLD. See here, are you trying to blackmail me? Oh, this is too ridiculous!

ANNE. They're coming! I hear them on the stairs! What are you going to tell them?

HAROLD. The truth. I must get clear of all this. I tell you—

ANNE. [*Suddenly clinging to him.*] No, no, Harold! Forgive me; I was just testing you. I will get you out of this. Leave it to me.

HAROLD. [*Struggling with her.*] No, I won't leave anything to you, *ever.*

ANNE. [*Still clinging tightly.*] Harold! remember I am a woman—and I love you!

This brings him up short a moment to wonder, and in this moment there is a knock at the door.]

ANNE. [*Abandoning Harold.*] Come in.

There is a discreet pause.]

MRS. CAREY'S VOICE. [*Off stage.*] May re come in?

ANNE. [*Angrily.*] Yes!

HAROLD, *who has moved toward the door, meets* MRS. CAREY *as she enters. She throws her arms about his neck and kisses him warmly. She is followed by* RUTH.]

MRS. CAREY. Harold! My dear boy!

RUTH. [*Clutching his arm.*] Hello, Harold. I am so glad.

HAROLD, *temporarily overwhelmed by the onslaught of the two women, is about to speak.* ANNE *interrupts dramatically.*]

ANNE. Wait a moment, Mother. Before ou say anything more I must tell you that Harold and I are no longer engaged!

MRS. CAREY *and* RUTH *draw away from* HAROLD *in horror-struck surprise.*]

MRS. CAREY. No longer engaged? Why . . What . . . ?

HAROLD. Really, Mrs. Carey, I—

ANNE. [*Interrupts, going to her mother.*] Mother, dear, be patient with me, trust me, beg of you—and please, please don't ask e any questions. Harold and I have had very hard—a very painful hour together. don't think I can stand any more.

She is visibly very much exhausted, gasping for breath.]

MRS. CAREY. Oh, my poor child, what it? What has he done?

She supports ANNE *on one side while* RUTH *hurries to the other.*]

HAROLD. Really, Mrs. Carey, I think can explain.

ANNE. No, Harold, there's no use trying explain. There are some things a woman els, about which she cannot reason. I now I am doing right.

HAROLD. [*Desperately.*] Mrs. Carey, I ssure you—

ANNE. [*As if on the verge of a nervous isis.*] Oh, please, *please*, Harold, don't rotest any more. I am not blaming you. Understand, Mother, I am not blaming him. But my decision is irrevocable. I thought you understood. I beg you to go away. You have just time to catch the afternoon express.

HAROLD. Nonsense, Anne, you must let me—

ANNE. [*Wildly.*] No, no, Harold, it is finished! Don't you understand? Finished! [*She abandons the support of her mother and* RUTH *and goes to the table.*] See, here are your letters. I am going to burn them. [*She throws the packet into the fire.*] All your letters—[*She throws the dispatches into the fire.*] Don't, please, continue this unendurable situation any longer. Go, I beg of you, go! [*She is almost hysterical.*]

HAROLD. But I tell you I must—

ANNE. [*Falling back in her mother's arms.*] Make him go, Mother! Make him go!

MRS. CAREY. Yes, go! Go, sir! Don't you see you are torturing the child? I insist upon your going.

RUTH. Yes, she is in a dreadful state.

[*Here* MRS. CAREY *and* RUTH *fall into simultaneous urgings.*]

HAROLD. [*Who has tried in vain to make himself heard.*] All right, I'm going; I give up!

[*He seizes his hat and rushes out, banging the door behind him.* ANNE *breaks away from her mother and sister, totters rapidly to the door, and calls down gently.*]

ANNE. Not in anger, I beg of you, Harold! I am not blaming you. Good-by.

[*The street door is heard to bang.* ANNE *collapses in approved tragedy style.*]

ANNE. [*Gasping.*] Get some water, Ruth. I shall be all right in a moment.

[RUTH *rushes into the bedroom.*]

MRS. CAREY. Oh, my dear child, calm yourself. Mother is here, dear. She will take care of you. Tell me, dear, tell me.

[RUTH *returns with the water.* ANNE *sips a little.*]

ANNE. I will, mother—I will . . . everything . . . later. [*She drinks.*] But now I must be alone. Please, dear, go away . . . for a little while. I must be alone [*Rising and moving to the fire.*] with the ruin of my dreams.

[*She puts her arms on the chimney shelf and drops her head on them.*]

RUTH. Come, Mother! Come away!

MRS. CAREY. Yes, I am coming. We shall be in the next room, Anne, when you want us. Right here.

ANNE. [*As they go out, raises her head and murmurs.*] Dust and ashes! Dust and ashes!

[*As soon as they have gone,* ANNE *straightens up slowly. She pulls herself together after the physical strain of her acting. Then she looks at the watch on her wrist and sighs a long triumphant sigh. Her eye falls on the desk and she sees the package of florist's cards still there. She picks them up, returns with them to the fire and is about to throw them in, when her eye is caught by the writing on one. She takes it out and reads it. Then she takes another—and another. She stops and looks away dreamily. Then slowly, she moves back to the desk, drops the cards into a drawer and locks it. She sits brooding at the desk and the open paper before her seems to fascinate her. As if in a dream she picks up a pencil. A creative look comes into her eyes. Resting her chin on her left hand she begins slowly to write, murmuring it herself.*]

ANNE. [*Reading as she writes.*] "Anne my dearest . . . I am on the train . . . broken, shattered . . . Why have you done this to me . . . why have you darkened the sun . . . and put out the stars . . . put out the stars . . . Give me another chance, Anne . . . I will make good . . . I promise you . . . For God's sake, Anne, don't shut me out of your life utterly . . . I cannot bear it . . . I . . ."

The curtain has fallen slowly as she writes.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Why should Anne be nervous when she first appears? Why does she *act* before her sister? Why does she change as soon as Ruth leaves?

2. Do you agree with Ruth about Harold's letters? Would most girls admire Harold's extravagance and sentiment?

3. How do you account for his lack of sentiment on meeting Anne? His delay of three weeks in seeing her? Why hadn't Anne known of his return through his letters? Where do we learn he is not at all in love with her?

4. Why does Anne force Harold to remain?

5. Why does Harold call the letters which Ruth admired "stuff"? What makes him think they were not written by an impostor? Why is he angry when he learns that she has shown letters and telegrams?

6. When does he become "sardonic"? Why does he for a moment think her insane? What in her explanation makes clear to him the motive for her deception?

7. Why does Harold consent to remain? Why does he change his mind? Are Anne's threats natural? Honorable?

8. Why does Harold allow Anne to put him in such a false position? Why is Anne successful?

9. Has the experience reformed her? How do you know?

10. Do you think that most young women in small towns have as little to occupy their minds as Anne apparently had? Do you think some of them as imaginative and unscrupulous as Anne? Can they *act* as well as Anne?

11. (*a*) At what moment were you most interested in what was going to happen next? Trace the conflict in the play to its conclusion. (*b*) What part of the conversation was to you most amusing? (*c*) Anne's outrageous deception is something like a practical joke. Does the play contain any satire of American life? If you think so, point out what characteristics of American girls or what features of small-town existence are satirized.

12. The mood, or spirit, of this play is in sharp contrast with that of *The Beau of Bath*. Point out passages here that bring out the difference very clearly.

13. Contrast Anne with the Lady of the Portrait. Show that one is a realistic conception and the other romantic. Quote speeches to illustrate.

14. This play may easily be acted out in the classroom, as no costuming or special scenery is essential. The pupil who takes the part of Anne should think out very carefully how to speak her lines. Part of the time Anne is acting, part of the time she is speaking from the heart. To convey this requires a good deal of insight, skill, and practice.

SHAM*

FRANK G. TOMPKINS

Three people: CHARLES, *the householder.*
CLARA, *his wife.*
THE THIEF.

SCENE: *A darkened room.*

After a moment the door opens, admitting a streak of light. A man peers in cautiously. As soon as he is sure that the room is unoccupied, he steps inside and feels along the wall until he finds the switch which floods the room with light. He is dressed in impeccable taste—evidently a man of culture. From time to time he bites appreciatively on a ham sandwich as he looks about him, apparently viewing the room for the first time. Nothing pleases him until a vase over the mantel catches his eye. He picks it up, looks at the bottom, puts it down hard, and mutters, "Imitation." Other articles receive the same disdainful verdict. The whole room is beneath his notice. He starts to sit down before the fire and enjoy his sandwich. Suddenly he pauses to listen, looks about him hurriedly for some place to hide, thinks better of it, and takes his stand opposite the door, smiling pleasantly and expectantly. The door opens and a young woman enters with a man at her heels. As she sees the thief she stifles a scream and retreats, backing the man out behind her. The thief smiles and waits. Soon the door opens again, and the man enters with the woman clinging to him. They stand opposite the thief and stare at him, not sure what they ought to say or do.

THIEF. [*Pleasantly.*] Good evening! [*Pause.*] Good evening, good evening. You surprised me. Can't say I expected you home so soon. Was the play an awful bore? [*Pause.*] We-e-ell, can't one of you speak? I *can* carry on a conversation alone, but the question-and-answer method is usually preferred. If one of you will ask me how I do, we might get a step farther.

CLARA. [*Breathlessly.*] You—you—[*With growing conviction.*] You're a thief!

THIEF. Exactly. And you, madam? The mistress of the house, I presume. Or are you another thief? The traditional one that it takes to catch the first?

CLARA. This — this is *our* house. Charles, why don't you do something? Don't stand there like a—Make him go away! Tell him he mustn't take anything. [*Advancing toward the* THIEF *and speaking all in one sentence.*] What have you taken? Give it to me instantly. How dare you! Charles, take it away from him.

CHARLES. [*Apparently not afraid, a little amused, but uncertain what to do, finally adopting the bullying tone.*] I say, old man, you'd better clear out. We've come home. You know you can't—come now, give it up. Be sensible. I don't want to use force—

THIEF. I don't want you to.

CHARLES. If you've got anything of ours—We aren't helpless, you know.

[*He starts to draw something black and shiny from his overcoat pocket. It might be a pistol, but he does not reveal its shape.*]

THIEF. Let's see those glasses. Give them here. [*Takes them from the uncertain* CHARLES.] Perhaps they're better than mine. Fine cases. [*Tries them.*] Humph! Window glass! Take them back. You're not armed, you know. I threw your revolver down the cold-air shaft. Never carry one myself—in business hours. Yours was in the bottom of your bureau drawer. Bad shape, those bureau drawers were in. Nice and neat on top; rat's nest below. Shows up your character in great shape, old man. Always tell your man by his bureau drawers. Didn't it ever occur to

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you that a thief might drop in on you some night? What would he think of you?

CHARLES. I don't think—

THIEF. You should. I said to myself when I opened that drawer: "They put up a great surface, but they're shams. Probably streak that runs through everything they do." You ought to begin with real neatness. This other sort of thing is just a form of dishonesty.

CLARA. You! Talking to *us* about honesty—in our house!

THIEF. Just the place for honesty. Begins at home. Let's—

CLARA. Charles, I won't stand this! Grab hold of him. Search him. You hold him. I'll telephone.

THIEF. You can't.

CLARA. You've cut the wires.

THIEF. Didn't have to. Your telephone service has been cut off by the company. I found that out before I came. I suspect you neglected the bill. You ought not to, makes no end of trouble. Inconvenienced me this evening. Better get it put in right away.

CLARA. Charles, do I have to stand here and be insulted?

THIEF. Sit down. Won't you, please! This is your last ham sandwich, so I can't offer you any, but there's plenty of beer in the cellar, if you care for it. I don't recommend it, but perhaps you're used to it.

CLARA. [*Almost crying.*] Charles, are you going to let him preach to us all night! I won't have it. Being lectured by a thief!

CHARLES. You can't stop a man's talking, my dear, especially this sort of man. Can't you see he's a born preacher? Old man, while advice is going round, let me tell you that you've missed your calling. Why don't you go in for reform? Ought to go big.

CLARA. Oh, Charles! Don't talk to him. You're a good deal bigger than he is.

THIEF. Maybe I'll jiu-jitsu him.

CLARA. He's insulting you now, Charles. Please try. I'll hold his feet.

THIEF. No doubt you would. But that wouldn't stop my talking. You'd be taking an unfair advantage, too; I couldn't kick a lady, could I? Besides, there ar two of you. You leave it to Charles an me. Let's have fair play, at least.

CLARA. Fair play? I'd like to know—

THIEF. Ple-e-ase, don't screech! M head aches and your voice pierces so. Let sit down quietly and discuss the situatio like well-bred people, and when we'v come to some understanding, I'll go.

CLARA. Yes, after you've taken every thing in the house and criticized every thing else you can't take, our manners an our morals.

CHARLES. But he isn't taking an thing now, is he? Let the poor chap criti cize, can't you? I don't suppose he ofte meets his—er—customers socially. He' just dying for a good old visit. Lonesom profession, isn't it, old man?

CLARA. If you *won't* do anything, I' call the neighbors.

THIEF. No neighbors to call. Neares one a block away, and he isn't at hom That comes of living in a fashionabl suburb. Don't believe you can afford it either. *Won't* you sit down, madam? I can't till you do. Well, then I shall hav to stand, and I've been on my feet all day It's hardly considerate. [*Plaintively.*] I don't talk so well on my feet, either. I will take me much longer this way. [CLAR *bounces into a chair, meaningfully.*] Thank you, that's better. [*Sighs with relief as h sinks into the easy chair.*] I knew I could appeal to your better nature. Have a cigarette? [CHARLES *accepts one from his beautiful case.*] And you, madam?

CLARA. [*Puts out her hand, but withdraws it quickly.*] Thank you, I don't care to smoke—with a thief.

THIEF. Right. Better not smoke, anyway. I'm so old-fashioned I hate to see women smoke. None of the women in my family do it. Perhaps we're too conventional—

CLARA. I don't know that I care to be like the women of your family. I *will* have one, if you please. No doubt you get them from a man of taste.

THIEF. Your next-door neighbor. This is—was—his case. Exquisite taste. Seen this case often, I suppose? [*He eyes them closely.*] Great friends? Or perhaps you don't move in the same circles. [CLARA

47. jiu-jitsu, the Japanese method in wrestling. Its chief reliance is on skill instead of on muscular strength.

glares at him.] Pardon me. Tactless of me, but how could I guess? Well, here's your chance to get acquainted with his cigarettes. Will you have one now?

CLARA. I don't receive stolen goods.

THIEF. That's a little hard on Charles, isn't it? He seems to be enjoying his.

CHARLES. Bully cigarette. Hempsted's a connoisseur. Truth is—we don't know the Hempsteds. They've never called.

THIEF. That's right, Charles. Tell the truth and shame [*With a jerk of his head toward* CLARA.]—you know who.

CLARA. Charles, there isn't any reason, I'm sure—

THIEF. Quietly, please. Remember my head. I'm sorry but I must decline to discuss your social prospects with you, and also your neighbors' shortcomings, much as we should all enjoy it. There isn't time for that. Let's get down to business. The question we've got to decide and decide very quickly is, What would you like to have me take?

CLARA. [*Aghast.*] What would we—what would we like to have you take? Why—why—you can't take anything now; we're here. Of all the nerve! What would we like—

THIEF. It gains by repetition, doesn't it?

CHARLES. You've got me, old man. You'll have to come again. I may be slow, but I don't for the moment see the necessity for your taking anything.

THIEF. I was afraid of this. I'll have to begin farther back. Look here now, just suppose I go away and don't take anything. [*With an air of triumph.*] How would you like that?

CHARLES. Suits me to a "T." How about you, my dear? Think you can be firm and bear up under it?

THIEF. Don't be sarcastic. You're too big. Only women and little men should be sarcastic. Besides, it isn't fair to me, when I'm trying to help you. Here am I, trying to get you out of a mighty ticklish situation, and you go and get funny. It isn't right.

CHARLES. Beg pardon, old man. Try it in words of one syllable. You see this is a new situation for us. But we're anxious to learn.

THIEF. Listen, then. See if you can follow this. Now there's nothing in your house that I want; nothing that I could for a moment contemplate keeping without a good deal of pain to myself.

CLARA. We're trying to spare you. But if you care to know, we had the advice of Elsie de Wolfe.

THIEF. [*Wonderingly.*] Elsie de Wolfe? Elsie, how could you! Now, if you had asked me to guess, I should have said—the Pullman Company. I shudder to think of owning any of this bric-a-brac myself. But it must be done. Here am I offering to burden myself with something I don't want, wouldn't keep for worlds, and couldn't sell. [*Growing a little oratorical.*] Why do I do this?

CHARLES. Yes, why do you?

CLARA. Hush, Charles; it's a rhetorical question; he wants to answer it himself.

THIEF. I do it to accommodate you. Must I be even plainer? Imagine that I go away, refusing to take anything in spite of your protests. Imagine it's tomorrow. The police and the reporters have caught wind of the story. Something has been taken from every house in Sargent Road—except one. The nature of the articles shows that the thief is a man of rare discrimination. To be quite frank—a connoisseur.

CLARA. A connoisseur of what? Humph!

THIEF. And a connoisseur of such judgment that to have him pass your Rubens by is to cast doubt upon its authenticity. I do not exaggerate. Let me tell you that from the Hempsteds—[CLARA *leans forward, all interest*]—but that would take too long. [*She leans back.*] The public immediately asks, Why did the thief take nothing from 2819 Sargent Road? The answer is too obvious: There is nothing worth taking at 2819 Sargent Road.

CHARLES. [*Comprehendingly.*] Um-hu-m!

THIEF. The public laughs. Worse still, the neighbors laugh. What becomes of social pretensions after that? It's a serious thing, laughter is. It puts anybody's case out of court. And it's a serious thing to have a thief pass you by. People

62. **Elsie de Wolfe** (1865-), an American actress very well known as an interior decorator. 89. **Rubens**, i. e., a picture by the celebrated Flemish painter, Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640).

have been socially marooned for less than that. Have I made myself clear? Are you ready for the question? What would you like to have me take?

CHARLES. Now, old man, I say that's neat. Sure you aren't a lawyer?

THIEF. I have studied the law—but not from that side.

CLARA. It's all bosh. Why couldn't we claim we'd lost something very valuable, something we'd never had?

THIEF. [*Solemnly.*] That's the most shameless proposal I've ever heard. Yes, you could *lie* about it. I can't conceal from you what I think of your moral standards.

CHARLES. I can't imagine you concealing anything unpleasant.

CLARA. It's no worse than—

THIEF. Your moral sense is blunted. But I can't attend to that now. Think of this: Suppose, as I said, I should take nothing and you should publish that barefaced lie, and then I should get caught. Would I shield you? Never. Or suppose I shouldn't get caught. Has no one entered your house since you have been here? Doesn't your maid know what you have? Can you trust her not to talk? No, no, it isn't worth the risk. It isn't even common sense, to say nothing of the moral aspects of the case. Why do people never stop to think of the practical advantages of having things stolen! Endless possibilities! Why, a woman loses a $5 brooch and it's immediately worth $15. The longer it stays lost, the more diamonds it had in it, until she prays every night that it won't be found. Look at the advertising she gets out of it. And does she learn anything from it? Never. Let a harmless thief appear in her room and she yells like a hyena instead of saying to him, like a sensible woman: "Hands up; I've got you right where I want you; you take those imitation pearls off my dresser and get out of here. If I ever see you or those pearls around here again, I'll hand you over to the police." That's what she ought to say. It's the chance of her life. But unless she's an actress, she misses it absolutely. A thief doesn't expect gratitude, but it seems to me he might at least expect understanding and intelligent cooperation. Here are you facing disgrace, and here am I willing to save you. And what do I get? Sarcasm, cheap sarcasm!

CHARLES. I beg your pardon, old man. I'm truly sorry. You're just too advanced for us. Clara, there's an idea in it. What do you think?

CLARA. It has its possibilities. Now if he'll let me choose— Isn't there a joker in it somewhere? Let me think. We might let you have something. What do you want?

THIEF. [*Indignantly.*] What do I want? I—don't want—anything. Can't you see that? The question is, What do you want me to have? And please be a little considerate. Don't ask me to take the pianola or the icebox. Can't you make up your minds? Let me help you. Haven't you got some old wedding gifts? Everybody has. Regular white elephants, yet you don't dare get rid of them for fear the donors will come to see you and miss them. A discriminating thief is a godsend. All you have to do is write: "Dear Maude and Fred: Last night our house was broken into, and of course the first thing that was taken was that lovely Roycroft chair you gave us." Or choose what you like. Here's opportunity knocking at your door. Make it something ugly as you please, but something genuine. I hate sham.

CLARA. Charles, it's our chance. There's that lovely, hand-carved—

THIEF. Stop! I saw it. [*Shuddering.*] It has the marks of the machine all over it. Not that. I can't take that.

CLARA. Beggars shouldn't be—

THIEF. Where's my coat? That settles it.

CLARA. Oh, don't go! I didn't mean it. Honestly I didn't. It just slipped out. You mustn't leave us like this—

THIEF. I don't have to put up with such—

CLARA. Oh, please stay, and take something! Haven't we anything you want? Charles, hold him; don't let him go. No, that won't do any good. Talk to him—

CHARLES. Don't be so sensitive, old man. She didn't mean it. You know how

82. **Roycroft chair**, chair made by hand, after an original design, at the Roycroft shop, East Aurora, New York.

those old sayings slip out—just say themselves. She only called you a little beggar anyway. You ought to hear what she calls me sometimes.

THIEF. I don't want to. I'm not her husband. And I don't believe she does it in the same way, either. But I'm not going to be mean about this. I'll give you another chance. Trot out your curios.

CHARLES. How about this? Old luster set of Clara's grandmother's. I'm no judge of such things myself, but if you could use it, take it. Granddad gave it to her when they were sweethearts, didn't he, Clara?

THIEF. That! Old luster? That jug won't be four years old its next birthday. Don't lay such things to your grandmother. Have some respect for the dead. If you gave more than $3.98 for it, they saw you coming.

CLARA. You don't know anything about it. You're just trying to humiliate us because you know you have the upper hand.

THIEF. All right. Go ahead. Take your own risks.

CLARA. There's this Sheffield tray?

THIEF. No.

CHARLES. Do you like Wedgwood?

THIEF. Yes, where is it? [*Looks at it.*] No.

CLARA. This darling hawthorn vase—

THIEF. Please take it away. It isn't hawthorn.

CHARLES. I suppose cloisonné—

THIEF. If they were any of them what you call them. But they aren't.

CHARLES. Well, if you'd consider burnt wood. That's a genuine burn.

THIEF. Nothing short of cremation would do it justice. Of course I've got to take one of them, if they're all you've got. But honestly, there isn't one genuine thing in this house, except Charles—and—and the ham sandwich.

CLARA. [*Takes miniature from cabinet.*] I wonder if you would treasure this as I do. It's very dear to me. It's grandmother—

THIEF. [*Suspiciously.*] Grandmother again?

CLARA. As a little girl. Painted on ivory. See that quaint old coral necklace. And those adorable yellow curls. And the pink circle comb. Would you like it?

THIEF. Trying to appeal to my sympathy. I've a good notion to take it to punish you. I wonder if it *is* your grandmother. There isn't the slightest family resemblance. Look here!—it is!—it's a copy of the Selby miniature! Woman, do you know who that *is?* It's Harriet Beecher Stowe at twelve. What have you done with my overcoat?

CHARLES. I give up. Here it is. Clara, that was too bad.

CLARA. I wanted to see if he'd know.

CHARLES. There's no use trying to save us after this. We'll just have to bear the disgrace.

THIEF. Charles, you're a trump! I'll even take that old daub for *you.* Give it to me.

CHARLES. Wait a minute. You won't have to. Say, Clara, where is that old picture of Cousin Paul? It's just as bad as it pretends to be, if genuineness is all you want.

THIEF. [*Suspiciously.*] Who is Cousin Paul? Don't try to ring in Daniel Webster on me.

CHARLES. Cousin of mine. Lives on a farm near Madison, Wisconsin.

THIEF. You don't claim the picture is by Sargent or Whistler?

CLARA. It couldn't be—

THIEF. [*Ignoring her pointedly.*] Do you, Charles?

CHARLES. Certainly not. It's a water color of the purest water, and almost a speaking likeness.

THIEF. I'll take Cousin Paul. Probably he has human interest.

CHARLES. That's the last thing I should have thought of in connection with Cousin Paul.

THIEF. Bring him, but wrapped, please. My courage might fail me if I saw him face to face.

CHARLES. [*Leaving room for picture.*] Mine always does.

THIEF. While Charles is wrapping up

28-36. **Sheffield, Wedgwood, hawthorn, cloisonné,** etc. See note *5*, page 519.

62. **Harriet Beecher Stowe** (1812-1896), an American author. 85. **Sargent,** John Singer (1856-1925), an American painter famous for his portraits. **Whistler,** James McNeill (1834-1903), one of the greatest American painters.

the picture, I want to know how you got back so early. Your maid said you were going to the Garrick.

CLARA. We told her so. But we went to the moving pictures.

THIEF. You ought not to go to the movies. It will destroy your literary taste and weaken your minds.

CLARA. I don't care for them myself, but Charles won't see anything else.

THIEF. You ought to make him. Men only go to the theater anyway because their wives take them. They'd rather stay at home or play billiards. You have a chance right there. Charles will go where you take him. By and by he will begin to like it. Now tonight there was a Granville Barker show at the Garrick, and you went to the movies to see a woman whose idea of cuteness is to act as if she had a case of arrested mental development.

CHARLES. [*Entering, doing up picture.*] Silly old films, anyway. But Clara *will* go. Goes afternoons when I'm not here, and then drags me off again in the evening. Here's your picture, as soon as I get it tied up. Can't tell you how grateful we are. Shall we make it unanimous, Clara?

CLARA. I haven't the vote, you know. Clumsy! give me the picture.

THIEF. Don't try to thank me. If you'll give up this shamming, I'll feel repaid for my time and trouble. [*Looking at watch.*] By Jove! it's far too much time. I must make tracks this minute. I'll feel repaid if you'll take my advice about the theater for one thing, and—why don't you bundle all this imitation junk together and sell it and get one genuine good thing?

[CLARA *leaves, apparently for more string.*]

CHARLES. Who'd buy them?

THIEF. There must be other people in the world with taste as infallibly bad as yours.

CHARLES. Call that honest?

THIEF. Certainly. I'm not telling you to sell them as relics. You couldn't in the first place, except to a home for the aged and indigent blind. But I know a man who needs them. They'd rejoice his heart. They'd be things of beauty to him. I wish I could help you pick out something with your money. But I don't dare risk seeing you again.

CLARA. [*Reëntering, with the picture tied.*] Why not? There's honor among thieves.

THIEF. There *is*. If you were thieves, I'd know just how far to trust you. Now, I'd be willing to trust Charles as man to man. Gentleman's agreement. But [*Looking at* CLARA.] I don't know—

CHARLES. Clara is just as honest as we are—with her own class. But your profession puts you outside the pale with her; you're her natural enemy. You haven't any rights. But you've been a liberal education for us both.

THIEF. I've been liberal. You meet me—listen!—there are footsteps on the porch. I—I've waited too long. Here I've stood talking—

CHARLES. Well, stop it now, can't you. I don't see how you've ever got anywhere. Hide!

THIEF. No, it can't be done. If you'll play fair, I'm safe enough here in this room, safer than anywhere else. Pretend I'm a friend of yours. You will? Gentleman's agreement? [*He shakes hands with* CHARLES.]

CHARLES. Gentleman's agreement. My word of honor.

CLARA. [*Offers her hand as* CHARLES *starts for the door.*] Gentleman's agreement, but only in this. I haven't forgiven you for what you've said. If I ever get you in a tight place—look out.

THIEF. [*Taking her hand.*] Don't tell more than the one necessary lie. It's so easy to get started in that sort of thing. Stick to it that I'm a friend of the family and that I've been spending the evening.

CLARA. I'll try to stick to that. But can't I improvise a little? It's such fun!

THIEF. Not a bit. Not one little white lie.

CHARLES. [*Entering with a young man behind him.*] It's a man from the *News*. He says he was out here on another story and he's got a big scoop. There's been some artistic burglary in the neighborhood

18. **Granville Barker** (1877–), an English playwright whose plays, like this one, criticize the failings of the day.

and he's run on to it. I told him we hadn't lost anything and that we don't want to get into the papers; but he wants us to answer a few questions.

REPORTER. Please do. I need some stuff about the neighborhood.

CLARA. I don't know, Charles, but that it's our duty. [*She smiles wickedly at the* THIEF.] Something we say may help catch the thieves. Perhaps we owe it to law and order.

REPORTER. That's right. Would you object if I used your name?

[CHARLES *and the* THIEF *motion to* CLARA *to keep still, but throughout the rest of the conversation she disregards their frantic signals, and sails serenely on.*]

CLARA. I don't know that we should mind if you mention us nicely. Will the Hempsteds be in? I shan't mind it, if they don't.

REPORTER. Good for you. Now, have you—

CLARA. We *have* missed something. We haven't had time to look thoroughly, but we do know that one of our pictures is gone.

[*The men are motioning to her, but she goes on sweetly.*]

REPORTER. A-a-ah! Valuable picture. He hasn't taken anything that wasn't the best of its class. Remarkable chap. Must be the same one that rifled the Pierpont collection of illuminated manuscripts. Culled the finest pieces without a mistake.

THIEF. [*Interested.*] He made one big mistake. He—[*Stops short.*]

REPORTER. Know the Pierponts?

THIEF. Er—ye-es. I've been in their house. [*Retires from the conversation.* CLARA *smiles.*]

REPORTER. Well, believe me, if he's taken anything, your reputation as collectors is made. Picture, eh? Old master, I suppose?

CLARA. A family portrait. We treasured it for that. Associations, you know.

REPORTER. Must have been valuable, all right. Depend on him to know. He don't run away with any junk. Who was the artist?

CLARA. We don't know—definitely.

REPORTER. Never heard it attributed to anybody?

CLARA. We don't care to make any point of such things. But there have been people who have thought—it was not—a—a Gilbert Stuart.

CHARLES. Clara!

CLARA. I don't know much about such things myself. But our friend [*Nods toward the* THIEF.], Mr.—Mr. Hibbard—who has some reputation as a collector, has always said that it was—not. In spite of that fact, he had offered to take it off our hands.

CHARLES. Clara, you're going too far—

REPORTER. She's quite right. You're wrong, Mr. Hibbard. You may be good, but this fellow *knows*. Too bad you didn't take it while the taking was good. This fellow never sells. Of course he can't exhibit. Just loves beautiful things. No, sir, it was real.

THIEF. [*Between his teeth.*] It wasn't. Of all the—

CLARA. [*Smiling.*] You take your beating so ungracefully, Mr. Hibbard. The case, you see, is all against you.

THIEF. Be careful. The picture may be found at any minute. Don't go too far.

CLARA. I hardly think it will be found unless the thief is caught. And I have such perfect confidence in his good sense that I don't expect that.

REPORTER. Lots of time for a getaway. When was he here?

CLARA. He was gone when we came from the theater. But we must almost have caught him. Some of our finest things were gathered together here on the table ready for his flight. How he must have hated to leave them, all the miniatures and the cloisonné. I almost feel sorry for him.

CHARLES. I do.

CLARA. You see, we went to the Garrick for the Granville Barker show. Mr. Hibbard took us. [*She smiles sweetly at him.*] I'm devoted to the best in drama and I always insist that Charles and Mr. Hibbard shall take me only to

53. **Gilbert Stuart** (1755-1828), an American painter famous for his portraits of Washington.

the finest things. And now we come home to find our—You're sure it was a Gilbert Stuart?—gone.

THIEF. I've got to be getting out of here! Can't stay a minute longer! Charles, I wish you luck in that reform we were speaking of, but I haven't much hope. [*Looking at* CLARA.] There is such a thing as total depravity. Oh, here! [*Taking package from under his arm.*] What am I thinking of? I was running away with your package. [*Hands it to* CLARA.]

CLARA. [*Refusing it.*] Oh, but it's yours, Mr. Hibbard. I couldn't think of taking it. Really, you must keep it to remember us by. Put it among your art treasures at home, next to your lovely illuminated manuscripts, and whenever you look at it remember us and this delightful evening, from which we are all taking away so much. You must keep it—that's part of the bargain, isn't it? And now are we even?

THIEF. Even? Far from it. I yield you your woman's right to the last word, and I admit it's the best. [*Stoops and kisses her hand.*] Good-night, Clara. [*To the* REPORTER.] May I give you a lift back to town?

REPORTER. Thanks. As far as the Hempsted's corner. Good-night. Thank you for this much help. [*Exeunt.*]

CHARLES. Thank goodness, they've gone. What relief! That pace is too rapid for me. You had me running round in circles. But he's got the picture, and we're safe at last. But don't you think, Clara, you took some awful risks? You goaded him pretty far.

CLARA. I had to. Did you hear him call me Clara?

CHARLES. He had to. [*Chuckling.*] He doesn't know our name. But he wasn't a bad fellow, was he? I couldn't help liking him in spite of his impudence.

CLARA. You showed it. You took sides with him against me all the time the reporter was here. But, you know, he was right about our house. It's all wrong. The Hempsteds would see it in a minute. I believe I'll clear out this cabinet and have this room done over in mahogany.

CHARLES. Too expensive this winter.

CLARA. Birch will do just as well—nobody knows the difference. Listen! is he coming back?

REPORTER. [*In the doorway.*] Excuse me—listen. Mr. Hibbard says you've given him the wrong package. He says you need this to go with the picture of your grandmother. And he says, sir, that you need to get wise to your own family. He's waiting for me. Good-night! [*Exit.*]

CHARLES. [*Angrily.*] Get wise to my own family? He may know all about art [*Undoing the picture.*] but I guess I know my own relatives. [*Holds up picture so that audience can see it, but he can't*]. And if that isn't a picture of my own cousin Paul, I'll eat—[*Sees Clara laughing.*] What the devil! [*Looks at picture, which represents George Washington.*] Clara! you did that! [*Laughs uproariously.*] You little cheat!

CURTAIN

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. How does the thief, at his first appearance, differ from other thieves you have read about? How do his first five speeches differ from what you expect? After Clara's entrance and first three speeches, what kind of woman do you think she is? What opinion of Charles do you have after his first three speeches?

2. Before they sit down, in how many ways does the thief imply that they are dishonest? Why does Clara get more indignant than Charles does?

3. Why does Clara live in this part of town? Why haven't the Hempsteds called? Why does the thief visit Sargent Road? Of what things is he a connoisseur? Why would people laugh at Clara the next day if the thief stole nothing from her house?

4. Why does Clara propose to report that something has been stolen? Why does she decide to ask the thief to carry off something? Why does the thief threaten to leave when she calls him a beggar?

5. Pupils should make reports to class on lusterware, Sheffield Plate, Wedgwood ware, hawthorn china, cloisonné. *The New International Encyclopedia* treats lusterware under "Pottery," Sheffield Plate under "Plate," Wedgwood ware under "Wedgwood," and cloisonné under "Enamel." Hawthorn china refers to Chinese porcelain with a decoration of the flowering branches of a plum-tree against a background of dark blue, red, or black. What light do these reports throw on the thief's taste? Why does Charles mention the burnt wood?

6. What motive has Clara in speaking of the movies to the thief as she does? Why does she take the picture and tie it up? Why does the thief trust Charles more than he does Clara? Why does Charles say the thief has been a liberal education?

7. How does Clara get even with the thief? In what speeches did she "goad" him? Why does the thief send the picture back? Has he reformed Charles and Clara? What does he mean by "get wise to your own family"? Why does Charles laugh in the end?

8. Has your impression of the thief changed since his first five speeches? Explain by quoting passages that illustrate your conception now. How was he impudent? Why does Charles like him? What traits in Clara's character have come out more clearly since her first appearance? Again quote. Does sham appear in her character anywhere except in choosing interior decorations? Do you like her? Quote to show why. What are the chief traits of Charles? How does he differ from Clara? Quote to illustrate. How do these characters differ from those in *Enter the Hero?* Which set of characters do you think is truer to human nature? Which do you think more interesting?

9. What creates the suspense? Where is the suspense highest? What kind of conflict runs through the play? Where is this conflict sharpest? Which side is uppermost at the end? Does the end come naturally? Does the story seem to you natural or improbable? Explain why.

10. Which conversations in the play are most amusing? Be prepared to read them to the class to bring out the humor. Turn to what is said in the Introduction to *She Stoops to Conquer* about the kinds of comedy (page 520). What kinds are present in this play? In which situations would acting add most to the enjoyment of the audience? Which actor would have to be most skillful?

11. What is the chief object of satire in this play? What speeches show this most clearly? Do you think the satire just? Did sham enter anywhere into *Enter the Hero?* Be specific. If so, how does the satire of Miss Helburn differ from the satire here?

12. Sham is revealed in this play most conspicuously in interior decorations, but it may appear in almost any kind of choice, conversation, or conduct, such as the reasons for going to a moving-picture show. Relate, either orally or in writing, instances that you have observed of this lack of sincerity or genuineness. If you care to, you may try a very short dramatized scene. Whatever the form, try to remain amusing instead of stern or bitter.

13. The full value of the situations in this comedy will be felt only on acting it out. Only a few "properties," such as pictures, are absolutely necessary. The opportunities for good acting are numerous, and they are not beyond the power of high-school pupils who have a little imagination.

GOLDSMITH'S "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

AN INTRODUCTION

Laughing at life about you, at people or events in your experience, is almost universal. Everybody laughs, or should laugh, for laughter arises from sound common sense, from a feeling of proportion, from a balanced way of looking at life. A perfectly selfish person, one whose thought and actions are all centered on himself, may not see much to laugh at. A fanatic, one who is terribly in earnest about getting some change brought about or some project pushed through to completion, may not take time to laugh. But with most people a sense of humor is one of the most valuable possessions. It tends to grow richer year by year. Those who in youth come to enjoy humor in literature are likely to have a keener appreciation of it in life. Let us see how some writers have found amusement in the oddities of everyday life.

Oliver Goldsmith, the author of the play that we study next, had a very delightful sense of humor. He liked to tell a story of his own school days. He went to a school only fifteen miles away from his home in Ireland, but he boarded there because the roads were difficult. As most traveling was done in the saddle, he rode back home on his vacations. After his last vacation he set out in high spirits, for a friend had given him a guinea and he felt as rich as Croesus. He was on a borrowed horse, and he rode so slowly that he was only half way to the school when night overtook him. Here was an opportunity to put up at an inn. He asked for the "best house" in the place. He inquired with so much swagger and importance that the gentleman to whom he applied, and who enjoyed playing practical jokes, directed him to the mansion of the squire. The youth consequently rode up briskly, shouted for someone to take his horse, and went into the supposed inn. The squire knew the boy's father, who was rector of the English Church in the next village, and allowed him to order his supper, accepted his invitation to share a bottle of wine, and even took his directions for a hot cake for his breakfast. It was not until leaving the next morning that Oliver Goldsmith learned that he had assumed these lordly airs in a private house.

The picture of the awkward youth condescending to the squire lingered in Goldsmith's mind so vividly that he made it the basis of his famous and still popular play, *She Stoops to Conquer*. The two young men in the play are misled by a practical joker in much the same way. One of them, who is usually very modest, but who is kept in the dark about the mistake, mistreats the good old gentleman, the master of the house, in a very superior fashion. Much of the fun comes from the innumerable mistakes, both in act and speech, into which the practical joke leads this modest young man.

Goldsmith introduces other practical jokes into the play, but he does not rely entirely on this kind of humor to amuse his audiences. To mistake one person for another, to say or do the wrong thing in any situation is usually a low form of wit. Goldsmith enriched his comedy by making fun of features of the everyday life of the time. Ridicule of the extravagant is a never-ending source of amusement. You will laugh heartily at Mrs. Hardcastle. She pets her boisterous grown-up son as if he were a weakly child. She is in her fifties, but she tries to dress in the latest fashion for women much younger. She has never been in London and is indeed very ignorant about it, but she pretends to be well acquainted with it. Silly mothers and vain, ignorant old women may be found today almost anywhere. Everywhere there will be enough sensible people to enjoy any satire of them.

Goldsmith satirized also matters which

were peculiar to his age. In fact, when the play was produced, it was considered a very bold one. Plays weren't written in that way then. The characters had to be "genteel." They had to be people of wealth and their servants. Goldsmith introduces as his chief character a young man little better than a country bumpkin. In one scene he introduces some very commonplace persons at a country inn. The satire comes when they all protest their "gentility." Even the bear dances to "genteel" tunes. In democratic America, we may have to read that scene twice to see the keenness of the satire. Even more difficult for us is Goldsmith's satire of "sentiment." With us the sentimental person is likely to idealize, to think of even the most hardened criminals as unfortunates, and to believe that they may be reclaimed by kindness. In Goldsmith's day comedy was called sentimental for a different reason. A sentimental play was one in which the characters spoke the most proper sentiments or opinions on very slight provocation. For example, some character may declare, "Those who generously labor for the happiness of others will sooner or later arrive at happiness themselves." When the characters are frequently saying "truths" like this, the play ceases to be very funny. The situations are likely to be serious or even sad. Goldsmith wanted hearty laughter. He made Marlow and Miss Hardcastle carry on a "sentimental conversation," but he had his audience laugh at them while they did so. You should be on the lookout for evidences of Goldsmith's satire of "sentiment" in reading the play.

In his satire Goldsmith is never biting. In the ludicrous situations in which he places characters, he always deals with them gently. There is laughter, however, that arises not merely from satire or comical mistakes or unexpected turns of events. Sometimes you laugh, like the baby, just because you are happy. The scene simply sounds funny. Take the opening of the second act. Nothing unexpected happens. No one is satirized or held up to ridicule. Of course these faithful servants are absurdly ill fitted to act gracefully in the new rôles that are assigned them. But it is something else that makes this scene a delightful piece of comedy. It is the hearty good will that reigns between master and servants. He calls them blockheads, but they know his kindly heart. He can't help laughing when Diggory refers to Old Grouse in the gun room. Much of the best humor, both in literature and in life, has back of it this kindly feeling. It is tender at the same time that it is merry.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH
GOLDSMITH AT WORK

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

or

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN

CHARACTERS	ORIGINAL CAST
SIR CHARLES MARLOW	*Mr. Gardner*
YOUNG MARLOW (his son)	*Mr. Lewes*
HARDCASTLE	*Mr. Shuter*
HASTINGS	*Mr. Dubellamy*
TONY LUMPKIN	*Mr. Quick*
DIGGORY	*Mr. Saunders*

WOMEN

MRS. HARDCASTLE	*Mrs. Green*
MISS HARDCASTLE	*Mrs. Bulkley*
MISS NEVILLE	*Mrs. Kniveton*
MAID	*Miss Willems*

Landlord, Servants, etc.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I. *A chamber in an old-fashioned house.*

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle and Mr. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hard. I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country but ourselves that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbor Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hard. Aye, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stagecoach. Its fopperies come down not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. Hard. Aye, your times were fine times indeed; you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing master; and all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love it. I love everything that's old—old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy (*taking her hand*), you'll own I've been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. Hard. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're forever at your Dorothys, and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see; twenty added to twenty—makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs. Hard. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle; I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Aye, you have taught him finely.

Mrs. Hard. No matter. Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

Hard. Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. Hard. Humor, my dear; nothing but humor. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humor.

Hard. I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footmen's shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the

Original cast, those who first acted in the play, some of them stage celebrities. 16. **basket**, a receptacle for baggage in the rear of old-fashioned coaches.

26. **Prince Eugene**, a famous Austrian general. **the Duke of Marlborough**, an English general who fought with Prince Eugene. 35, 36. **Darby . . . Joan**, types of married bliss. 54. **quotha**, indeed!

kittens be humor, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popped my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. Hard. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hard. Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No, no; the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. Hard. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Anybody that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hard. Aye, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. Hard. He coughs sometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. Hard. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly, so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet—(*Tony hallooing behind the scenes*)—Oh, there he goes—a very consumptive figure, truly!

Enter Tony, crossing the stage.

Mrs. Hard. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

Tony. I'm in haste, mother; I cannot stay.

Mrs. Hard. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear; you look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Hard. Aye; the alehouse, the old place; I thought so.

Mrs. Hard. A low, paltry set of fellows.

Tony. Not so low, neither. There's Dick Muggins, the exciseman; Jack Slang, the horse-doctor; little Aminadab, that grinds the music-box; and Tom Twist, that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. Hard. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night, at least.

2. **wig.** All genteel men wore wigs in Goldsmith's day.

Tony. As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

Mrs. Hard. (*Detaining him.*) You shan't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. Hard. I say you shan't.

Tony. We'll see which is strongest, you or I. [*Exit, hauling her out.*

Hard. (*Alone.*) Aye, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling, Kate! the fashions of the times have almost infected her, too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze and French frippery as the best of them.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Hard. Blessings on my pretty innocence! Dressed out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss Hard. You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening I put on my housewife's dress, to please you.

Hard. Well, remember, I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by the bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss Hard. I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hard. Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband, from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow, himself, shortly after.

Miss Hard. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hard. Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow,

whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss Hard. Is he?

Hard. Very generous.

Miss Hard. I believe I shall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miss Hard. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hard. And very handsome.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, say no more (*kissing his hand*), he's mine—I'll have him.

Hard. And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss Hard. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word *reserved* has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hard. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss Hard. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so everything as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hard. Aye, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so?—Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hard. Bravely resolved! In the meantime, I'll go prepare the servants for his reception. As we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [*Exit.*

Miss Hard. (*Alone.*) Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome—these he put last, but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured—I like all that. But then, reserved and sheepish—that's much against him. Yet, can't he be cured of his timidity by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I—but I vow I'm disposing of the husband before I have secured the lover.

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss Hard. I'm so glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there anything whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face today?

Miss Nev. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again—bless me!—surely no accident has happened among the canary birds or the goldfishes? Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or has the last novel been too moving?

Miss Hard. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss Nev. And his name—

Miss Hard. Is Marlow.

Miss Nev. Indeed!

Miss Hard. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Nev. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss Hard. Never.

Miss Nev. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp; you understand me.

Miss Hard. An odd character, indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? Has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss Nev. I have just come from one of our agreeable tête-à-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss Hard. And her partiality is such that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm

62. **in face**, looking my best.

not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss Nev. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But, at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son; and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss Hard. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss Nev. It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. *Allons!* Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss Hard. Would it were bedtime, and all were well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An alehouse room.*

Several shabby fellows with punch and tobacco. Tony at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest, a mallet in his hand.

Omnes. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Bravo!

First Fell. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

Omnes. Aye, a song, a song!

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, The Three Pigeons.

SONG

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain
  With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
  Gives *genus* a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
  Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians,
Their *quis*, and their *quæs*, and their *quods*,
  They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.
    Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When Methodist preachers come down,
  A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
  They alway preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence,
  For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
  But you, my good friend, are the Pigeon.
    Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
  And let us be merry and clever;
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
  Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons forever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
  Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds in the air,
  Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
    Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Omnes. Bravo, bravo!

First Fell. The squire has got some spunk in him.

Second Fell. I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

Third Fell. Oh, damn anything that's low; I cannot bear it.

Fourth Fell. The genteel thing is the genteel thing any time; if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

Third Fell. I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What, though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes—"Water Parted," or "The Minuet in Ariadne."

Second Fell. What a pity it is the squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would, Master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company.

Second Fell. Oh, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place that he kept the best horses and dogs in the whole county.

18. **Allons**, Let's go! Scene II. 37. **Lethe**, **Styx**, rivers of Hades. 41. **Methodist**. The Methodist sect, less than half a century old at this time, was much ridiculed by Church of England adherents.

48. **Pigeon**, dupe. 63-66. **low . . . genteel**. Goldsmith is making fun of other playwrights, who would not introduce characters that did not belong in "society." 68. **concatenation**, nonsense as used here. 75. **Water Parted**, a song in Arne's opera, *Artaxerxes*. 76. **Ariadne**, an opera by Handel.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer and the miller's gray mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter Landlord.

Land. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit Landlord.*) Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt mob.*

Tony. (*Alone.*) Father-in-law has been calling me whelp and hound this half year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of *that* if he can.

Enter Landlord, conducting Marlow and Hastings.

Marl. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore!

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Marl. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to everyone I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offense, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

17. **woundily**, extremely. 24. **father-in-law**, stepfather.

Hast. Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you come?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us—

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is that—you have lost your way.

Marl. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Marl. That's not necessary toward directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offense; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole; the son, a pretty, wellbred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of!

Marl. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem!—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a damned long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's (*winking upon the Landlord*)—Mr. Hardcastle's of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me?

Land. Master Hardcastle's! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

Marl. Cross down Squash Lane!

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to four roads.

Marl. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Aye; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

"YOU BEN'T SENDING THEM TO YOUR FATHER'S AS AN INN?"

Marl. Oh, sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill—

Marl. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude.

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Marl. This house promises but a poor reception; though, perhaps, the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside, with—three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Marl. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you?—then, let me see—what if you go on a mile farther, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country?

Hast. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool, you. Let *them* find that out. (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the roadside. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no; but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

12. **longitude.** In 1773, the year in which *She Stoops to Conquer* appeared, John Harrison had received £20,000 for an explanation of how to determine longitude.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Marl. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no, straight forward. I'll just step myself, and show you a piece of the way. (*To the Landlord.*) Mum!

Land. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant, mischievous son. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Act I, Scene i

1. Remember that the play is supposed to take place at a time when traveling was not only difficult but also dangerous. Why does Mr. Hardcastle use the expression "faster than a stage-coach"?

2. Why does Mrs. Hardcastle think Latin will improve Tony's mind? Do we hold such views today?

3. In how many ways are Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle unlike? Do such people exist today? Sketch some persons of your acquaintance to illustrate.

4. What seems to be the chief trait of Tony? How does it appear?

5. What notable difference is there between the way in which matches were made in those days and in these?

6. What does Kate like in a young man? What does she dislike? Do young ladies have the same views today?

7. Why does Miss Neville object to Tony as a future husband? Why does he object to her as a future wife? Why is Mrs. Hardcastle set upon the match?

Scene ii

1. Why do you suppose Tony likes the gatherings at the inn? Is he true to the conception you get of him in scene i?

2. Why does he wish to play a joke on his stepfather?

3. How and why does the landlord help him out?

4. Could Tony's trick be played today? Why do you think so?

Act I as a Whole

1. Which character do you think is going to be the most important? Why?

2. What do you think is going to be the chief story of the play? What incidents in this act make you think so?

3. Point out some contrasts between city dwellers and people living in the country in Goldsmith's day.

ACT SECOND

Scene I. *An old-fashioned house.*

Enter Hardcastle, followed by three or four awkward Servants.

Hard. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

Omnes. Aye, aye.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frighted rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plow, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead, you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Dig. Aye, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's parfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! Is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlor? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Dig. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Dig. Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of the Ould Grouse in the gun-room. I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me! We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please (*to Diggory*)—Eh, why don't you move?

Dig. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

First Serv. I'm not to leave this pleace.

Second Serv. I'm sure it's no pleace of mine.

Third Serv. Nor mine, for sartain.

Dig. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numskulls! and so, while, like your betters, you are quarreling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again—But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads! I'll go in the meantime and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate.

[*Exit Hardcastle.*

Dig. By the elevens, my pleace is quite gone out of my head.

Roger. I know that my pleace is to be everywhere.

First Serv. Where the devil is mine?

Second Serv. My pleace is to be nowhere at all; and so Ize go about my business.

[*Exeunt Servants, running about as if frightened, several ways.*

Enter Servant, with candles, showing in Marlow and Hastings.

Serv. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome! This way.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique but creditable.

Marl. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Hast. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame a reckoning confoundedly.

Marl. Travelers, George, must pay in all places; the only difference is that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

Hast. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Marl. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman—except my mother—but among females of another class, you know—

Hast. Aye, among them you are impudent enough, of all conscience!

Marl. They are of *us*, you know.

Hast. But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Marl. Why, man, that's because I do want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Hast. If you could but say half the fine things to them that I have heard you

vish upon the barmaid of an inn, or even college bed-maker—

Marl. Why, George, I can't say fine ings to them; they freeze, they petrify e. They may talk of a comet, or a urning mountain, or some such bagatelle; ut to me a modest woman, dressed out in l her finery, is the most tremendous bject of the whole creation.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, ow can you ever expect to marry?

Marl. Never; unless, as among kings nd princes, my bride were to be courted y proxy. If, indeed, like an Eastern ridegroom, one were to be introduced to a ife he never saw before, it might be en- ured. But to go through all the terrors a formal courtship, together with the isode of aunts, grandmothers, and cous- s, and at last to blurt out the broad aring question of, "Madam, will you arry me?" No, no, that's a strain much oove me, I assure you.

Hast. I pity you. But how do you tend behaving to the lady you are come own to visit at the request of your father?

Marl. As I behave to all other ladies. ow very low, answer "Yes" or "No" to l her demands—but for the rest, I don't ink I shall venture to look in her face ll I see my father's again.

Hast. I'm surprised that one who is so arm a friend can be so cool a lover.

Marl. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, y chief inducement down was to be in- rumental in forwarding your happiness, ot my own. Miss Neville loves you, the mily don't know you; as my friend you e sure of a reception, and let honor do e rest.

Hast. My dear Marlow! But I'll sup- ress the emotion. Were I a wretch, eanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you ould be the last man in the world I ould apply to for assistance. But Miss eville's person is all I ask, and that is ine, both from her deceased father's nsent, and her own inclination.

Marl. Happy man! You have talents d art to captivate any woman. I'm omed to adore the sex, and yet to con- rse with the only part of it I despise. is stammer in my address, and this rkward, prepossessing visage of mine can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the duchesses of Drury Lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter Hardcastle.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you are heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Marl. (*Aside.*) He has got our names from the servants already. (*To him.*) We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. (*To Hastings.*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our traveling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, George, you're right; the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings— gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty Hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

Marl. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

Marl. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Hast. I think not; brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Marl. The girls like finery.

57. **duchesses of Drury Lane,** cheaply overdressed women of the theatrical, not the aristocratic, part of London. 91. **Denain,** where the French defeated the Allies in 1712, during the War of the Spanish Succession. 92. **ventre d'or,** gold-front.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. "Now," says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—"I'll pawn my dukedom," says he, "but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood." So—

Marl. What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the meantime; it would help us to carry on the siege with vigor.

Hard. Punch, sir! (*Aside.*) This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

Marl. Yes, sir, punch! A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty Hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Marl. (*Aside.*) So this fellow, in his Liberty Hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

Hard. (*Taking the cup.*) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance! [*Drinks.*

Marl. (*Aside.*) A very impudent fellow this. But he's a character, and I'll humor him a little. Sir, my service to you.

[*Drinks.*

Hast. (*Aside.*) I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Marl. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose?

Hard. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there is no business "for us that sell ale."

Hast. So, then, you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but, finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about Hyder Ally, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker. Sir, my service to you.

Hast. So that, with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlor.

Marl. (*After drinking.*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

Hard. Aye, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

Hast. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher.

[*Drinks.*

Hard. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Marl. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I believe it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir!—(*Aside.*) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

Marl. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work tonight in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. (*Aside.*) Such a brazen dog, sure, never my eyes beheld. (*To him.*) Why, really, sir, as for supper I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cook-maid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

21. **cup**, wine sweetened and flavored.

57. **Hyder Ally**, Sultan of Mysore. **Ally Cawn**, Sultan of Bengal. They were contemporary with Goldsmith. **Ally Croaker**, a popular Irish song. 69. **Westminster Hall**, the hall in London where, until 1882, the arguments in state trials were held. 84. **Belgrade**, where the Turks were beaten in 1717.

Marl. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By the bye, I believe hey are in actual consultation upon what's or supper this moment in the kitchen.

Marl. Then I beg they'll admit me as ne of their privy-council. It's a way I ave got. When I travel I always choose o regulate my own supper. Let the cook e called. No offense, I hope, sir.

Hard. Oh, no, sir, none in the least; et I don't know how; our Bridget, the ook-maid, is not very communicative pon these occasions. Should we send for er, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see your list of the larder, nen. I ask it as a favor. I always match ıy appetite to my bill of fare.

Marl. (*To Hardcastle, who looks at them ith surprise.*) Sir, he's very right, and 's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command ere. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of ıre for tonight's supper; I believe it's rawn out. (*Exit Roger.*) Your manner, Ir. Hastings, puts me in mind of my ncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of is that no man was sure of his supper till e had eaten it.

Hast. (*Aside.*) All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear f his mother being a justice of the peace. ut let's hear the bill of fare.

Marl. (*Perusing.*) What's here? For ıe first course; for the second course; for ıe dessert. The devil, sir, do you think we ave brought down the whole Joiners' ompany, or the Corporation of Bedford, o eat up such a supper? Two or three ttle things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Marl. (*Reading.*) For the first course, the top, a pig, and prune sauce.

Hast. Damn your pig, I say!

Marl. And damn your prune sauce, y I!

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that e hungry, pig with prune sauce is very ood eating.

Marl. At the bottom, a calf's tongue and ains.

Hast. Let your brains be knocked out, y good sir, I don't like them.

Marl. Or you may clap them on a plate themselves. I do.

Hard. (*Aside.*) Their impudence confounds me. (*To them.*) Gentlemen, you are my guests; make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Marl. Item: A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream!

Hast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like, but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to—

Marl. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Marl. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Marl. You see I'm resolved on it.—(*Aside.*) A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. (*Aside.*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence.

[*Exeunt Marlow and Hardcastle.*

Hast. (*Alone.*) So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss Nev. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hast. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

61. **florentine**, probably something like our mince pie. **shaking pudding**, a jelly. 62. **taffety cream**, a dish so-named because the surface was glossy like taffeta silk. 64. **made**, fancy.

Miss Nev. An inn! sure you mistake; my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

Hast. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

Miss Nev. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often; ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss Nev. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it, too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

Hast. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with their journey, but they'll soon be refreshed; and, then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected.

Miss Nev. I have often told you that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

Hast. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the meantime, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss Nev. But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we still continue to deceive him?—This, this way—

[*They confer.*

Enter Marlow.

Marl. The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us, too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family.—What have we got here?

Hast. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you!—The most fortunate accident!—Who do you think is just alighted?

Marl. Cannot guess.

Hast. Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighborhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stepped into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? Eh!

Marl. (*Aside.*) I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hast. Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Marl. Oh, yes! Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter—But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder—What if we should postpone the happiness till tomorrow?—Tomorrow at her own house—It will be every bit as convenient—and rather more respectful—Tomorrow let it be.

[*Offering to go.*

Miss Nev. By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will show the ardor of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Marl. Oh, the devil! How shall I support it? Hem! Hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Hast. Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Marl. And, of all women, she that I dread most to encounter.

Enter Miss Hardcastle, as returned from walking, a bonnet, etc.

Hast. (*Introducing them.*) Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow; I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Now for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. (*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.*) I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir—I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Marl. Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry—madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hast. (*To him.*) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss Hard. I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Marl. (*Gathering courage.*) I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss Nev. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

Hast. (*To him.*) Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance forever.

Marl. (*To him.*) Hem! Stand by me then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

Miss Hard. An observer, like you, upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Marl. Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

Hast. (*To him.*) Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Marl. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. (*To him.*) Zounds, George, sure you won't go? How can you leave us?

Hast. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. (*To him.*) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tête-à-tête of our own. [*Exeunt.*

Miss Hard. (*After a pause.*) But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir; the ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Marl. (*Relapsing into timidity.*) Pardon me, madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied —only—to—deserve them.

Miss Hard. And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

Marl. Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex.—But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss Hard. Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it forever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light, airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Marl. It's—a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish—for—um—a—um—

Miss Hard. I understand you, sir. There must be some, who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Marl. My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing—a—

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions! (*To him.*) You were going to observe, sir—

Marl. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) I vow and so do I. (*To him.*) You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy—something about hypocrisy, sir.

Marl. Yes, madam. In this age of

78. **man of sentiment.** Reread on page 521, column one, from line 15 to the end of the paragraph.

hypocrisy there are few who upon strict inquiry do not—a—a—a—

Miss Hard. I understand you perfectly, sir.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

Miss Hard. You mean that in this hypocritical age there are a few who do not condemn in public what they practice in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Marl. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

Miss Hard. Not in the least, sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force—pray, sir, go on.

Marl. Yes, madam, I was saying—that there are some occasions—when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the—and puts us—upon—a—a—a—

Miss Hard. I agree with you entirely; a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

Marl. Yes, madam. Morally speaking, madam—but I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss Hard. I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray, go on.

Marl. Yes, madam, I was—but she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honor to attend you?

Miss Hard. Well, then, I'll follow.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This pretty, smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Exit.*

Miss Hard. (*Alone.*) Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well, too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—That, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [*Exit.*

Enter Tony and Miss Neville, followed by Mrs. Hardcastle and Hastings.

Tony. What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging.

Miss Nev. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations and not be to blame.

Tony. Aye, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me, though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con. it won't do; so I beg you'll keep your distance. I want no nearer relationship.

[*She follows, coquetting him, to the back scene.*

Mrs. Hard. Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

Hast. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. Hard. Oh, sir! you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighboring rustics; but who can have a manner, that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, The Borough, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort? All I can do is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every tête-à-tête from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked Lane. Pray, how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings?

Hast. Extremely elegant and *dégagée*, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

Mrs. Hard. I protest, I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum-book for the last year.

74. **Ranelagh**, a fashionable garden in London. **St. James's**, a park in an aristocratic section of London. **Tower Wharf**, one of the most wretched sections of London near the famous prison, the Tower. 81. **Pantheon**, a rival resort to Ranelagh. **Grotto Gardens**, a pleasure resort, and **The Borough** (Southwark, a section of London) were far from fashionable. 86. **Scandalous Magazine**. *The Town and Country Magazine*, which gave a good deal of town gossip and satire. 89. **head**, headdress. 91. **dégagée**, graceful. 92. **friseur**, hair-dresser. 95. **Ladies' Memorandum-book**, a reference to the *Ladies' Complete Pocket Book*.

Hast. Indeed! Such a head in a side-
x, at the playhouse, would draw as
ıny gazers as my Lady Mayoress at a
ty Ball.

Mrs. Hard. I vow, since inoculation
gan, there is no such thing to be seen
a plain woman; so one must dress a
tle particular, or one may escape in the
›wd.

Hast. But that can never be your case,
ıdam, in any dress. (*Bowing.*)

Mrs. Hard. Yet, what signifies my dress-
, when I have such a piece of antiquity
my side as Mr. Hardcastle; all I can
will never argue down a single button
m his clothes. I have often wanted
n to throw off his great flaxen wig, and
ere he was bald, to plaster it over, like
Lord Pately, with powder.

Hast. You are right, madam; for, as
ong the ladies there are none ugly, so
ong the men there are none old.

Mrs. Hard. But what do you think his
swer was? Why, with his usual Gothic
acity, he said I only wanted him to
ow off his wig to convert it into a *tête*
my own wearing!

Hast. Intolerable! At your age you may
ar what you please, and it must become
ı.

Mrs. Hard. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what
you take to be the most fashionable age
›ut town?

Hast. Some time ago, forty was all the
›de; but I'm told the ladies intend to
ng up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs. Hard. Seriously? Then I shall be
› young for the fashion!

Hast. No lady begins now to put on
els till she's past forty. For instance,
ss there, in a polite circle, would be con-
ered as a child, a mere maker of sam-
rs.

Mrs. Hard. And yet Mistress Niece
nks herself as much a woman, and is as
d of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

Hast. Your niece, is she? And that
ıng gentleman—a brother of yours, I
›uld presume?

Mrs. Hard. My son, sir. They are con-
cted to each other. Observe their little
sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. (*To them.*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance, this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself but the stable.

Mrs. Hard. Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

Miss Nev. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a damned confounded—crack.

Mrs. Hard. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come, Tony.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you. (*Measuring.*)

Miss Nev. O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. Hard. Oh, the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hard. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

Tony. Ecod! you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the Complete Huswife ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through Quincy next spring. But, ecod! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hard. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good

inoculation, a method of preventing smallpox, introduced in 1721. 24. **Gothic**, barbaric. 26. **tête**, a device for dressing the hair high.

69. **crack**, lie. 98. **Quincy**, *The Complete English Dispensatory*, by John Quincy.

alone, then. Snubbing this way when I'm in spirits! If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs. Hard. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Ecod! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. Hard. Was ever the like? But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

Hast. Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. Hard. Well! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation. Was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy?

[*Exeunt Mrs. Hardcastle and Miss Neville.*]

Tony. (*Singing.*) "There was a young man riding by, and fain would have his will. Rang do didlo dee." Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together, and they said they liked the book better the more it made them cry.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty, well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all Christendom!

Hast. (*Aside.*) Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent.

Tony. Aye, before company. But when she's with her playmates, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Hast. Well, but you must allow her little beauty.—Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made-up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod! she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon!

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Aye; but where is there such friend, for who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod, I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and maybe get you part of her fortin besides, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along, then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. (*Singing.*)

> We are the boys
> That fear no noise,
> Where the thundering cannons roar.

[*Exeunt*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Why has Mr. Hardcastle had to train the servants?

2. How do Marlow and Hastings explain the furniture, which is too good for an inn?

3. Why has Hastings come down with Marlow?

4. In what way are Marlow and Hastings very rude to Mr. Hardcastle? Why are they? Note every occasion. Which seems to you the most amusing occasion?

5. What things does Mr. Hardcastle say that confirm Marlow in the mistaken belief that he is at an inn? Are they all natural?

6. What words and actions of Marlow make
r. Hardcastle think him impudent?
7. How does the bill-of-fare differ from
at at a home dinner today?
8. How does Marlow's insisting on seeing
s bed help the plot?
9. Do you think Hastings right in supposing
at Marlow would leave on discovering his
stake? Is Hastings's explanation plausible?
10. What kind of "bonnet" do you suppose
iss Hardcastle wore during the talk with
arlow? Do you suppose he looked at her
sely? What is the most amusing part of
e interview? Where has he stammered
fore?
11. What is Hastings's purpose in flattering
rs. Hardcastle as he does? Which of his
narks is most amusing to you?
12. What traits of Mrs. Hardcastle come
t in her conversation with Hastings? With
ny?
13. Do you believe Tony's account of
iss Neville's character? Does Hastings believe
n?
14. Which conversation or passage is to you
e most comical? The class may select one
vote and then choose a company to act it
t before the class.
15. At the end of this act, what definite
ents do you look forward to?

ACT THIRD

Scene I. *The house.*

Enter Hardcastle, alone.

Hard. What could my old friend Sir
harles mean by recommending his son as
e modestest young man in town? To
e he appears the most impudent piece of
ass that ever spoke with a tongue. He
s taken possession of the easy chair by
e fireside already. He took his boots off
the parlor, and desired me to see them
ken care of. I'm desirous to know how
s impudence affects my daughter. She
ll certainly be shocked at it.

Enter Miss Hardcastle, plainly dressed.

Hard. Well, my Kate, I see you have
anged your dress, as I bade you; and yet,
believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss Hard. I find such a pleasure, sir, in
eying your commands that I take care to
serve them without ever debating their
opriety.

Hard. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my modest gentleman to you as a lover today.

Miss Hard. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hard. I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

Miss Hard. I never saw anything like it; and a man of the world, too!

Hard. Aye, he learned it all abroad—what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by traveling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss Hard. It seems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

Miss Hard. Sure, you mistake, papa! A French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look—that awkward address—that bashful manner—

Hard. Whose look? Whose manner, child?

Miss Hard. Mr. Marlow's; his *mauvaise honte*, his timidity, struck me at the first sight.

Hard. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses.

Miss Hard. Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw anyone so modest.

Hard. And can you be serious! I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss Hard. Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hard. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss Hard. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and "Madam, I would not for the world detain you."

Hard. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before; asked twenty questions,

44. **mauvaise honte**, bashfulness. 54. **Bully Dawson**, a "swaggering sharper" of the time.

and never waited for an answer; interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch!

Miss Hard. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hard. If he be what he has shown himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss Hard. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hard. In one thing, then, we are agreed —to reject him.

Miss Hard. Yes—but upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate— I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man—certainly we don't meet many such at a horse-race in the country.

Hard. If we should find him so—but that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss Hard. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hard. Aye, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense won't end with a sneer at my understanding?

Hard. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss Hard. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

Hard. Agreed. But depend on't, I'm in the right.

Miss Hard. And, depend on't, I'm not much in the wrong. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tony, running in with a casket.

Tony. Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin neither. Oh, m genus! is that you?

Enter Hastings.

Hast. My dear friend, how have yo managed with your mother? I hope yo have amused her with pretending love f your cousin, and that you are willing be reconciled at last? Our horses will refreshed in a short time, and we shall so be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to be your charges by the way, (*giving the casket*) —your sweetheart's jewels. Keep the and hang those, I say, that would rob y of one of them!

Hast. But how have you procured the from your mother?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll t you no fibs. I procured them by the r of thumb. If I had not a key to eve drawer in mother's bureau, how could I to the alehouse so often as I do? A honest man may rob himself of his own any time.

Hast. Thousands do it every day. B to be plain with you: Miss Neville is e deavoring to procure them from her au this very instant. If she succeeds, it w be the most delicate way at least of obtai ing them.

Tony. Well, keep them until you kno how it will be. But I know how it will well enough; she'd as soon part with t only sound tooth in her head.

Hast. But I dread the effects of h resentment when she finds she has lo them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentmen leave *me* to manage that. I don't valu her resentment the bounce of a cracke Zounds! here they are! Morrice! Pranc [*Exit Hasting*

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle and Miss Neville.

Mrs. Hard. Indeed, Constance, you maze me. Such a girl as you want jewel It will be time enough for jewels, my dea twenty years hence, when your beaut begins to want repairs.

Miss Nev. But what will repair beaut at forty will certainly improve it at twenty madam.

92. Morrice, Be off!

Mrs. Hard. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady Kill-day-light, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back?

Miss Nev. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs. Hard. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear? Does your cousin Con want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty?

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Miss Nev. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. Hard. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of King Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. (*Apart to Mrs. Hardcastle.*) Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hard. (*Apart to Tony.*) You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

Tony. (*Apart to Mrs. Hardcastle.*) Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss Nev. I desire them but for a day, madam. Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

Mrs. Hard. To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience wherever they are.

Miss Nev. I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pretense to deny me. I know they are too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss—

Mrs. Hard. Don't be alarmed, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found; I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. Hard. You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss Nev. Aye, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. Hard. Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and, in the meantime, you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss Nev. I detest garnets!

Mrs. Hard. The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You *shall* have them. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir. Was ever anything so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery?

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark; he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss Nev. My dear cousin!

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. [*Exit Miss Neville.*] Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a Catherine wheel.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hard. Confusion! Thieves! Robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family!

Mrs. Hard. We are robbed. My bureau

9. **marcasites**, a mineral much used in the eighteenth century for ornaments, because it had the luster of gold and silver. 24. **rose and table-cut things.** A "rose-cut" stone had a round surface; a "table-cut" stone had a flat top.

93. **Catherine wheel**, a kind of fireworks that rotates while burning.

has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Hard. Why, boy, I *am* ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broke open and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that; ha! ha! ha! stick to that. I'll bear witness, you know; call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hard. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined forever.

Tony. Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs. Hard. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Hard. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest! I can tell you I'm not in jest, booby!

Tony. That's right, that's right; you must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. Hard. Was there ever such a cross-grained brute, that won't hear me! Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other!

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hard. Bear witness again, you blockhead, you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her? Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hard. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will!

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

[*He runs off; she follows him.*

Enter Miss Hardcastle and Maid.

Miss Hard. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the barmaid. He mistook you for the barmaid, madam!

Miss Hard. Did he? Then, as I live, I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in *The Beaux' Stratagem?*

Maid. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country but when she visits or receives company.

Miss Hard. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

Maid. Certain of it!

Miss Hard. I vow I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

Miss Hard. In the first place, I shall be seen, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss Hard. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant.—Did your honor call?—Attend the lion there.—Pipes and tobacco for the angel.—The lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

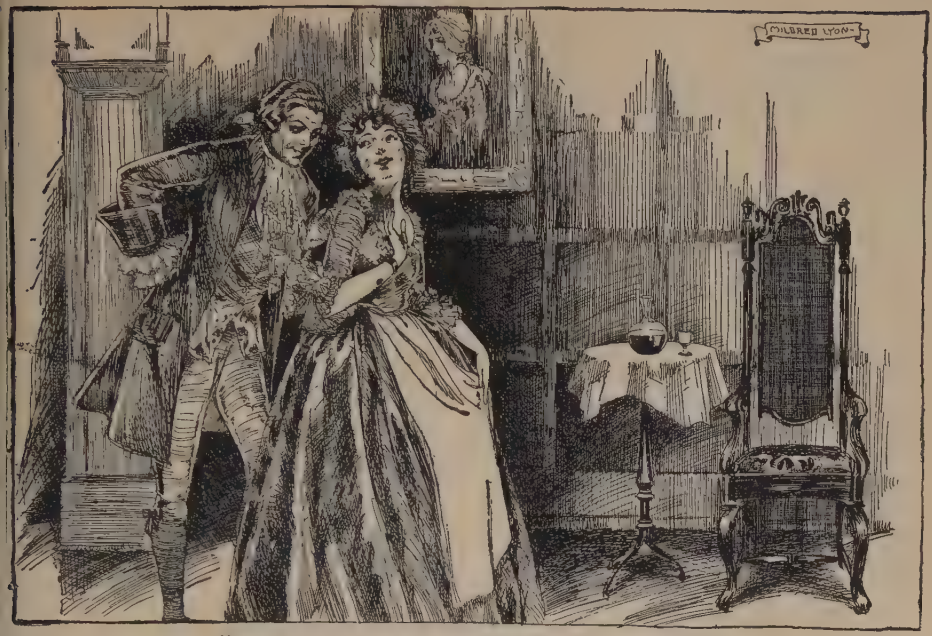
Maid. It will do, madam. But he's here.

[*Exit Maid.*

Enter Marlow.

Marl. What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story; if I fly to the

61. **Cherry**, the innkeeper's daughter in Farquhar's comedy, *The Beaux' Stratagem.* 92, 93. **lion, angel, lamb.** In Goldsmith's day rooms in inns were named, not numbered.



"WE KEEP NO FRENCH WINES HERE, SIR"

gallery, there we have my hostess with her curtsy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. [*Walks and muses.*

Miss Hard. Did you call, sir? Did your honor call?

Marl. (*Musing.*) As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hard. Did your honor call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*

Marl. No, child! (*Musing.*) Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hard. I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marl. No, no! (*Musing.*) I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll tomorrow please myself by returning.

[*Taking out his tablets and perusing.*

Miss Hard. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir?

Marl. I tell you no.

Miss Hard. I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

Marl. No, no, I tell you. (*Looks full in her face.*) Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome!

Miss Hard. O la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marl. Never saw a more sprightly, malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it, in the house?

Miss Hard. No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Marl. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that, too?

Miss Hard. Nectar? Nectar? That's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

Marl. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss Hard. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marl. Eighteen years! Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss Hard. Oh! sir, I must not tell my

1. **gallery**, a gallery running around a central yard. Guests entered their rooms from the gallery, not from a hall.

age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Marl. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. (*Approaching.*) Yet nearer, I don't think so much. (*Approaching.*) By coming close to some women, they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed—

[*Attempting to kiss her.*

Miss Hard. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Marl. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted?

Miss Hard. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that was here a while ago, in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad, she has hit it, sure enough! (*To her.*) In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing! No, no! I find you don't know me. I laughed and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

Miss Hard. Oh, then, sir, you are a favorite, I find, among the ladies?

Marl. Yes, my dear, a great favorite. And yet hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies' Club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons; Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service.

[*Offering to salute her.*

Miss Hard. Hold, sir; you are introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favorite there, you say?

Marl. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Langhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

21. **obstropalous.** What word does she mean?

Miss Hard. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose?

Marl. Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss Hard. And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child?

Miss Hard. I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Marl. (*Aside.*) All's well; she don't laugh at me. (*To her.*) Do you ever work, child?

Miss Hard. Aye, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Marl. Odso! Then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me.

[*Seizing her hand.*

Enter Hardcastle, who stands in surprise.

Miss Hard. Aye, but the colors don't look well by candlelight. You shall see all in the morning. [*Struggling.*

Marl. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—Pshaw! the father here! My old luck; I never nicked seven that I did not throw ambsace three times following.

[*Exit Marlow.*

Hard. So, madam! So I find *this* is your *modest* lover. This is your humble admirer, that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

Miss Hard. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hard. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him haul you about like a milkmaid? And now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss Hard. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults

78, 79. **nicked . . . ambsace,** i.e., I never made a winning throw of dice that I did not make the lowest possible throw three times following.

at will pass off with time, and the virtues at will improve with age, I hope you'll rgive him.

Hard. The girl would actually make one n mad! I tell you I'll not be convinced.

am convinced. He has scarcely been ree hours in the house, and he has already croached on all my prerogatives. You ay like his impudence, and call it modesty; t my son-in-law, madam, must have very fferent qualifications.

Miss Hard. Sir, I ask but this night to nvince you.

Hard. You shall not have half the time, I have thoughts of turning him out this ry hour.

Miss Hard. Give me that hour, then, d I hope to satisfy you.

Hard. Well, an hour let it be then. But l have no trifling with your father. All r and open, do you mind me?

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, you have ever und that I considered your commands as y pride; for your kindness is such that y duty as yet has been inclination.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Why doesn't Miss Hardcastle agree with father that Marlow should be rejected? w does she expect to convince her father?

2. Is Mrs. Hardcastle justified in calling ny a booby? How does he show his quickness wit and shrewdness in this Act?

3. Does Miss Hardcastle give the maid her l reason for wishing to meet Marlow?

4. Why does Marlow's conduct not displease ? How does she expect to overcome her her's well-founded prejudice?

5. Can you think of anything Marlow is ely to do that will increase Mr. Hardcastle's osition?

ACT FOURTH

Scene I. *The house.*

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Hast. You surprise me; Sir Charles arlow expected here this night! Where ve you had your information?

Miss Nev. You may depend upon it. I st saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in hich he tells him he intends setting out few hours after his son.

Hast. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps, my designs, to the rest of the family.

Miss Nev. The jewels, I hope, are safe?

Hast. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the meantime, I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and, if I should not see him again, will write him further directions. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. Well, success attend you! In the meantime, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretense of a violent passion for my cousin. [*Exit.*

Enter Marlow, followed by a Servant.

Marl. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

Serv. Yes, your honor.

Marl. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Serv. Yes; she said she'd keep it safe enough; she asked me how I came by it; and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself.

[*Exit Servant.*

Marl. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little barmaid, though, runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

Marl. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

Hast. Some women, you mean. But what success has your honor's modesty

36. discover, reveal.

PROPERTY OF KALB COUNTY

been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

Marl. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely little thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

Hast. Well, and what then?

Marl. She's mine, you rogue, you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips—but, egad! she would not let me kiss them, though.

Hast. But you are sure, so very sure of her?

Marl. Why, man, she talked of showing me her work above stairs, and I am to approve the pattern.

Hast. But how can you, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honor?

Marl. Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honor of the barmaid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it.

Hast. I believe the girl has virtue.

Marl. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

Hast. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

Marl. Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door a place of safety? Ah! numskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself—I have—

Hast. What?

Marl. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

Hast. To the landlady!

Marl. The landlady.

Hast. You did!

Marl. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

Hast. Yes, she'll bring it forth with a witness.

Marl. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion.

Hast. (*Aside.*) He must not see my uneasiness.

Marl. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure, nothing has happened?

Hast. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

Marl. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket, but, through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He! he! he! They're safe, however.

Marl. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hast. (*Aside.*) So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set out without it. (*To him.*) Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty barmaid, and, he! he! he! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me! [*Exit.*

Marl. Thank ye, George; I ask no more. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Hardcastle.

Hard. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. (*To him.*) Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*

Marl. Sir, your humble servant. (*Aside.*) What is to be the wonder now?

Hard. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

Marl. I do from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marl. I protest, my very good sir, that is no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. (*To the side-scene.*) Here, let one of my servants come up. (*To him.*) My positive directions were that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hard. Then they had your orders for what they do? I'm satisfied!

Marl. They had, I assure you. You hall hear it from one of themselves.

Enter Servant, drunk.

Marl. You, Jeremy! Come forward, irrah! What were my orders? Were you ot told to drink freely, and call for what ou thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hard. (*Aside.*) I begin to lose my atience.

Jeremy. Please your honor, liberty and 'leet Street forever! Though I'm but a ervant, I'm as good as another man. I'll rink for no man before supper, sir, amme! Good liquor will sit upon a good upper, but a good supper will not sit upon —hiccup—upon my conscience, sir. [*Exit.*

Marl. You see, my old friend, the fellow s as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't now what you'd have more, unless you'd ave the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

Hard. Zounds! he'll drive me distracted, I contain myself any longer. Mr. Mar- w: sir, I have submitted to your insolence r more than four hours, and I see no kelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now esolved to be master here, sir, and I desire hat you and your drunken pack may leave ıy house directly.

Marl. Leave your house!—Sure, you st, my good friend! What, when I am oing what I can to please you!

Hard. I tell you, sir, you don't please ıe; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Marl. Sure, you cannot be serious? At his time of night, and such a night? You nly mean to banter me.

Hard. I tell you, sir, I'm serious! And, ow that my passions are roused, I say his house is mine, sir; this house is mine, nd I command you to leave it directly.

Marl. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. shan't stir a step, I assure you. (*In a erious tone.*) This your house, fellow! It's ıy house. This is my house. Mine, while choose to stay. What right have you to id me leave this house, sir? I never met ith such impudence, curse me; never in ıy whole life before.

Hard. Nor I, confound me if ever I did! o come to my house, to call for what he kes, to turn me out of my own chair, to ısult the family, to order his servants to et drunk, and then to tell me, "This house is mine, sir." By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, sir (*bantering*), as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a firescreen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows; perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

Marl. Bring me your bill, sir; bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hard. There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the Rake's Progress for your own apartment?

Marl. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hard. Then there's a mahogany table that you may see your face in.

Marl. My bill, I say.

Hard. I had forgot the great chair for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Marl. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

Hard. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bréd, modest man as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit.*

Marl. How's this! Sure, I have not mistaken the house? Everything looks like an inn. The servants cry, "Coming." The attendance is awkward; the barmaid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child? A word with you.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Miss Hard. Let it be short, then. I'm in a hurry. (*Aside.*) I believe he begins to find out his mistake. But it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

Marl. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss Hard. A relation of the family, sir.

Marl. What, a poor relation?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir. A poor relation, appointed to keep the keys, and to see that

65. **Rake's Progress,** a celebrated series of engravings by the famous English artist Hogarth.

the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Marl. That is, you act as the barmaid of this inn.

Miss Hard. Inn! O law!—What brought that into your head? One of the best families in the county keep an inn!—Ha! ha! ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn!

Marl. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

Miss Hard. Aye, sure. Whose else should it be?

Marl. So, then, all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. Oh, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricature in all the print-shops. The Dullissimo Macaroni. To mistake this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an innkeeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for! What a silly puppy do I find myself! There again, may I be hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the barmaid.

Miss Hard. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my *behavior* to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Marl. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw everything the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurement. But it's over—this house I no more show *my* face in.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry (*pretending to cry*) if he left the family on my account. I'm sure I should be sorry people said anything amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

Marl. (*Aside.*) By heaven! she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me. (*To her.*) Excuse me, my lovely girl; you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education, makes an honorable connection impossible; and I can never harbor thought of seducing simplicity that trusts in my honor, or bringing ruin upon one whose only fault was being too lovely.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Generous man! now begin to admire him. (*To him.*) But I am sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's; and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind; and, until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Marl. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss Hard. Because it puts me at a distance from one that if I had a thousand pounds I would give it all to.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This simplicity bewitches me so that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. (*To her.*) Your partiality in my favor, my dear, touches me most sensibly, and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father; so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Miss Hard. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I *stooped to conquer*, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*

Enter Tony and Miss Neville.

Tony. Aye, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

Miss Nev. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress? If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my Aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damned bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle-jacket; and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes; we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us.

[*They retire and seem to fondle.*

17. **The Dullissimo Macaroni**, the most stupid of all dandies. A "macaroni" was a dandy who adopted foreign styles.

97. **Whistle-jacket**, a famous race-horse of the day.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hard. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? Fondling together, as I'm alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves? What, billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs? Ah!

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

Mrs. Hard. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss Nev. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

Tony. Oh, it's a pretty creature! No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss Nev. Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humor, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless (*patting his cheek*)—ah! it's a bold face!

Mrs. Hard. Pretty innocence!

Tony. I'm sure I always loved cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that over the haspicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. Hard. Ah! he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married tomorrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter Diggory.

Dig. Where's the squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

Dig. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

Tony. Who does it come from?

Dig. Your worship mun ask that o' the letter itself. [*Exit Diggory.*

Tony. I could wish to know, though.

[*Turning the letter, and gazing on it.*

Miss Nev. (*Aside.*) Undone! undone! A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined forever. I'll keep her employed a little, if I can. (*To Mrs. Hardcastle.*) But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laughed—you must know, madam.—This way a little, for he must not hear us.

[*They confer.*

Tony. (*Still gazing.*) A damned cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print-hand very well. But here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. "To Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire." It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it's all—buzz. That's hard—very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs. Hard. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

Miss Nev. Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. Hard. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. (*Still gazing.*) A damned up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. (*Reading.*) "Dear sir,"—aye, that's that. Then there's an M, and a T, and an S, but whether the next be an izzard or an R, confound me, I cannot tell!

Mrs. Hard. What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

Miss Nev. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I. (*Twitching the letter from her.*) Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger, the feeder.

Miss Nev. Aye, so it is. (*Pretending*

38. **haspicholls**, a vulgarism for *harpsichord*.

91. **izzard**, the letter z. 100. **feeder**, cock-feeder.

"IT'S OF ALL THE CONSEQUENCE IN THE WORLD"

to read.) Dear Squire, hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag Club has cut the gentlemen of the Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds—um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um—here, here, it's all about cocks and fighting; it's of no consequence; here, put it up, put it up.

[*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*

Tony. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world! I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea! Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence!

[*Giving Mrs. Hardcastle the letter.*

Mrs. Hard. How's this? (*Reads.*) "Dear Squire, I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the *hag*—aye, the hag—your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Yours, Hastings." Grant me patience. I shall run distracted! My rage chokes me!

3. **Shake-bag**, a fighting cock.

Miss Nev. I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design, that belongs to another.

Mrs. Hard. (*Curtsying very low.*) Fine spoken, madam; you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. (*Changing her tone.*) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut; were you, too, joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare this very moment to run off with *me*. Your old Aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory! I'll show you that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. So, now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Aye, that's a sure thing.

Miss Nev. What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool—and after all the nods and signs I made him!

Tony. By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake-bags and goose-greens that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. So, sir, I find by my servant that you have shown my letter, and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

Tony. Here's another. Ask miss, there, who betrayed you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter Marlow.

Marl. So I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill-manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss Nev. And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Marl. What can I say to him, a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

Hast. A poor, contemptible booby that could but disgrace correction.

Miss Nev. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with our embarrassments.

Hast. An insensible cub.

Marl. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both, one after the other—with baskets.

Marl. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hast. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

Marl. But, sir—

Miss Nev. Mr. Marlow, we never kept your mistake till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning.

[*Exit Servant.*

Miss Nev. Well, well; I'll come presently.

Marl. (*To Hastings.*) Was it well done, sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous? To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance? Depend upon it, sir, I shall expect an explanation.

Hast. Was it well done, sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I entrusted to yourself, to the care of another, sir?

Miss Nev. Mr. Hastings! Mr. Marlow! Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I implore, I entreat you—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your cloak, madam. My mistress is impatient.

Miss Nev. I come. (*Exit Servant.*) Pray, be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your fan, muff, and gloves, madam. The horses are waiting.

Miss Nev. Oh, Mr. Marlow! if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

Marl. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

Hast. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

Miss Nev. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connection. If—

Mrs. Hard. (*Within.*) Miss Neville. Constance, why, Constance, I say.

Miss Nev. I'm coming. Well, constancy, remember, constancy is the word.

[*Exit, followed by the Servant.*

87. **baskets**, a sword with a basket hilt for protecting the hand.

Hast. My heart! how can I support this! To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

Marl. (*To Tony.*) You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony. (*From a reverie.*) Ecod, I have hit it. It's here. Your hands. Yours, and yours, my poor Sulky. My boots there, ho!—Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. My boots, ho! [*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Why does Hastings hand the casket to Marlow? Why does Marlow send it to Mrs. Hardcastle?

2. What makes Marlow particularly insolent? How does he come to suspect he is not at an inn?

3. How does Miss Hardcastle *stoop* here to conquer? Why does she like Marlow better than ever?

4. Does Tony show himself stupid in the letter scene? Why should he not be able to read?

5. Is the scene where everyone is angry amusing to you or not? Why?

6. What plan do you suppose Tony has in mind? Do you think he deserves the names given him in this act?

7. Which is in the more unfortunate position—Marlow or Hastings?

ACT FIFTH

Scene 1. *The house.*

Enter Hastings and Servant.

Hast. You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?

Serv. Yes, your honor. They went off in a post-coach, and the young squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

Hast. Then all my hopes are over.

Serv. Yes, sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way.

Hast. Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Charles and Hardcastle.

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands!

Sir Charles. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances.

Hard. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper, too.

Sir Charles. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper; ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of anything but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and though my daughter's fortune is but small—

Sir Charles. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to *me?* My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do—

Hard. If, man! I tell you they *do* like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir Charles. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

Hard. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your *ifs*, I warrant him.

Enter Marlow.

Marl. I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

Hard. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

Marl. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hard. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow; if I am not deceived, you

have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me?

Marl. Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

Hard. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what as well as you that are younger. I know what has passed between you; but mum.

Marl. Sure, sir, nothing has passed between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on hers. You don't think, sir, that my impudence has been passed upon all the rest of the family?

Hard. Impudence! No, I don't say that—not quite impudence—though girls like to be played with, and rumpled a little, too, sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Marl. I never gave her the slightest cause.

Hard. Well, well, I like modesty in its place well enough. But this is over-acting, young gentleman. You *may* be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

Marl. May I die, sir, if I ever—

Hard. I tell you she don't dislike you; and as I'm sure you like her—

Marl. Dear sir—I protest, sir—

Hard. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

Marl. But hear me, sir—

Hard. Your father approves the match, I admire it; every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so—

Marl. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

Hard. (*Aside.*) This fellow's formal, modest impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir Charles. And you never grasped her hand, or made any protestations?

Marl. As heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. [*Exit.*

Sir Charles. I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

Hard. And I'm astonished at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir Charles. I dare pledge my life and honor upon his truth.

Hard. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Hard. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely, and without reserve. Has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

Miss Hard. The question is very abrupt, sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hard. (*To Sir Charles.*) You see.

Sir Charles. And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, several.

Hard. (*To Sir Charles.*) You see.

Sir Charles. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss Hard. A lasting one.

Sir Charles. Did he talk of love?

Miss Hard. Much, sir.

Sir Charles. Amazing! And all this formally?

Miss Hard. Formally.

Hard. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

Sir Charles. And how did he behave, madam?

Miss Hard. As most professed admirers do: said some civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short, tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir Charles. Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him; and, I am confident, he never sat for the picture.

Miss Hard. Then what, sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

Sir Charles. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. [*Exit.*

Miss Hard. And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The back of the garden.*

Enter Hastings.

Hast. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he! And perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter Tony, booted and spattered.

Hast. My honest squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Aye, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by the bye, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

Hast. But how? Where did you leave your fellow-travelers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five-and-twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it. Rabbit me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox than ten with such varment.

Hast. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them? Why, where should I leave them but where I found them?

Hast. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this, then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hast. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why, that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or a slough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! I understand; you took them in a round while they supposed themselves going forward, and so you have at last brought them home again.

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed Lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill. I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree Heath; and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.

Hast. But no accident, I hope?

Tony. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey; and the cattle can scarce crawl. So, if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Hast. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Aye, now it's "dear friend," "noble squire." Just now, it was all "idiot," "cub," and run me through the guts. Damn *your* way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

Hast. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one.

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes; vanish. (*Exit Hastings.*) She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hard. Oh, Tony, I'm killed. Shook! Battered to death! I shall never survive it. That last jolt, that laid us against the quickset-hedge, has done my business.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. Hard. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drenched in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way! Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess, we should be upon

28. **Rabbit**, humble; from the French *rabattre.*

53. **circumbendibus**, a roundabout course.

Crackskull Common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. Hard. O lud! O lud! The most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid.—Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree.—Don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hard. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see anything like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. Hard. Oh, death!

Tony. No; it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hard. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming toward us. Ah! I am sure on't. If he perceives us, we are undone.

Tony. (*Aside.*) Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks. (*To her.*) Ah, it's a highwayman, with pistols as long as my arm. A damned ill-looking fellow!

Mrs. Hard. Good heaven defend us! He approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger, I'll cough, and cry hem. When I cough, be sure to keep close. [*Mrs. Hardcastle hides behind a tree in the back scene.*

Enter Hardcastle.

Hard. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, sir, at my Aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

Mrs. Hard. (*From behind.*) Ah, death! I find there's danger.

Hard. Forty miles in three hours; sure that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem.

Mrs. Hard. (*From behind.*) Sure, he'll do the dear boy no harm.

Hard. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came.

Tony. It was I, sir, talking to myself, sir. I was saying that forty miles in four hours was very good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please. Hem.

Hard. But if you talked to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I'm certain I heard two voices, and am resolved (*raising his voice*) to find the other out.

Mrs. Hard. (*From behind.*) Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

Tony. What need you go, sir, if I tell you? Hem. I'll lay down my life for the truth—hem—I'll tell you all, sir.

[*Detaining him.*

Hard. I tell you I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

Mrs. Hard. (*Running forward from behind.*) O lud! he'll murder my poor boy, my darling! Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman; spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife, as I'm a Christian. From whence can she come? or what does she mean?

Mrs. Hard. (*Kneeling.*) Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice; indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know *me?*

Mrs. Hard. Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home? What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits? So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door! (*To him.*) This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue, you. (*To her.*) Don't you know the gate and the mulberry tree; and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear?

Mrs. Hard. Yes, I shall remember the horse-pond as long as I live; I have caught

"I'LL TELL YOU ALL, SIR"

my death in it. (*To Tony.*) And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. Hard. I'll spoil you, I will.

[*Follows him off the stage.*

Hard. There's morality, however, in his reply. [*Exit.*

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Hast. My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost forever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miss Nev. I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

Hast. Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune! Love and content will increase what we possess beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail!

Miss Nev. No, Mr. Hastings, no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion fortune may be despised, but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

Hast. But though he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you.

Miss Nev. But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

Hast. I have no hopes. But, since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A room at Mr. Hardcastle's.*

Enter Sir Charles Marlow and Miss Hardcastle.

Sir Charles. What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

Miss Hard. I am proud of your approbation, and to show I merit it, if you

lace yourselves as I directed, you shall ear his explicit declaration. But he omes.

Sir Charles. I'll to your father, and eep him to the appointment.

[*Exit Sir Charles.*

Enter Marlow.

Marl. Though prepared for setting out, come once more to take leave; nor did I, ill this moment, know the pain I feel in he separation.

Miss Hard. (*In her own natural manner.*) believe these sufferings cannot be very reat, sir, which you can so easily remove. day or two longer, perhaps, might essen your uneasiness, by showing the ittle value of what you now think proper o regret.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This girl every moment mproves upon me. (*To her.*) It must not e, madam; I have already trifled too ong with my heart. My very pride egins to submit to my passion. The isparity of education and fortune, the nger of a parent, and the contempt of ny equals begin to lose their weight; and othing can restore me to myself but his painful effort of resolution.

Miss Hard. Then go, sir; I'll urge othing more to detain you. Though my amily be as good as hers you came own to visit, and my education, I hope, ot inferior, what are these advantages ithout equal affluence? I must remain ontented with the slight approbation of nputed merit; I must have only the hockery of your addresses, while all your erious aims are fixed on fortune.

Enter Hardcastle and Sir Charles Marlow from behind.

Sir Charles. Here, behind this screen.

Hard. Aye, aye; make no noise. I'll ngage my Kate covers him with confusion t last.

Marl. By heavens, madam, fortune was ver my smallest consideration. Your eauty at first caught my eye; for who could ee that without emotion? But every mo- ent that I converse with you steals in ome new grace, heightens the picture, and ives it stronger expression. What at rst seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence and conscious virtue.

Sir Charles. What can it mean? He amazes me!

Hard. I told you how it would be. Hush!

Marl. I am now determined to stay, madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

Miss Hard. No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connection in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours?

Marl. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me! Nor shall I ever feel repentance but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

Miss Hard. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connection where I must appear mercenary, and *you* imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

Marl. (*Kneeling.*) Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam, every moment that shows me your merit only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue—

Sir Charles. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

Hard. Your cold contempt; your formal interview! What have you to say now?

Marl. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

Hard. It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure; that you can address a lady in private, and deny it in

public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

Marl. Daughter!—this lady your daughter?

Hard. Yes, sir, my only daughter; my Kate; whose else should she be?

Marl. Oh, the devil!

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, that very identical, tall, squinting lady you were pleased to take me for (*curtsying*), she that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable Rattle of the Ladies' Club. Ha! ha! ha!

Marl. Zounds! There's no bearing this; it's worse than death!

Miss Hard. In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud, confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning?—Ha! ha! ha!

Marl. Oh, curse on my noisy head. I never attempted to be impudent yet that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

Hard. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man.

[*They retire, she tormenting him, to the back scene.*

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle and Tony.

Mrs. Hard. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hard. Who gone?

Mrs. Hard. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

Sir Charles. Who, my honest George Hastings? As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

Hard. Then, by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connection.

Mrs. Hard. Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune; that remains in this family to console us for her loss.

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mercenary?

Mrs. Hard. Aye, that's my affair, not yours.

Hard. But, you know, if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

Mrs. Hard. Aye, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Mrs. Hard. (*Aside.*) What, returned so soon! I begin not to like it.

Hast. (*To Hardcastle.*) For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

Miss Nev. Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I am now recovered from the delusion, and hope from your tenderness what is denied me from a nearer connection.

Mrs. Hard. Pshaw! Pshaw! this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

Hard. Be it what it will, I'm glad they're come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

Tony. What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

Hard. While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare you have been of age these three months.

Tony. Of age! Am I of age, father?

Hard. Above three months.

Tony. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. (*Taking Miss Neville's hand.*) Witness all men, by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire, of BLANK place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constance

Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir Charles. O brave squire!

Hast. My worthy friend!

Mrs. Hard. My undutiful offspring!

Marl. Joy, my dear George! I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favor.

Hast. (*To Miss Hardcastle.*) Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

Hard. (*Joining their hands.*) And I say so too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. Tomorrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the mistakes of the night shall be crowned with a merry morning. So, boy, take her; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Scene i

1. Why is Mr. Hardcastle in high spirits at the opening of the act?

2. Is the scene in which Marlow or the one in which Miss Hardcastle gives an account of their meetings the more amusing? Does she understand the mistaken impression which her father has of the situation?

Scene ii

1. Is it natural for Mrs. Hardcastle to mistake her place for Crack-skull Common? What is the most amusing part of her mistake?

2. What has made Miss Neville change her mind?

Scene iii

1. Why does Marlow fall more deeply in love with Miss Hardcastle?

2. Why has Mrs. Hardcastle concealed Tony's age? Why is the disclosure very opportune now?

3. Why has Miss Hardcastle kept Marlow waiting for his answer?

The Play as a Whole

1. What incident starts events to moving? Whose fortunes are you chiefly interested in—Marlow's or Hastings's? Where is Marlow in deepest difficulty? Where is Hastings? What dissolves Marlow's difficulties? Hastings's? Does the play turn out naturally or does the author force his conclusion? Tell the story of Marlow from beginning to end. Of Hastings. How does the element of struggle or conflict, an essential element in drama, enter each story?

2. What is the most amusing conversation in the play? Which is the most amusing mistake? Which is the cleverest trick in the play? The class should decide upon the most laughable scene in the play, select a company to present it, and arrange with the teacher to have it acted out before the class. Even more interesting would be the acting out of three or four scenes to determine which is the best scene of all.

3. Is Marlow a consistent character; that is, would he naturally remain stammering and bashful before Miss Hardcastle and yet be fluent and forward with a barmaid? What kind of man is he at heart? What passages show that you are right?

4. Is Tony stupid or cunning? Refer to specific scenes. Could he have composed the song in Act I? If so, why can't he read in Act IV? Is he malicious or generous?

5. In how many scenes is Mrs. Hardcastle ridiculous? What makes her ridiculous in each scene?

6. Which character would create the most laughter on the stage? Which character do you like best at the end of the play? Which character is truest to life? How do the characters differ from those in *Sham* in rank? In naturalness? In humor?

7. Do you consider the characters more natural or less natural than those in *Enter the Hero?* In particular, compare Kate Hardcastle with Anne. Do they look for the same qualities in young men? Which employs the more clever deception? If either of them is justified, tell why you think so. Which of them *acts* better? Cite particular scenes. Which do you like better? Why? Are the situations in *She Stoops to Conquer* more or less laughable than those in *Enter the Hero?*

8. Do you think the story in Goldsmith's play or that in *Sham* the more skillfully told? In which do you see the situations and the characters more clearly? In which do the events follow each other more naturally and interestingly? In which is the conclusion the more consistent with the rest of the play?

9. In laughing at life about him, does Goldsmith make fun of any customs peculiar to his time? Does he display any ways of looking at life that we no longer hold? Is he kindly or harsh in his ridicule? What traits that he ridicules are still considered ridiculous? Illustrate your answer by references to the play.

10. Have the conditions of life changed very much since Goldsmith's day? Cite particular features, like transportation and communication. Has human nature changed very much? Find your evidence in the three plays, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Enter the Hero*, and *Sham*.

11. Possibly you would like to write a short play showing the amusing results of a practical joke, or the speech and action arising from some comical mistake, or a satire on some person or custom with which the class is familiar. It is possible that some member may be able to write something in the vein of Goldsmith's quiet and kindly humor in the opening of the second act.

12. If you have not the time to act out the whole play, you may select only those scenes developing the story of Marlow and Kate Hardcastle. They will give you plenty of opportunity for acting.

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK

I. Goldsmith

Citizen of the World. These essays are supposed to be letters written by a Chinese philosopher residing in London to friends in China.

The Good Natured Man. This was Goldsmith's first comedy. It is almost as merry as the present play.

Poems. You have probably read "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village," but there are a good many shorter poems that will be new to you. Some of them are very humorous. The student who reports should read some of them aloud.

The Vicar of Wakefield. This delightful old-fashioned novel contains a good deal of autobiography and a great deal of Goldsmith's charming personality.

II. About Goldsmith

Life of Oliver Goldsmith, by Austin Dobson. The author has studied Goldsmith for years and presents not only a true but a very interesting picture of this lovable writer.

Life of Oliver Goldsmith, by Washington Irving. This entertaining biography shows how much sympathy our American author had with the English playwright.

The Jessamy Bride, by Frankfort Moore. In this novel Goldsmith is the central figure. The events begin just before the production of *She Stoops to Conquer.*

English Humorists, by W. M. Thackeray. If you have read *Henry Esmond,* you know how well Thackeray understood the early eighteenth century. The last half of his essay on "Sterne and Goldsmith" shows how lovable Goldsmith was.

Life of Samuel Johnson, by James Boswell. Turn to the index and look up every reference to Goldsmith. The best anecdotes should be recited to the class, for they will give a better notion of the kind of man Goldsmith was than many pages of description.

SHAKESPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT"

AN INTRODUCTION

I

The Beginnings of the English Drama

By the time Shakespeare was born, April 23, 1564, the practice of producing plays had been followed for so long that receptive and enthusiastic public audiences had been developed. During some three centuries at least, people of all classes had been witnessing many different kinds of stage plays presented in all sorts of strange and unusual surroundings.

Just as ancient Greek drama began in religious ceremonies, so medieval and modern drama began in the church. You know that during the Middle Ages most people did not know how to read or write. In order to convey to these numerous members of the congregations knowledge of the Bible and a realization of the meaning of the church services, the clergy began to present in acted form some portions of religious history. You can easily understand how a Christmas celebration could be made a living thing to a mass of persons by having someone taking the part of an angel announce to men dressed as shepherds the birth of the Child, and then to have the choir boys, representing an angelic host, burst forth into a rejoicing anthem. A later scene showed the visit to the manger of the three Wise Men with their gifts of precious metals and rare ointments. Similar tableau presentations of the great events of early religious history are still given in many churches of Europe and America to mark special seasons and festivals.

Such short scenes from Biblical history, with acting and speech by the clergy, processions and singing by the choir, costumes to depict the oriental homes of the characters, and sincere belief to impress the mind and imagination—these were the productions which grew rapidly in number and popularity. A group of scenes, at first drawn from the life of Christ, but later including certain parts of the Old Testament, gradually developed so that taken together they made it possible for the spectator to secure a connected story. So crowded were churches when religious dramas were presented that the scenes had to be removed to the open air.

At once some of the religious feeling disappeared. Outside the building it was not so easy to make the massed audiences feel the same holy awe as within its walls. Control of the plays also gradually passed from the clergy to the trade guilds who had charge of the government of the town. Instead of stretching a few scenes from the Bible over an entire year to fit the religious calendar, the performances were concentrated into one day in late spring, when it is pleasant in England to be out of doors. By this time, the powerful trade guilds were in almost complete control. They organized the productions with more certainty and distributed parts with more appropriateness. In one city the entire story of the Bible was divided into some fifty scenes for acting. The shipwrights every year enacted the building of the ark, the goldsmiths the gifts of the Magi, the barbers the life of St. John the Baptist, the bakers the feast of the Passover, the cutlerers the slaughter of the innocents. Can you see why these separate scenes were assigned to these groups?

While scenes from the Bible and the lives of Saints are effective material for drama, they lack one element which all audiences relish at times. This element

is comedy. In order to give variety to their story, and to appeal to the love of laughter, these early dramatic adapters began to insert short bits of comedy. In this they did not mean to be sacrilegious; they saw no incongruity in adding humorous elements to the sacred stories so long as they did not make comic what they borrowed from their originals. Some of their additions are extremely ingenious.

Cain was a farmer whose offering of fruits did not meet with the same favor as the flesh offering of his brother Abel. A daring author decided to give Cain a plowboy, a country bumpkin whose bungling actions and stupid remarks would tickle the ribs of the audience. Another had the audacity to wonder whether Noah's wife was willing to trust herself to the new-fangled craft her husband had built. In the play she refuses to enter, preferring to remain with her gossips. Only the convincing arguments of a sound thrashing and the approach of the water send her scuttling into the ark. A third adapter showed how a clever thief tried to outwit two shepherds. The thief steals a lamb which he and his wife place in a cradle and try to pass off as a very young baby. One of the searching shepherds turns down the covers and the bleat of the lamb spoils the trick. The thief is taken outside and tossed in a blanket. Then a minute later all the shepherds become the watchers in the fields and to them the tidings of the first Christmas are announced. In these quite simple beginnings you recognize devices of comedy which you still see in the professional theaters. And audiences laugh at them as heartily now as they did before Shakespeare was born.

With such ingredients it was not long before plays drifted far from their religious origin. They were stories told through action. Their material might be anything, their form anything, their purpose anything. In one of his dramas Shakespeare has a character give a list of kinds of plays: "Tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited."

II

The Presentation of Early Plays

In the churches there was small opportunity for stage presentation. When plays were offered out of doors an ingenious scheme was quickly elaborated. A stage upon wheels—called a pageant—was used. Certain designated places in the town, such as the public square, the open space before a public building, an intersection of streets, the place by a public fountain, the fields at the edge of a built-up section, were used as rude open-air theaters. At one of these, the pageant would be used for the first performance. Then it would be drawn to the second station, while the second pageant would take the first situation. Through the day the pageants would follow in regular order, pausing before each audience in turn, until by repeated performances all were satisfied. Later than this, bands of actors became attached to the household of a great lord, who used them to entertain his guests. These favored servants had large dining halls, with the raised dais at one end on which the noblemen sat to dine, where they would present their plays. Above them was the musicians' gallery, around them were the beautifully tapestried walls, over all, the heavily timbered ceiling, and before the dais, the educated family and retinue of the castle, manor, or hall.

Semi-public shows of another kind were housed in town halls, municipal courtrooms, and the like. These spectacular tributes were occasioned by the visit of a celebrated official, by the return of victorious troops, by the granting of privileges to a town, by the inauguration of the Lord Mayor, or the visit of a foreign ambassador. In fact, the people of England enjoyed holidays, celebrations, festivals, community pageants, quite as well as Americans now enjoy the same kinds of entertainments. If you have read *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, you will recall how the wedding of the Athenian Duke was celebrated by the hastily gathered amateur dramatic company who presented so boisterously,

> A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
> And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.

Other performances depended upon different groups. Small bands of men traveled about England, giving good, bad, and indifferent plays. Arrived at a town, these wandering actors would apply to the Mayor or Aldermen for permission to produce their play. Even today in England a performance must be "allowed" by a government official who examines the play to be offered to the public. In early England the town officials frequently requested a private advance performance to assure themselves that the play contained no ungodly, immoral, or seditious sentiments. As Shakespeare's father was a town official, the youngster may have seen many rural presentations. If permission was granted, the company engaged the only suitable building in the village. This was the inn.

Most old English inns were built four-square around an interior courtyard. Opposite the arched entrance to this yard were the stables. Around the upper stories were porches. Such places were the improvised professional theaters of sixteenth century England. Performances were advertised by bills or by town-crier. In the afternoon the townspeople paid the "gatherer" as they passed through the driveway. Those who paid the lowest admission price stood upon the ground. Higher fees placed persons in the porches, which served as balconies. The aristocrats of the day, as eager to be seen by the rabble as to see the play, purchased seats upon the sides of the stage. This temporary stage was usually nothing more than a floor laid upon a wagon drawn before the stables, used during the performance as "tiring" (attiring) rooms. During the boyhood of Shakespeare, even London, the capital of the nation, saw its plays in such inns as The Bell Savage, The Bell, or The Crosskeys.

When Shakespeare was twelve years old, that is, in 1576, the first regular theater was built. The London government was opposed to drama, since it feared trouble from large gatherings of mixed classes of citizens, and also feared the spread of plagues by such crowds. It therefore would not allow these structures within the city limits. The first—quite naturally called The Theater—was just outside the city boundaries. In rapid succession others were provided to supply a demand, most of them across the Thames to the south of the city, in a different shire. The architects had no model of design better than the usually employed inn yard, and so they merely adapted it, making obvious changes to house the actors better and to bring the spectators closer to the stage. Aristocrats still sat upon the stage. The middle space was still unpaved and open to the sky. Performances still took place in the broad light of afternoon.

A Dutchman who visited England in the late fifteen hundreds made a sketch (see page 564) of the interior of one of the London theaters. Look at it carefully and imagine a play of Shakespeare's being presented upon its stage. From it you can easily trace the developments which have produced the arrangement of our modern theaters. For such inadequate structures Shakespeare wrote his masterpieces.

You must not believe that Elizabethan theater-goers were satisfied with either the buildings or the methods of acting. Sir Philip Sidney made this illuminating comment about 1580:

> Now ye shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave. While in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

Shakespeare in the choruses of *Henry V* repeatedly expressed his feelings at the limitations of his stage, the meagerness of its equipment, the restricted size of the theater:

> But pardon, gentles all,
> The flat unraisèd spirits that have dared
> On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
> So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
> The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
> Within this wooden O the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt?

He pleads with his audience to use their imaginations.

tectum
porticus
sedilia
mimorum aedes
orchestra
ingressus
proscenium
Planities sive arena.

Still be kind,
nd eke out our performance with your mind.

choing Sidney's remark on the failure the performances to make battles conncing, the Chorus apologizes for the or attempt in the fourth act:

We shall much disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt.

At the end of this stirring patriotic ay the Chorus again presents the author's cuses:

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

Shakespeare appreciated at their true orth the different responses made by izabethan audiences. He felt keenly the fference between the appeal of true medy and the effect of clownish horseay. The first thrilled him; the second itated him. He made Hamlet, in words at clearly reflect contemporary condins, advise the strolling players about eir attempts to win laughs:

And let those that play your clowns speak no re than is set down for them; for there be of m that will themselves laugh to set on some antity of barren spectators to laugh, too; ough, in the meantime, some necessary quesn of the play be then to be considered; that's lainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in fool that uses it.

III

Comic Characters and Situations in Shakespeare

Shakespeare's roundly developed nature ade him England's greatest comic dramist, as well as its greatest tragic playight. His humorous characters are the greatest variety. In nearly every ay a court fool or jester appears. The ol was not confined to royal courts, but und a home in nearly every establishment wealth. He was a privileged character; fact, the only person allowed to speak th the truth and what he thought. lling the truth at times is an embarrassg thing to do, especially disturbing to ose who hear it. But the jester of akespeare always says exactly what he thinks. Notice how cleverly Touchstone in *As You Like It* dashes cold water on the romantic gush of his two young mistresses. The jester plays pranks, he concocts practical jokes, he punctures the silly pretensions of haughty hypocrites, he sits up late to crack puns with roistering cronies, he is as full of puns—some good, some bad—as an egg is of meat. Mischief-maker extraordinary, he seldom pays any penalty for his "excellent fooling," since his livery shows that he is an "allowed fool." Besides his store of jests and puns, his quips and quiddities, he has nimble fingers, a mellifluous throat, and skipping heels. His songs are the most beautiful lyrics Shakespeare ever wrote.

More or less conscious of his dependent position when his betters are present, he swells with superiority and puffs with pride when he is the ranking man. How Touchstone on a vacation from the court loves to lord it over the adoring country Audrey! How he bamboozles the rustic swain William! The uncanny aptness of the speeches of such characters, their craft in spite, their discrimination between the showy and the real, induce you to admit to yourself that they are not such fools as they are labeled. They are verbally and mentally ingenious.

Exactly the opposite in type of mind, though producing an equally comic effect, are the simpletons of the casts. The largest assortment is in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but every comedy has at least one specimen. They are dull of thought, slow of comprehension, awkward of action, despised of men. They misunderstand plain speech; they misuse unfamiliar and long words. Their conclusions never follow reasonably from their preceding speeches. Whenever one of these characters says "Therefore" the audience starts the laugh it knows is bound to follow. To such a simple-minded child of Nature, *confusions* seems the same as *conclusions*, *defect* as *effect*, *odious* as *odorous*, *suspect* as *respect*, *dissembly* as *assembly*. The most imposing sentence which one of them, a constable, can pronounce upon a prisoner is the acme of laughable stupidity: "O villain, thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this!" Nor

need this kind of simpleton be a man of low degree. He may be an aristocratic fop, with pretensions to gentility, fashion, and bravery. In a group where this man appears there is usually someone of lower rank, or meaner state, who goads him into the most ludicrous predicaments, or strips him of all his shams. No situation is too extravagant for Shakespeare's use when dealing with such an apology for a man. He does not even spare his name, but dubs him Sir Andrew Aguecheek or Justice Shallow. Unburdened by any weight of common sense, these pretenders are the logical dupes of the other keener-witted jokers and sympathetic rogues in the plays.

Another frequently repeated method of provoking comic effects is the introduction of mistaken identity. Instances of this are always dependent upon the most romantic premises. The device of two pairs of twins—masters and servants—in *The Comedy of Errors*, offers an unusual opportunity. In one scene of that play the bachelor brother is taken in to dine by his sister-in-law, who thinks he is her husband. A little later the real husband arrives, only to find himself locked out from the merriment he can hear within. In many plays this device of mistaken identity depends upon disguising. With the accident of duplicated costume the mistakes in identity follow fast and furiously. In *Twelfth Night* a shipwrecked girl dresses like her drowned brother. She repulses a lady, who believing her to be a boy, falls in love with her. Now suppose the brother, reported drowned, comes to this same city. The lady meets him and declares her love to him. What would happen? Then, in *As You Like It*, Rosalind dresses as a boy, to avoid risk in the forest. She meets her lover, Orlando, and induces him to confide the story of his love to her. What would she do if a messenger brings her Orlando's handkerchief stained with blood? How would a timid girl act if, disguised as a boy, she is embroiled in a deadly duel?

As it is usual for the man to make love to the girl and win her, Shakespeare often secures rich comedy by making the girl take the initiative and reverse the procedure. This is not always done in a girl's way, although we in the audience know that she is a girl. Disguised as a boy she can be as saucy to her lover as Rosalind is to Orlando. Aside from wooing, Shakespeare takes advantage of costume and masked balls to allow his maidens to speak frankly to their suitors. The serious and bewitched crisscross love affairs of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* show us two girls fiercely contending for one man.

If characters disguise themselves they must somewhere in the comedy have their disguises pierced, or explained. Such disclosures provide some of the many surprises over which audiences delight to laugh. This does not always mean that the unmasking is a surprise to the spectators. Usually they have been joyfully anticipating the moment when all the unseeing or ignorant persons on the stage will receive the surprise of their lives. The dramatist seems never to keep his audience too long in suspense. He takes them into his confidence early in the plot. He seems almost to peep around the side of the stage, wink his eye slyly at us, and wiggle a thumb at the puzzled actors in the comedy, warning us to keep a sharp lookout for the turn of the hand which clears up the entire mystery. Anticipation of happenings on the stage is one of the most delightful experiences in seeing or studying a play.

When disguises are explained or removed the play is close to its final curtain. By this time only a little conversation is needed to remove the last barrier to the union of the lovers. The persons who have acted foolishly or disagreeably or wickedly are given their just deserts. What happens to them never concerns us much. Our sense of justice is satisfied with a momentary reflection that they deserved what they received; then we turn our attention to the general bestowal of favors and the settling of destinies. Misunderstanding husbands and wives are reconciled, exiled rulers are restored, long separated relatives are reunited, lovers are properly paired. We go home feeling that life is filled with very interesting people, who may act absurdly enough, but whom it is good to know.

IV

Shakespeare's Romantic Comedies

At some time in the fifteen eighties, Shakespeare moved from his native town, Stratford-on-Avon, to seek his fortune in London. He was a young man still, country bred, but endowed with an amazing receptivity for impressions, whether they came through actual observation of life about him or through reading books. He became first an actor, then a retoucher of plays, then a writer of inserted scenes, and finally an author of great, original dramas. His work at the beginning was modeled on the work of more experienced writers. From all who could teach, he seems to have learned, then by means of his own native and cultivated powers of stagecraft and poetry to have surpassed all his predecessors and contemporaries. He made immediate ventures into all three of the popular forms of drama: chronicle plays based on English history, tragedies, and comedies.

So supreme is Shakespeare's art at its best that it is difficult to decide in which form he excels. Audiences during his lifetime patronized all his plays, seeming to accept them all with delight, and not discriminating against any one kind. In "command" performances at the courts of Queen Elizabeth (1558–1603) and King James (1603–1625)—a sure test of value and appreciation as well as popularity—Shakespeare outranks all other playwrights. He was the friend of titled persons, but he was also the continuously patronized dramatist of the London masses. From highest to lowest there spread a common patriotic love of England and a curious delight in the wonder of the world and of life, and to this new richness of life Shakespeare's plays contributed.

A glance at any good history of England will explain why patriotism ran high in the hearts of Britishers in the sixteenth century. Had not English ships defeated the immense Spanish Armada in 1588, ending at one blow a century-old menace? Had not England risen to be one of the great powers of the world? Were not her seamen extending her empire in all lands on the globe? Was not the new continent of America destined to rear her colonies, and increase her fame and her wealth?

It was glorious to be alive in 1600. The great voyages of discovery had enlarged men's minds and whetted their curiosity about life. Think of the opening minds of young men who learned of strange new lands beyond the seas, who saw Indians for the first time, who heard of the Spanish colonies of Central and South America, who sailed in fleets which captured the Spanish gold cargoes making for Europe from the Spanish Main. Many men set forth to seek adventure in distant lands. Those who remained at home devoured books of travel. Strange, unusual, extraordinary, extravagant tales were the order of the day. They were filled with the essence of romance. Such romance Shakespeare sought for and found, and having cast it into dramatic form, wrote it in the most beautiful poetry ever composed in the English tongue.

It is not fair to anticipate the pleasure you are going to experience, but a suggestion or two may sharpen your judgment in recognizing some of Shakespeare's characteristics as a writer of romance.

In *The Comedy of Errors* there are twin brothers. Separated in infancy, they now as men, each believing the other dead, are by accident in the same city. Unusual as this situation is, it is not beyond probability. Shakespeare adds to each of these twins a servant. These two servants are twin brothers. If you begin to consider all the chances of mistaken identity your brain will grow dizzy. You will enjoy reading the play itself. In *The Winter's Tale* a king unjustly accuses his wife. At her trial she faints, and the report is spread that she is dead. Years later her waiting woman invites the king to look at a statue supposed to represent the queen. The king is aghast at its lifelikeness. He is warned not to approach too near. He persists and gradually the supposed figure comes to life. It is his wife, kept all these years in seclusion for this reconciliation. In *Much Ado About Nothing* (a delightful title) a young man repudiates his sweetheart at the marriage altar, accusing her of the darkest deeds. After he is convinced that she is dead he learns

that he was beguiled by villainy. In atonement he agrees to marry a sister whom he has never seen. When she unveils he discovers to his unbounded joy that it is his real sweetheart, who had not died.

Other comedies, *As You Like It, Twelfth Night, The Tempest,* present stories equally romantic. Always this romance, which is often very serious, even threatening tragedy until some lucky chance intervenes, is the heart of the play. Around it are woven subordinate stories, introducing the comic characters and situations spoken of a moment ago, and presenting the boisterous humor or broad farce that delights the audience. The lovers, and the circle to which they belong, are of high birth. What fascinates us in them, besides our interest in their fate, is their wit, their culture. They reflect the love of good manners, of travel, of high society, that the Elizabethan period fostered. Often the dramatist makes fun of this same high society and its pretensions to culture, but the plays convey the atmosphere of good breeding and of courtly society. They are thus comedies of manners.

Such are some of the characteristics of Shakespeare's comedy.

Comedy is that division of drama which appeals to the sense of humor in audiences. It may arouse rather boisterous laughter, or merely a contented chuckle; it may be rather broad and obvious in its effects, or it may be delightfully delicate. A happy ending is inevitable, no matter how serious matters may have seemed to be in the action of the story. Many writers of comedies have tried to reform conditions of their times; they have endeavored so to cast ridicule upon an abuse, a practice, an injustice, that the public would laugh it out of countenance. Such comedy as this generally becomes satire with a moral purpose. There are countless such plays which effected the purpose for which they were composed, but which are acted and read still because the dramatist surrounded his moral lesson by a story so entrancing and persons so attractive that a spectator now sees only these and feels no sting of preachment hurled at him.

Shakespeare did not write to reform humanity. He made his plays to entertain it. The entertainment which passed from stage to pit in Elizabethan days, which still holds an audience entranced in modern theaters when the plays are charmingly acted, was not and is not an unworthy one. Comedy produces the quiet chuckle, the approving nod, the glow of approval, the spreading delight, the broadening smile, the spontaneous laughter. Participation as spectator at a good comedy is a mental and physical tonic. An individual feels "all the better for it."

V

Shakespeare's Dramatic Verse

When Shakespeare began to write for the stage he did not have to consider long whether he should use prose or verse, and if verse, whether rimed or unrimed. Rimed verse had been popular in England both on the stage and off for a long time, and so he naturally chose verse rather than prose. Some poets, in imitation of the Romans and Greeks, began to consider it a point of artistic excellence to avoid rime. Unrimed verse, or blank verse, as it came to be called, appeared in print in England as early as 1557. The first British dramatist to use it in a brilliant manner announced the novelty of the form. Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593) wrote in a short prologue to his earliest drama these promises of what he purposed to do:

> From jigging veins of riming mother-wits,
> We'll lead you to the stately tent of war.

What is blank verse? Let us take our information from a play by Shakespeare. In *As You Like It,* Jaques, a melancholy cynic, has been chatting with Rosalind, when her suitor, Orlando, enters. The youth exclaims,

> Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind.

At this the bitter commentator on human actions bursts out in disapproval, "Nay, then, God b' wi' you, an (if) you talk in blank verse." So we know that Orlando's line shows Shakespeare's conception of this form. Without becoming too technical we

earn that blank verse does not rime. A ne contains ten syllables, accents falling pon the even ones. This is the regular, ormal, basic form. It contains five feet. Each foot is called an iamb, or an iambus. The rhythm is described as iambic. As here are five measures in a line it is called entameter.

An entire play written in strictly iambic entameter lines would become unbearably nonotonous. So all poets vary the form ontinually. Dramatists do this most eliberately to provide sounds and speeches hich will impress hearers as natural, ving speech. A few of the variations ntroduced by Shakespeare may interest ou. Although ten syllables compose the egular line, you will find some as short s eight, some as long as twelve. Such iscrepancies are due frequently to changed ronunciation in the three centuries since hese plays were written. Elizabethans ade some of our monosyllables twice s long: *wor-rud*, *wor-ruld*, *ti-on* (thus *uestion* was three syllables). In the her direction English persons today ake much shorter words than we do of *cretary*, *necessary*, *extraordinary*. The hief point about these matters is that hakespeare's verse is uniformly suitable r his purpose.

Variety in rhythm is secured by shifting e place of the accent or the number of llables in a single foot of the line. An mbus consists of two syllables, the first naccented, the second accented. This ay be represented: × ′. Many times, pecially after a pause (cesura), the der is reversed, ′×. This verse foot— accented syllable followed by an un-cented—is called a trochee; the rhythm ochaic. Sometimes two syllables bear actically no accent, and such a foot is lled a pyrrhic, ××. In rarer instances th syllables in the foot have equally ong accents, ′ ′. The foot is then lled a spondee. A line from *As You ke It* will illustrate all but the last of ese:

×	′	×	×	×	′	′	×	×	′
Be com		fort to		my age!		Here is		the gold.	

ad this aloud and note the syllables on which the accent naturally falls. The symbols over the syllables conveniently indicate the result. The pause, or cesura, in this line comes after the third foot. In reading Shakespeare it is well to remember that while the prevailing measure is iambic pentameter, the poet constantly varies his meter in order to avoid monotony of style.

While you must know the form of this beautiful poetry, you must not try to force every line into the strict iambic pentameter structure. In fact, as you read, having once considered it, you had better remove it from your attention. Then be sure you understand exactly what the person means to say, imagine yourself that person, then speak as he would speak to make his listener on the stage understand his remark. The characters in these plays are real men and women. Be careful not to kill a single one of them, not even to reduce by a jot the vitality of any one of them.

The actualness of these speeches induces one more remark about blank verse. It has remained in English the best form for spoken poetry. It fits exactly the amount of breath we are able to retain; its accents require not too much effort; its delivery does not exhaust all our reserve wind and leave us gasping; its length does not necessitate inhalation before the end of the line is reached. Had it not been exactly adequate for the actors of the Elizabethan stage, can you imagine one of them struggling with it? Not at all. After a few rehearsals he would have shaken his copy under Shakespeare's nose while the company was dining at the Mermaid Tavern, and remonstrated, "You will have to change my lines. How can you expect me to make love in verse which uses up all my breath?" Think of these facts as you read the plays of Shakespeare aloud. Let the sense be your guide. You will be interested to notice how the sense reënforces the form.

VI

How to Read a Play

The rapid reading of any play by Shakespeare with thought upon nothing but the story is a pleasure. But a keener delight will result if one reads with some

discriminating judgment. The study of a play is not a dull or insipid proceeding. In fact, as it lets us see some of the dramatist's skill in composition, and as it explains to us a great many things about our own reactions, it becomes a fascinating exercise of critical appreciation. The trained keenness of mind and the developed thrill of imagination will operate more surely in all reading and study of literature.

First of all a play must have a plot. A plot is a connected series of events, every one of which is a direct result of preceding events, and every one of which is a direct cause of following events. So a plot is often likened to a chain; if the welding together of two links is faulty, the chain is weak, or it separates. If the incidents in a so-called plot are only loosely joined, the plot is weak or unconvincing. Intricately related plots are usually more attractive to follow than loosely-knit ones. You may apply this comment to books you have read. Most detective and mystery stories and plays have extremely ingenious plots. The concise statement of the plot of a play may be called its theme. Themes of the best plays may be stated in a few words. This is the logical consequence of the close inter-relation of all the plot details.

A Danish prince is told by the ghost of his father that his uncle, now king, murdered him, and pledges the son to work vengeance. The prince at first fears that the ghost may be a wicked spirit trying to work his own ruin. So he tests his uncle-stepfather until convinced of his guilt. Then he undertakes to avenge his father. In another play three witches prophesy to a Scottish thane that he will become king. As their minor predictions come true, quite naturally he and his wife believe in their promises. He kills all who stand in his path. Then he learns how the promises of the witches were lies with double meaning. The latter part of the play shows how he pays the penalty for his crimes. In one of the best comedies, the friends of two sharp-tongued, outspoken persons decide by jesting reports to make each believe that the other is suffering from love. The plan succeeds, and when the practical joke is disclosed, the two really care so much for each other that they withstand all their friends' taunts. Sometimes Shakespeare almost stated his theme in the title. *The Taming of the Shrew* could only mean that a man marries a quick-tempered, overbearing woman and then reduces her to abject submission, after which we find that he develops in her equal comradeship and willing affection.

When the theme has been determined we may next consider the setting. Might not Shakespeare have made his avenging young prince French or Greek instead of Danish? Could not the play of the tamed shrew have been placed in England, in France, in Spain, in Italy? Might the witches not have appeared before an Irish warrior? We have already seen that the result of Elizabethan travel and discovery was to attract attention to lands outside England. Every one of you believes that if you could only get to central China or the coast of India or the mountains of Japan or the interior of Africa you would have much more romantic adventures than will ever befall you in your home city or town. Remember Shakespeare was as romantic in his interests as you are. So only one of all his comedies has an English setting. A few are placed in France, but most of them are set in Italy or in Italian districts along the Mediterranean. Your mental pictures of the landscapes, the gardens, the buildings, the costumes, will be based upon your knowledge of those places and those times.

In considering the characters in a play the reader must keep in mind two things—what the person is like, and what part he takes in the development of the story. The plot will determine the essential persons, but it will not always determine exactly what they shall be like. This the dramatist must decide and convey to us by a score of details scattered throughout the speeches. As we gather these and remember them, and piece them together to secure a distinct idea of the person, we are making a study of character. As a definite illustration of this kind of detailed impression let us anticipate your discussion of Adam in *As You Like It*. We know he is an old man, yet he says, "Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty." Does this not help us

o see and know the faithful servitor of the ousehold? When Viola first appears as a nessenger in *Twelfth Night* she stands efore Olivia and Maria, her companion. n embarrassment she repeatedly asks which f the two is the lady of the house. What oes that indicate about the appearance of Maria? Does she look like a maid-servant r like a lady? Careful reading fixes such ignificant details in our minds, and so elps us to a permanent knowledge of the lay.

There should be variety among the per-ons of a play. In this aspect of drama-urgy Shakespeare is unapproached by any ther author. His minor characters are as eal and consistent as his heroes and hero-nes, his kings and queens. Your recogni-ion of all these differences will enhance our enjoyment of the plays. The mention f minor characters introduces another tem for your thought. In what ways and ow nearly, essentially, are these minor haracters connected with the plot? If hey are not important mainsprings of ncidents and action, why did Shakespeare nclude them? You will weigh this query hen you consider Jaques in *As You ike It.*

There is an effective and easy manner of tarting a play. Before the audience can ollow the story it must know a few things. f you have read *A Christmas Carol* you ecall that in order to make you understand he story, Dickens is very careful to tell ou two things. In fact, of one of them e says that unless you believe it, "nothing onderful can come of the story I am oing to relate." This fact is that Marley dead. The other thing you must know what kind of man Scrooge is. Only fter Dickens has told these things quite early does the story begin. You can ut your finger on the very place. Exactly he same thing must be done before a rama can begin to move. In *A Mid-ummer Night's Dream* you must know he tangled love affairs of the four young ersons and their flight to the woods ear Athens to escape the threat of the uke. You must know also that the ough workmen intend to repair to that me forest to rehearse their play for the uke's wedding. When you learn that the fairy king and queen have quarreled, but are likely to meet in that same place, you are quite certain that there will be complications. Then the play begins.

This material in both fiction and drama is called the exposition. You should decide in the plays you read just what is exposition and what is plot development. It is not difficult to grasp this difference.

To produce a story some change must occur in the circumstances, the fortunes, the relationship of the characters in the play. When this first change begins to operate, the plot starts to develop. This is the initial incident which brings in its train all the other related incidents of the plot. You will derive pleasure from a class discussion to settle this place in a play. After this opening incident has been reached the threads of the story become more and more complicated. In their simplest form these threads represent the endeavor of one character or group of characters to attain some end, to secure some triumph. The most usual struggle is for the hero to try to win the maiden he loves. This constitutes the main plot. Anything so simple as this would not hold the interest for two hours, so the playwright has to add other complicated threads, directly or indirectly associated with the primary plot. These sub-plots may in themselves be simple or elaborately complicated. To give a single instance from *The Taming of the Shrew:* Katherine, the Shrew, is the older of two sisters. Her father has declared the younger may not marry until Katherine is off his hands. So the suitors of the second daughter scheme to get the barrier removed. The second marriage then emphasizes the first. Shakespeare adds a third kind of wedded experiment, merely because he needs it for contrast at various places in the latter part of the play. *As You Like It* offers several complications which you will be able to pick out and list for yourself as you read the play through for the first time. During most of the play the characters we sympathize with struggle against strong odds. It seems that the hero will never extricate himself from his troubles, he will never win the girl he loves, he will never be able to claim his proper station in life. The hero-

ine, it appears, will lose her lover, her identity will never be cleared up, the false accusation will ruin her, her sweetheart will never find her. Just when matters seem at their worst, we shall see—if we are sharp-witted enough—some slight detail which gives us a hope that the tide of events has turned. That place is called the climax of the play. It is the highest point of interest, the point to which all events lead, the point from which the conclusion naturally follows. The conclusion may not follow surely or rapidly upon the climax; slight obstacles, vexatious delays may intrude to postpone it. These do not effectually prevent it. By ruffling the even tenor of the progress of events they whet our interest, increase our anxiety, raise our hopes, so that when the consummation of happiness is finally depicted, our feeling of satisfaction and approval is all the more complete.

In order to hold the interest of the audience until the end of the comedy no thread should be nicely tied off too soon; the main thread should remain unfinished until quite the end of the last act. You will have no trouble in recognizing this principle of planning. To your knowledge of this you should add a few other details of construction. Notice how Shakespeare begins new situations, and then interrupts them, leaving you curious as to their progress until some later scene or act. To fix this in your mind as a regular element of playwriting, notice how frequently Shakespeare has something begin near the end of a scene, or toward the close of the act. This is one method of creating suspense and developing interest so that it holds over until a later situation with the same characters. Somewhat similar is the use upon persons in the play of a surprise which the audience knows will occur. Spectators are keen to see, not what is going to happen, but what the effects will be on the unsuspecting characters. An example will make this definite. We know that a supposed boy is really a girl. We see a plot arranged to challenge her to a deadly duel. Would you be willing to leave the theater and miss the effect of that challenge upon her?

The most serious fault a drama can have is monotony. How does Shakespeare avoid it? The more obvious methods you will be able to find, but one may evade you, even though you are conscious of its presence. The same feeling, the same situation, the same emotion must not be continued for a long time upon the stage. If the hint is given you to notice the waves of different emotions, the swing of interest from one character to another, you will be alert to detect the changes. After you have become fairly familiar with the play, review a couple of scenes carefully, making notes on the interplay of feeling as reflected by the audience.

When Shakespeare had been writing for the theater some ten years a London critic wrote this about him: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage." From then until now Shakespeare's greatness has always been acknowledged and appreciated. Performances of some plays have depended upon fashions in taste, as for instance certain epochs have preferred the Greek and Roman plays, other times some of the histories. The comedies have always been immensely popular, not only in England but in all countries of the globe. Professionals and amateurs alike have produced these delightful comedies thousands of times. When lovers of the best in drama cannot see them in the theaters, they can always take them down from their book shelves, and if they know how to read plays imaginatively, they can see as they read almost as good a performance as any actors and actresses can offer.

VII

As You Like It

When Shakespeare wrote *As You Like It*, in 1599 or 1600, he had learned most of the secrets of playwriting. He had already written good plays of all kinds. Having had experience in the theater as actor, reviser of old plays, and original dramatist, he was keenly aware of the public taste for plays. He had written popular comedies, as *Love's Labor's Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*;

THE GLOBE THEATER, IN WHICH "AS YOU LIKE IT" WAS PROBABLY FIRST PRODUCED

he had produced both comic and tragic historical dramas, as the first and second parts of *Henry IV* and *Richard III;* three or four years earlier than *As You Like It* he had put on the stage the romantic tragedy *Romeo and Juliet*. *The Merchant of Venice* had been acted as early as 1594. *Julius Caesar* was to appear a year or two after *As You Like It*, and within the next six or eight years the great tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and *Othello*. In the twenty-five years of his dramatic activity Shakespeare seems to have followed generally the contemporary demands of popular taste in the type of play that he made. In writing *As You Like It* he probably responded consciously to a public desire for this particular kind of comedy. He prepared what he knew his audience would appreciate, and then in humorous reference to the waiting throngs he said even in his title, "This is what you wish; it is a comedy exactly as you like it."

As You Like It is a pastoral romantic comedy. The word *pastoral* is applied to literature which represents the lives of shepherds, or more generally, of all sorts of country people. By Shakespeare's day the use of rustic characters and rural setting had become a mere convention of literature; the shepherds and shepherdesses idling in silvan groves, while their flocks took care of themselves, were in no sense presented as real people; they were ideal creations cast into a happy world free from the cares and vexations of the humdrum life in town and city. The vogue of picturing an ideal world by means of this pastoral convention was widespread in Elizabethan England. The best-known examples of the practice before Shakespeare's use of it are Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (1590-1596) and Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (published 1590).

In *As You Like It* Shakespeare used this popular convention of a pastoral setting in his own way. He gave to the usually idyllic picture of country life a playful representation. Through his characterization of Audrey, Touchstone, and William he introduced the true and homely qualities of rustic existence that would

appeal to his audience, well acquainted with English rural life. Above all, he provided, through the court life of his higher characters, a contrasting world to that of the Forest of Arden. From this hard world of reality he allows his higher characters to wander for a while into a beautiful and unreal country of imagination, where they shed some of their social conventions and become, for a brief time, more nearly natural beings. But through no such projection of the imagination can they escape the actualities of life; and at the end of the play Rosalind and her train are borne back to court to face the facts of the social world in which we must live. In this contrast of what-might-be with what-is Shakespeare sets before you the question: is it possible to escape the real world through the imaginary? His own conclusion seems to be that it is impossible to avoid the world of facts by lingering forever in the pleasant Forest of Arden. This, the dramatist feels, with a cheerful faith, is the lot of human life.

The situation and the mere facts of the plot Shakespeare took from a popular romance published about ten years before he wrote *As You Like It.* Thomas Lodge, a writer of many different forms of literature, had written a tale called *Rosalynde,* from which Shakespeare borrowed characters, names, and situations. To what Lodge had written, Shakespeare added much, particularly the thought-provoking theme of the contrast between the two worlds, the world of fact and the world of fancy. The larger editions of the play will furnish you with lists of correspondences and differences, if you wish to make a comparative study of this aspect of the material. By no other means will you be able fully to appreciate the original use Shakespeare made of the plots which, in practically every play he wrote, he borrowed from other writers.

AS YOU LIKE IT

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, *living in banishment*
FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions*

AMIENS, JAQUES, } *lords attending on the banished Duke*
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick*
CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick*
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys*
ADAM, DENNIS, } *servants to Oliver*
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown*
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar*
CORIN, SILVIUS, } *shepherds*
WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey*
A person representing Hymen
ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke*
CELIA, *daughter to Frederick*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess*
AUDREY, *a country wench*

Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

ACT FIRST

SCENE I. *Orchard of Oliver's house*

Enter Orlando and Adam

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed me by will but a poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that Nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing. I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Stage direction. **Orchard**, garden. 6. **Jaques**, in Shakespeare's day probably pronounced Jakes, but now ak'wēz, never Zhak. 8. **profit**, progress.

15. **manage**, the term for training and handling horses. 21. **countenance**, training. 23. **hinds**, servants. 24. **mines**, undermines. 35. **make you**, are you doing. Note how Orlando puns upon this word. 39. **Marry**, an expression common in Shakespeare. It is a corruption of "by Mary." 43. **be naught awhile**, a plague on you! 45. **prodigal portion**, see the parable of the prodigal son, *Luke* xv, 11-32.

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. Oh, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir? 51

Orl. Aye, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence. 62

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain. I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so. Thou hast railed on thyself. 74

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education. You have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament. With that I will go buy my fortunes. 88

Oli. And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good. 95

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! He would not have spoke such a word. 100

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

Oli. Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship? 105

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and tomorrow the wrestling is. 112

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother, the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father? 125

Cha. Oh, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do. 133

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. 141

52. **him**, correct in Shakespeare's day. Watch for other usages that would be incorrect now. 56. **courtesy**, law. 62. **his reverence**, the reverence due him. 65. **too young in this**, not able to lay hands on me. 86. **allottery**, portion.

101. **grow upon me**, show me that you feel important. 102. **physic your rankness**, cure your impudence. 103. **no . . . . neither**, in Shakespeare the double negative is common, and is stronger in meaning than a single one. 141. **golden world**, mythical age of perfect happiness.

Oli. What, you wrestle tomorrow before
ne new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to
cquaint you with a matter. I am given,
r, secretly to understand that your
ounger brother, Orlando, hath a disposi-
on to come in disguised against me to
y a fall. Tomorrow, sir, I wrestle for
y credit; and he that escapes me without
me broken limb shall acquit him well.
our brother is but young and tender;
nd, for your love, I would be loath to foil
im, as I must, for my own honor, if he
me in; therefore, out of my love to
ou, I came hither to acquaint you withal,
nat either you might stay him from his
tendment, or brook such disgrace well
s he shall run into, in that it is a thing of
is own search, and altogether against my
ill. 161

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love
o me, which thou shalt find I will most
ndly requite. I had myself notice of
y brother's purpose herein, and have by
nderhand means labored to dissuade him
om it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee,
harles, it is the stubbornest young fellow
France; full of ambition, an envious
nulator of every man's good parts, a
cret and villainous contriver against me,
s natural brother; therefore use thy
scretion. I had as lief thou didst break
s neck as his finger. And thou wert best
ok to't; for if thou dost him any slight
sgrace, or if he do not mightily grace
mself on thee, he will practice against
ee by poison, entrap thee by some 178
acherous device, and never leave thee
l he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect
eans or other; for, I assure thee, and
most with tears I speak it, there is not
e so young and so villainous this day
ing. I speak but brotherly of him; but
ould I anatomize him to thee as he is,
must blush and weep, and thou must
ok pale and wonder. 187

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither
you. If he come tomorrow, I'll give
m his payment. If ever he go alone
ain, I'll never wrestle for prize more.
nd so, God keep your worship! 192

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprized. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*] 206

SCENE II. *Lawn before the Duke's palace*

Enter Celia and Rosalind

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 8

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine. So wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee. 17

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection. By mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. 28

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and

66. **underhand**, here means merely *secret*. 176. **ce himself on thee**, win honor for himself by over-ning you. 177. **practice**, plot. 185. **anatomize**, bare. 190. **go alone**, walk without assistance.

199. **device**, ideals. **sorts**, classes. 203. **misprized**, underestimated. 205. **kindle**, incite.

Sc. ii. 1. **sweet my coz**, my sweet cousin. 7. **learn**, see note on line 52, page 576. 12. **so**, provided that. 16. **so righteously tempered**, as perfect.

devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal. But love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then? 37

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women. 44

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's. Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature. 52

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 58

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you? 68

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you. 73

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Aye, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom. 84

Touch. Stand you both forth now. Stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were. But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn. No more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard. 96

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him. Enough! speak no more of him. You'll be whipped for taxation one of these days. 103

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau. 111

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. 117

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau. What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! Of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam? How shall I answer you? 124

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

39. **from her wheel.** Fortune, the goddess of chance, was always represented as blindfolded and with a wheel. 46. **honest,** virtuous. 47. **ill-favoredly,** ugly. 61. **natural,** idiot; not spoken seriously, of course, in regard to Touchstone.

102. **taxation,** speaking satirically. 108. **wit . . . was silenced,** probably an allusion to some recent interference with actors. 122. **color,** kind.

Cel. Well said. That was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, "Be it known unto all men by these presents."

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him. So he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! Yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Aye, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger. I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprized. We will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial;

127. **with a trowel**, vigorously. 129. **rank.** Nothing pleased the Elizabethan audiences more than punning. Watch for the puns. 147. **proper**, handsome. 149. **bills.** Le Beau's conventional speeches amusingly remind Rosalind of the wording of legal documents.

Stage direction. **Flourish**, sound of trumpets. 184. **cousin**, term used in Shakespeare's day to express any kinship. 189. **odds in the man**, superiority in the strength of Charles. 216. **misprized**, undervalued.

wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Orl. An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before. But come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[*They wrestle.*

"NOW HERCULES BE THY SPEED, YOUNG MAN!"

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well! Pray Heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[*Shout. Charles is thrown.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace. I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

225. **gracious**, favored.

250. **be thy speed**, give thee success. Why *Hercules*?

259. **breathed**, begun.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteemed thy father honorable,
But I did find him still mine enemy.
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind.
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him.
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved.
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Aye. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Reënter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous—what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the lesser is his daughter.
The other is daughter to the banished Duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,

275. **calling**, name. 279. **his son**, to be his son. 293. **quintain**, a wooden dummy used in tournament practice.

298. **Have with you**, I'll go with you. 307. **misconstrues**. The accent is on the second syllable. 308. **Humorous**, full of whims.

And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well. [*Exit Le Beau.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

Scene III. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me. Come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. Oh, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery. If we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat. These burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry "hem" and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. Oh, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. Oh, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin.
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors.
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom.
So was I when your Highness banished him.

326. **a better world**, better times. 329. **from the smoke into the smother.** What similar sayings do you know? Watch the play for proverbs.
Sc. iii. 1. **Cupid.** Why *Cupid?*

38. **chase**, reasoning. 39. **dearly**, used of anything, good or bad, in Shakespeare's day. 44. **deserve well.** i. e., to be hated. Celia pretends to misunderstand. 61. **purgation**, proof of innocence.

Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
Duke F. Aye, Celia; we stayed her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her.
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why so am I. We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she is banished.
Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself.
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful. Know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.
The like do you. So shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?

75. **Celia.** Pronounce here as three syllables. 78. **remorse,** pity. 82. **eat,** old form of the past participle. **Juno's swans.** It was Venus, not Juno, who was resented as drawn by swans. 86. **patience.** Pronunce here as three syllables.

110. **change,** i.e., of fortune. 124. **suit me all points,** dress myself in all respects. 125. **curtle-ax.** corruption of *cutlass.*

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

In reading plays you must keep your visualizing faculties much more alert than in reading ordinary narration. Besides forming pictures of the appearance of the characters, and deciding exactly how they deliver their speeches, you must see every movement, every gesture, every entrance and exit, every position, every grouping; you must grasp every change of mood. And you must imagine all their actions while they are off the stage.

It is rather easy to see the two or three persons who do all the talking, but if there is another character who speaks little or not at all, you may have to prod your brain continually to keep him before your eyes; yet, though he is silent, his actions may be more important for the drama than all the speeches of the others. Such demands of intellectual exercise are an added delight in reading and studying plays.

Questions and Topics

Act I, Scene i

1. Is it better to have a character tell about himself, as Orlando does, or convey such information in some other manner?
2. Is a quarrel a good opening for a play? Explain.
3. How does Shakespeare devise that the audience shall know a character?
4. At what point does the plot begin to develop?
5. Why are remarks about Rosalind and the Dukes introduced?
6. What does this scene prepare for? Choose the speeches that were most interesting to you. Memorize several and deliver them before the class.

Scene ii

1. How does Shakespeare make the dialogue of Rosalind and Celia sound real?
2. How much of this scene is to convey information to the audience? Where does the story begin to move?
3. What reason is given for changing the place of wrestling? What is the dramatic value of having persons try to dissuade Orlando from wrestling? How long should the wrestling continue? Show echoes of the wrestling in later speeches.
4. Why is love at first sight so frequent in plays?
5. How much has the plot advanced? Has anything been concluded? Begun? Account for the fact that part of the scene is in blank verse and part in prose.

Scene iii

1. In what kind of mood is Rosalind at the opening of this scene? Why?
2. Is the sudden change in the tone of this scene a good dramatic device? Comment.
3. Has Duke Frederick a good case? How should Rosalind behave as he pronounces his sentence?
4. Who proposes flight? Who first plans? Which characters are destined for the forest? What should happen to Orlando? By what means?
5. How is interest bridged to Act II? Is the plot well advanced by this time?

ACT SECOND

Scene I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang

5. **penalty of Adam,** labor. See *Genesis* iii, 19.

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery; these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forkéd heads
Have their round haunches gored.
First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.

"UNDER AN OAK WHOSE ANTIQUE ROOT PEEPS OUT"

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.
Ami. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Today my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans

13. **venomous.** It was formerly believed that the toad was poisonous. 14. **jewel,** an old superstition.

24. **forkéd heads,** arrows with double points. 26. **Jaques.** See note on I, i, 6, page 575. What other Jaques have you heard of? 33. **sequestered,** separated from his kind.

That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much markéd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
First Lord. Oh, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream:
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him. "Aye," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.
'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.
Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
Duke S. Show me the place.
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.
[*Exeunt.*

67. cope, meet.

Scene II. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be. Some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her abed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.
Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.
Duke F. Send to his brother. Fetch that gallant hither.
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Before Oliver's house.*

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?
Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny prizer of the humorous Duke?

Sc. ii. 2. villains, servants. 8. roynish, low. 17. that gallant, Orlando.
Sc. iii. 7. fond, foolishly eager. 8. bonny prizer, stalwart wrestler.

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours. Your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
Orl. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors! Within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son,
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place, this house is but a butchery.
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.
Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold.
All this I give you. Let me be your servant.
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.
Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having. It is not so with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.
Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

12. **No more do yours**, your good qualities do you no good. 23. **use**, not *used*, but present tense, are accustomed to. 26. **practices**, schemes. 37. **diverted blood**, affection turned away from its natural course. 43-44. **He that doth**, etc., see *Job* xxxviii, 41; *Psalms* lxxxiv, 3; *Matthew* x, 29; *Luke* xii, 6, 24.

65. **In lieu of**, in return for. 68. **low content**, humble employment, in which we may be content. 74. **a week**, a time.

Scene IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you. Yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Aye, now am I in Arden, the more fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better place; but travelers must be content.

Ros. Aye, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.
But if thy love were ever like to mine—
As sure I think did never man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved;
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved;
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food.
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed

15. **cross**, the old English penny had a double cross. Punning on this word was common. 34. **fantasy**, love. 53. **batlet**, an instrument with which laundresses beat clothes. 54. **chopt**, chapped. 56. **peascod**, pea-pod. 57. **cods**, peas. 61. **mortal in folly**, deadly foolish. 73. **clown**. Touchstone means "rustic fellow," but Rosalind puns on the word in the other sense. 79. **desert**, uninhabited.

And faints for succor.
Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold.
Go with me. If you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *The Forest.*

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.
Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.
Ami. My voice is ragged. I know I cannot please you.
Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo. Call you 'em stanzos?
Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.
Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?
Ami. More at your request than to please myself.
Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man. I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.
Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.
Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company. I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG
[*All together here.*]

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.
Ami. And I'll sing it.
Jaq. Thus it goes:

88. **recks**, cares. 90. **cote**, cottage. **bounds of feed**, range of pasturage. 106. **feeder**, shepherd.

21. **names**, probably a reference to the Elizabethan use of *nomina* as "the names of the debts owed." 34. **cover**, spread the table. 38. **disputable**, fond of arguing. 51. **in despite of my invention**, in spite of my lack of poetical powers.

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame!
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that "ducdame"?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke; his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene VI. *The forest.*

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. Oh, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *The forest.*

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and Lords, like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transformed into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence.
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

First Lord. He saves my labor by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool. A miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune."
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-luster eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock.
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission

59. **Ducdame**, a nonsensical refrain. Jaques's explanation is satirical. 62. **An** is unnecessary here. 66. **first-born of Egypt**, "high-born persons." See *Exodus*, xi, 5. Sc. vi. 10. **conceit**, imagination. 13. **presently**, directly.

5. **compact of jars**, made up of inharmonious elements. 6. **discord in the spheres.** It was formerly believed that each celestial body in its motion gave forth a note and that the whole was harmonious. 13. **motley**, dressed in the many-colored costume of the professional jester. 19. **Call me not fool**, etc. An old English proverb reads, "Fortune favors fools." 20. **dial**, a pocket sundial. **poke**, pouch. 29. **moral**, here a verb. 32. **sans**, French for *without*. **intermission.** Pronounce here as five syllables.

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
Duke S. What fool is this?
Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Duke S. Thou shalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only suit—
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galléd with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The "why" is plain as way to parish church.
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley. Give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?
Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embosséd sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot has caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him. If it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself. If he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke S. Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touched my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility. Yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say.
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,

55. **bob**, rap, taunt. 56. **anatomized**, exposed. 57. **squandering glances**, random shots. 67. **embosséd**, swollen. **headed evils**, boils that have come to a head.

71. **tax**, accuse. 75. **city-woman**, etc., citizen's wife, who apes court fashions. 79. **function**, occupation. 80. **bravery**, etc., finery is not bought at my expense. 84. **do him right**, hits him. 85. **free**, guiltless. 94. **touched my vein**, hit on the cause of my (rough) manner. 96. **inland**, in a civilized district. 99, 100. **answered**, how many syllables? 100. **An.** See note on II, v, 62, page 590.

I must die.
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knolled to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministered.
Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love. Till he be first sufficed,
Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort! [*Exit*]

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden, and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Reënter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.

150. **strange**, i.e., learned in foreign lands. **pard**, leopard. 156. **modern instances**, common examples.

Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome; fall to. I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind.
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, etc.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whispered faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limned and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke
That loved your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Act II, Scene i

1. In a procession on the stage, as at the beginning of this scene, who should come last?
2. Has this scene any action at all? What is its purpose? Is the poetry beautiful?
3. Explain all the similes used by Jaques.
4. Why is this play described as pastoral?

Scene ii

What detail of this scene promises trouble? What added misfortune upon Orlando is suggested?

Scene iii

1. Which is the best speech of this scene? Explain.
2. Which earlier scene is similar to this? Is such repetition a blemish or a virtue?
3. Comment on Orlando's criticism of usual worldly conduct. Do you know instances in actual happenings, in history, or books which illustrate?
4. Is Adam's last speech as good poetry as his earlier ones?

Scene iv

1. What subordinate story does this scene introduce?
2. Is Silvius intended to be humorous?
3. Are the wanderers particularly fortunate? Explain.
4. Show the importance of coincidence in this scene. What other instances have you noted so far in this play? Notice if it occurs in later scenes.

Scene v

1. Describe Jaques. Why did the courtiers like him?
2. Has this scene any action? What is its purpose? Could it be omitted in acting the play?
3. Do you think Shakespeare was fond of Jaques? Is he careful about making us know and understand him? Would an actor like to play this rôle?

Scene vi

1. Why did Shakespeare have Adam borne off the stage? Why not let him sink down there to wait? Remember the Elizabethan stage furnishings.
2. Which earlier scene does this parallel?

Scene vii

1. Why does Jaques like Touchstone so much? In what are they alike? What thing owned by Touchstone appeals particularly to Jaques? Why?
2. What makes Orlando change his manner just after he appears?
3. Which is the greatest speech in this scene? To whom did Shakespeare assign it? Why is it so famous? Can you imagine all the details it presents? Why would Shakespeare naturally write this so well?

187. **warp**, change the appearance of, by freezing. 193. **effigies**, likeness. Accent here on the second syllable.

4. During the song, what are Orlando and Adam doing?

5. How far now is the plot advanced? So far are the characters more interesting than the plot, or the reverse? Explain clearly your opinion.

ACT THIRD

Scene I. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be;
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it.
Find out thy brother, whereso'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently and turn him going.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The forest.*

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou, thrice-crownéd queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.
[*Exit.*

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope——

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then

17. **extent**, legal seizure. 18. **expediently**, quickly. Sc. ii. 2. **thrice-crownéd queen**, see note on line 275, page 865.

4. **huntress'**, Rosalind's. 34. **of**, i.e., of the lack of.

thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court but you kiss your hands. That courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend. Civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me. I'll rest.

Touch. Will thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! Thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer. I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rime you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted. It is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar. Then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. [*Reads.*] Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No!
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man

50. **parlous**, Elizabethan spelling of *perilous*. 56. **but you kiss**, without kissing. 60. **still**, constantly. 61. **fell**, fleece. 72. **surgery**, doctoring. 77. **perpend**, consider. 84. **incision**, the allusion is probably to blood-letting, once so common. 89. **harm**, misfortunes.

98. **lined**, drawn. 101. **fair**, fairness, beauty. 105. **rank**, a horse's gait between a trot and an amble; he means his verse jogs along. 126. **graff**, graft. **medlar**, a fruit something like an apple, which is eaten when it grows soft (not rotten). What is the pun? 138. **civil**, grave.

Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be filled
With all graces wide-enlarged.
Nature presently distilled
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! Back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. Oh, yes, I heard them all, and more, too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter. The feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Aye, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so berimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking. Speak sad brow and true maid.

140. **erring**, wandering. 149. **quintessence**, the most essential and purest part of anything. 155. **Helen**, Helen of Greece, whose beauty caused the Trojan War (see a mythology). 157. **better part**, beauty of form. 165. **pulpiter**, preacher. 173. **scrip**, shepherd's pouch.

190. **berimed, sung.** There are many references to the idea that rats may be killed by music. **Pythagoras**, a Greek philosopher who advanced the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. 207. **out of all hooping** (whooping), beyond all expressions of wonder. 208. **Good my complexion**, goodness me! Perhaps a reference to her blushes. 211. **One inch of delay**, etc., every second of delay in answering suggests so many questions to me that answering them will be as difficult a task as exploring the Pacific Ocean. 232. **sad brow**, in a serious manner.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first. 'Tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say aye and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover. But take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden. Thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Ros. 'Tis he. Slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God buy you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit. I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook. Look but in and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit Jaques.*

244. **Gargantua**, an enormous giant in Rabelais' novel of the same name. 252. **atomies**, atoms. 253. **resolve**, solve. 257. **Jove's tree.** The oak was sacred to Jupiter. 265. **holla**, stop, a call to horses. 271. **burden**, chorus.

283. **God buy you**, originally "God be with you," now "good-by." 299. **goldsmiths' wives.** It was customary for the wives of shopkeepers to sit before the door and urge customers to enter. 300. **conned**, etc., learned the mottoes engraved on the insides of rings. 303. **painted cloth**, briefly and to the point. He refers to wall hangings on which were painted figures having sharp speeches in loops coming out of their mouths.

Ros. [*Aside to Celia.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well. What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day. There's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized. If the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy, tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

348. **hard**, slowly. 351. **se'nnight**, a week (a corruption of "seven nights"). 376. **kindled**, born.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as halfpence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accouterments, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

383. **courtship**, court life. 404. **fancy-monger**, dealer in love fancies. 405. **quotidian**, a fever recurring daily. 415. **blue**, dark-circled. 416. **unquestionable**, unsociable. 419. **having in beard**, etc., the small amount of beard you have, being a youth, is like a younger brother's property, which is usually slight. 425. **point-device**, faultlessly correct.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired? 437

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rimes speak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can express how much. 444

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel. 451

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't. 473

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth. 483

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

467. **living**, real.

Scene III. *The forest.*

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? Am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features? 6

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house! 11

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical. 17

Aud. I do not know what "poetical" is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign. 24

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest. Now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign. 30

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] A material fool! 35

9. **Ovid**, Roman poet (43 B.C.–17 A.D.), who, when banished, went to live among the Goths. 8-9. What is the pun here? (See dictionary for derivation of *capricious*). 11. **Jove in a thatched house**, referring to the story of Baucis and Philemon. 15. **great reckoning**, etc., a heavy charge for poor accommodation. 35. **material**, reasoning.

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! Sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "Many a man knows no end of his goods." Right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns?—even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No; as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defense is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed. I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call-'t, how do you, sir? You are very well met. God 'ild you for your last company. I am very glad to see you. Even a toy in hand here, sir. Nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is. This fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey.
We must be married. . . .
Farewell, good Master Oliver; not—
O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee; but—
Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter. Ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *The forest.*

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

39. foul, homely. 65. rascal, deer too lean for food. 85. 'ild (yield), reward. 87. be covered. Jaques had taken off his hat. 90. bow, yoke.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?
Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.
Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.
Cel. Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.
Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good color.
Cel. An excellent color. Your chestnut was ever the only color.
Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.
Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously. The very ice of chastity is in them.
Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?
Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.
Ros. Do you think so?
Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.
Ros. Not true in love?
Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.
Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.
Cel. "Was" is not "is." Besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.
Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was. I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?
Cel. Oh, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complained of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud, disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.
Cel. Well, and what of him?
Cor. If you will see a pageant truly played,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Ros. Oh, come, let us remove.
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe.
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner.
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;

8. **dissembling color**, red. The traitor Judas was supposed to be red-haired. 17. **cast**, cast-off; probably pun on *chaste*. 41. **question**, conversation. 47. **brave**, fine. 49. **traverse**, across (the clumsy way, for a knight). 50. **puisny**, inferior, weak.

Sc. v. 13. **atomies**, atoms.

Or if thou canst not, oh, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever—as that ever may be near—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of Nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favored children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can. You are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer.
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together.
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine.
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud. Though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

23. **cicatrice and capable impressure,** mark and perceptible impression. 39. **dark to bed,** i.e., without its being worth while to have a light to gaze at it. 43. **sale-work,** ready-made goods. **'Od's my little life,** a mild oath. 47. **bugle eyeballs,** eyes black as glass beads. 51. **properer,** handsomer. 55. **out of you,** as reflected by your admiration. 62. **Foul,** etc., an ugly woman is most ugly when she is ill-natured. 81. **Dead shepherd,** Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593), the greatest of Shakespeare's predecessors in the English drama. *Shepherd* had become almost synonymous with *poet*. Line 82 is from one of Marlowe's poems. **saw,** wise saying.

Sil. Sweet Phebe——
Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.
Phe. Thou hast my love. Is not that neighborly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too.
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.
Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then
A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.
Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.
Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth; not very pretty;
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offense his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me.
I marvel why I answered not again.
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I'll write it straight.
The matter's in my head and in my heart.
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

100. **poverty of grace**, lack of favors. 108. **carlot**, peasant. 133. **no quittance**, not getting even.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Act III, Scene i

Whom does this scene send wandering? Where do you suppose he goes?

Scene ii

1. What is the purpose of the Touchstone-Corin dialogue? Which part of it is quite good sense? How should Touchstone recite his improvised verses on Rosalind?

2. Why does Shakespeare not bring Rosalind and Orlando together earlier than Act III? What little things show her to be very much like a real girl?

3. What is Orlando's best retort to Jaques?

4. How does Rosalind analyze time for various persons? Can you analyze time for students in a similar way?

5. About what does Rosalind want to make Orlando talk? How does she induce him to do it? Which speech of his pleases her most?

6. How much does this scene advance the plot?

Scene iii

1. Would the scenery of the previous scene serve for this one, so that no change is required? Is the action continuous?

2. Are these subordinate stories very closely connected, either with each other or with the main plot?

Scene iv

Does Celia behave when alone with Rosalind as she does when others are present? Explain by referring to scenes in the play.

Scene v

1. How is this scene connected with the main plot?

2. Why is Rosalind's speech to Phebe so charming and humorous?

3. What complications will result from this new ingredient of the main plot?

4. Are the characters who live in the forest realistic or romantic?

ACT FOURTH

Scene I. *The forest.*

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards. 10

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. 26

Ros. A traveler! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands. 32

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too! 37

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveler. Look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! Where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more. 51

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole. 60

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, as you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Aye, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him. 70

Orl. What's that?

20. nice, fastidious. 22. simples, herbs.

40. God buy you, see note on III, ii, 288, page 597. 47. swam in a gondola, been in Venice, a resort of Elizabethan travelers.

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for. But he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were graveled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies. Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Aye, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, "Will you, Orlando——"

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Aye, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. Forever and a day.

Ros. Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando. Men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary

80. **leer**, aspect, referring to her stained complexion. 87. **graveled**, stuck (as in sand). 109. **attorney**, proxy. 112. **videlicit**, viz. 113-117. **Troilus . . . . Leander . . . . Hero.** Look up these stories, if you do not know them, so that you may appreciate Rosalind's humor.

161. **goes before the priest**, answers before the priest (Celia) asks the question.

cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. Oh, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this. The wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, "Wit, whither wilt?"

Ros. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. Oh, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Aye, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove. My friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Aye, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so adieu.

178. Diana, there was such a statue in London in Shakespeare's time. 180. hyen, laughing hyena. 192. Wit, whither wilt? an expression used to check anyone who was talking too fast.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded. My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind, rascally boy that abuses everyone's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The forest.*

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it. 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG

For. What shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.

[*The rest shall bear this burden.*

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born;
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The forest.*

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents.
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turned into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colored hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter.
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads.*]

"Art thou god to shepherd turned,
That a maiden's heart hath burned?"

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads.*]

"Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."

Meaning me a beast.

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack in me what strange effect
Would, they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! Not to be endured! Well, go your way to her—for I see love hath made thee a tame snake—and say this to her: that if she loves me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for

18. **phœnix**, a fabulous bird supposed to be reborn from its own ashes every five hundred years.

51. **eyne**, eyes (old plural form).

her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.
[*Exit Silvius.*

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenced about with olive-trees?
Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom.
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years. "The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister; the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?
Ros. I am. What must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stained.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself.
Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approached
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.
Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando. Did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lionness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And Nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was't you he rescued?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,

81. **bottom**, dell. 82. **rank**, row. 90. **ripe**, grown-up. 96. **napkin**, handkerchief.

134. **hurtling**, noise of conflict. 143. **recountments**, stories.

"AND MARK WHAT OBJECT DID PRESENT ITSELF"

As how I came into that desert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recovered him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither. I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit. There is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do. But, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler. Pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

174. **passion of earnest**, real emotion.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back how you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something; but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Act IV, Scene i

1. How did Jaques know Orlando spoke blank verse? What is blank verse? Why does Orlando indulge in this game with the supposed boy?

2. Should the lines be merely spoken or should gestures, actions, etc., accompany them? Illustrate.

3. Which parts should be acted extravagantly and artificially? Which naturally?

4. Is Rosalind ashamed of her love?

5. Is Celia's last speech good for the concluding one of the scene?

Scene ii

What is the purpose of introducing this short scene?

Scene iii

1. How must Rosalind be acted in this scene? Point out exactly the changes of mood, etc. Why is this scene so effective on the stage?

2. Comment on Shakespeare's ingenuity in keeping the lovers apart. Can this situation be kept up much longer? Explain your answer.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I. *The forest.*

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Aye, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter William.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Aye, sir, I thank God.

Touch. "Thank God"—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Aye, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar leave—the society—

4. **old gentleman**, Jaques. He seems old to Audrey.

15. **shall be flouting**, must have our joke. **hold**, restrain ourselves. 17. **God ye**, God give ye. 37-39. A reference to the doctrine of the Greek philosopher Socrates (B.C. 469-399). 54. **ipse**, Latin pronoun.

which in the boorish is company—of this female—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart. 71

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you, merry sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you. Come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The forest.*

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? That but seeing you should love her? And loving woo? And, wooing, she should grant? And will you persever to enjoy her? 5

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. 15

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow; thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind. 20

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf! 25

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady. 30

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Aye, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. Oh, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. There was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame"; for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent; they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them. 49

Orl. They shall be married tomorrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, oh, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I tomorrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for. 57

Ros. Why then, tomorrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three

68. **bastinado**, beating.
Sc. ii. 5. **persever**, persevere. Accent on second syllable.

34. **greater wonders**. What were they? 38. **thrasonical**, boastful, from *Thraso*, a bragging soldier in an old Latin comedy. 45. **in these degrees**, by these steps. 47. **incontinent**, immediately. 48. **wrath**, ardor. 64. **conceit**, understanding. 70. **grace me**, give me credit.

years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes tomorrow human as she is and without any danger. 82

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. 89

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have. It is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd.
Look upon him, love him. He worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe. 100

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe. 105

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy.
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance, 111
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede. 115

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? 121

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why do you speak too, "Why blame you me to love you?" 125

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can. [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. Tomorrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married tomorrow. [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married tomorrow. [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married tomorrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet. [*To Sil.*] As you love Phebe, meet. And as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well. I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live. 142

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The forest.*

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. Tomorrow is the joyful day, Audrey; tomorrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song. 9

Sec. Page. We are for you. Sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we

74. **not damnable**, harmless. 84. **tender**, cherish. 111. **observance**, respect.

Sc. iii. 5. **woman of the world**, married woman. 12. **clap into 't roundly**, begin at once.

are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In springtime, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In springtime, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownéd with the prime
In springtime, etc.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir. We kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you—and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The forest.*

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged.
You say if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say that you'll have Phebe if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd;
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me; and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter.
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutored in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

37. **matter**, sense.

5. **compact**. Accent here on second syllable. 32. **desperate studies**, witchcraft, a dangerous business.

Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscuréd in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest. He hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own. A poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause—how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed —bear your body more seeming, Audrey— as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was; this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again "it was not well cut," he would send me word, he cut it to please himself; this is called the Quip Modest. If again "it was not well cut," he disabled my judgment; this is called the Reply Churlish. If again "it was not well cut," he would answer, I spake not true; this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he would say, I lied; this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome; and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, "If you said so, then I said so"; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

[*Still Music.*

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,

36. **toward**, at hand. 47. **purgation**, proof. **trod a measure**, danced. 61. **copulatives**, people who want to be married. 71. **fool's bolt.** Compare the old proverb, "A fool's bolt is soon shot." 72. **dulcet diseases**, a nonsense phrase.

122. **stalking-horse**, a real or artificial horse under cover of which hunters used to approach their game without being seen. Stage Direction. **Hymen**, god of marriage.

When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter.
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events.
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part;
You and you are heart in heart;

"TO YOU I GIVE MYSELF, FOR I AM YOURS"

Ros. [*To the Duke.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[*To Orl.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!
Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he;
I'll have no husband, if you be not he;
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.
Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.

You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord;
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoréd.

127. **atone together**, are reconciled.

147. **holds true contents**, is true. *Contents* is here accented on the second syllable.

Honor, high honor, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed a mighty power, which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword;
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiléd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returnéd fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heaped in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaq. de B. He hath.
Jaq. To him will I. Out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learned.
[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honor I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it.
[*To Orl.*] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit.
[*To Oli.*] You to your land, and love and great allies.
[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deservéd bed.
[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victualed. So, to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.
Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaq. To see no pastime I. What you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave.
[*Exit.*
Duke S. Proceed, proceed. We will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[*A dance.*

Epilogue

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue, but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue,

Stage direction. Jaques de Boys. This is Orlando's brother, referred to in Act I, Sc. i. 178. Addressed, prepared. 187. do those ends, complete these matters. 190. shrewd, hard.

201. convertites, converts.

nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Act V, Scene i

1. Describe the appearance of William. What is the purpose of this scene?

2. Why have Rosalind and Celia practically separated Touchstone from themselves?

Scene ii

1. How many cases of love at first sight are in this play? Why is Oliver so changed?

2. Which part of this scene is most romantic?

3. Was it necessary for Rosalind to pretend to be a magician?

4. By the end of this scene you can predict what will happen. Why should anyone read further? How is the interest sustained?

Scene iii

Has this scene any dramatic purpose? Has it anything to do with the plot?

Scene iv

1. What speech prepares for Rosalind in her true character? Why didn't the Duke, her father, recognize her when dressed as a boy?

2. Why is Touchstone allowed to take so much time at this important place? What was being done during this time? Did Shakespeare always provide for the practical requirements of the stage?

3. Who takes the part of Hymen?

4. Name the couples who are brought together at the end of the play.

5. Why does Jaques leave before the wedding ceremony? Is this in keeping with his character?

6. Does the ending seem almost too good to be true?

General Questions on the Play as a Whole

1. Why do Rosalind and Celia go to the forest? Do they carry out their intention? Can you explain their acting so? Was Celia justified in leaving her father? Should the rôle of Rosalind be acted in a romping, hoydenish manner, or with some dignity and womanliness? Support your opinion.

2. What do you remember most vividly—the plot or the persons? Is this a merit of the play or a defect? Which predominates—talk or action? Comment on this. Which important character talks most and does least? Why is this play so well suited to production by amateurs and young persons? Report on the relative amounts of prose and verse. Give reasons for their use, considering time, characters, material. Describe how boys must have acted the female rôles in Elizabethan times.

3. Choose the most dramatic portions. Justify your selection. Choose what you consider the most beautiful passages of poetry. Why do you consider them so? Why is this play sometimes described as a drama of dialogue rather than of plot? Which do you believe it is?

4. What purpose is served by the moralizing Jaques? Does this justify his inclusion in the cast? Might he have been omitted? Which is his best speech? How does it rank with other parts of the play? What does it do for the plot?

5. Comment on the music and songs in this play.

Theme Topics. 1. Write a character sketch of one of the following characters in the play: Jaques, Rosalind, Touchstone. In this composition, try to gain interest and reality by citing phrases or short sentences that seem to you characteristic of your subject. Be sure to make these characteristics stand out clearly. 2. Write a paragraph upon one of the following topics: (a) Touchstone's opinion of country life; (b) Orlando as a poet; (c) Rosalind's wit; (d) The forest of Arden. 3. Change the paragraph you wrote in exercise 2 into a dialogue in which the subject you chose is discussed by two characters in the play. 4. Review what was said in the Introduction on the subject of Shakespeare as a writer of comedy. Make a list of the characteristics of his comedy. Get one or

more illustrations of each of these characteristics from your reading of the play, and present all these results in the form of a report to the class. *5.* Compare *As You Like It* with some other Shakespearean comedy that you have read, such as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, using the following topics: the plot; the comic situations or incidents; the principal story and characters; the clowns as farcical characters. 6. Write a composition of three paragraphs telling why you enjoyed reading this play. Put your composition in the form of a letter to a friend, and be sure to think of some particular friend, so that what you write may have a real application. 7. Can you think of any person whom you have met who resembles someone in this play? If so, tell why you think this person would make a good character in a Shakespearean comedy.

Familiar Quotations. Locate the following familiar quotations and tell when, where, and by whom they were spoken:

a. Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head . . .
b. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me . . .
c. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
d. An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own.
e. Can one desire too much of a good thing?
f. Blow, blow, thou winter wind.
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude . . .
g. True is it that we have seen better days.
h. And He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!
i. Well said. That was laid on with a trowel.
j. Forever and a day.
k. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad.

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK

Lee, Sidney: *A Life of William Shakespeare. New edition, rewritten and enlarged.* This is the most complete life that records all the recent discoveries about Shakespeare.

Mabie, Hamilton Wright: *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man.* This book contains many beautiful illustrations, that give one a good idea of England and London as they appeared at the time *As You Like It* was written.

Neilson, William A., and Thorndike, Ashley H. *The Facts About Shakespeare.* This volume gives all the facts that are actually known about Shakespeare, his plays, and the theaters in which they were produced.

Raleigh, Walter: *Shakespeare*, in the English Men of Letters Series. This is a very good brief life of the great dramatist.

Rolfe, William J.: *Shakespeare, the Boy.* This book gives a good idea of the conditions in which Shakespeare grew up.

Thorndike, Ashley H.: *Shakespeare's Theater.* This work gives a most complete account of the development of the stage up to and including Shakespeare's lifetime. It has a number of interesting illustrations.

INDEX OF TOPICS AND SPECIAL TERMS

Alexandrine, defined, 404 (note 3).

Allegory, 360, 420, 430 (note 4), 457 (note 2), 458, 481. An extended simile with the words indicating comparison ("like," "as," etc.) omitted. Usually it is a story which may be read as if literally true, but which also contains a hidden meaning. Thus Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress* is both a story of the imaginary adventures of its hero and, allegorically, a representation of the progress of a Christian through this life. Commonly an allegory introduces personified abstractions (for example, Giant Despair) as well as, or instead of, real persons. In Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette" you will find pure allegory in the story of Gareth's contests with the three champion's of the ford and with the monster representing death. In the *Idylls of the King* as a whole, the allegorical significance is that of a warfare between Sense (Guinevere) and Soul (Arthur).

Alliteration, 491 (III). The repetition of initial consonants, as in

*C*lang *b*attle-ax, and *c*lash *b*rand! Let the king reign!

or

The *b*are *b*lack *c*liff *c*langed round him, as he *b*ased.

The device is common in poetry, and adds the music of sound to the verse.

Amphibrach, 431 (IV). A foot, or measure, of three syllables, in which the middle syllable receives the stress, as in con-vey'ing, re-ced'ing.

Ballad, 341, 419, 430. "A tale telling itself in song." A form of popular poetry, originally composed to be recited or sung, not printed or even written, but transmitted by word of mouth from one generation to another. The ballad stanza usually consists of four lines, riming alternately; the first and third lines usually contain four stresses each, while the second and fourth contain three stresses each. A simple narrative poem written in this form is often called a ballad, even if written and printed in recent times, and therefore not traditional in character. For a full discussion, see *Literature and Life, Book One,* pages 211-214, 236-239.

Blank verse, 360 (note 3), 387, 568-569. Unrimed iambic pentameter verse. (See **Iambic pentameter.**)

Burlesque, 2. An imitation, in exaggerated form, of a particular piece of literature or of a type of literature. Its purpose usually is to "poke fun" at the original.

Cæsura, also spelled cesura. 431 (IV), 569. A break or pause near the middle of a verse, usually in the middle of the foot or measure:

The old order changeth, yielding place to the new.

Chivalry, Tales of, 419. Literature, usually narrative prose or poetry, produced in the age of chivalry or recounting stories of that age. Such tales deal with life in the period from the ninth to the fifteenth century, and introduce knights, tournaments, and the political and social characteristics of feudalism.

Climax, 14, 150, 497.

Color, local. See **Local Color.**

Comedy, sentimental, 521. A type of comedy prevalent in England and other countries in the eighteenth century, in which the happy ending characteristic of comedy was retained but most of the humorous situation and dialogue was omitted. For **Shakespearean Comedy,** see pages 567-568.

Conflict, 13, 14, 114, 497. A means of holding the reader's interest.

Dialect, 69 (note 2). The speech of a particular community or section, with its distinctive peculiarities in pronunciation and in the use of words.

Drama, 497-498, 561-574. A story told in action and dialogue before an audience,

Epic, 9, 360 (note 3), 388 (note 2), 419-420. A narrative poem introducing a great national hero and picturing the civilization that has sprung up about him.

Exposition, defined, 269 (note 2), 571.

Fable, 9, 11, 13.

Fatalism, explained, 388 (note 3).

Fiction, 10, 11-14. Literature telling a story in which the events are invented or imagined by the author.

Folklore, 393 (note 2), 430. The traditions, beliefs, and customs of the common people. Folklore plays a large part in literature, for example in the ballad and the romances.

Homeric verse, 387.

Iambic, iambic pentameter, iambus, 4, 431, 569. An *iambus* is composed of an unstressed syllable followed by one that is stressed, as in com-pel'. Iambic verse is that in which each verse, or line, is made up of several iambic measures. Iambic trimeter, tetrameter, pentameter, etc., are verses containing three, four, or five iambic measures.

Imagery, 432. The work of the imagination or fancy in decorating or making vivid oral or written composition; the use of images or figures of speech in composition.

Idyll, 419-420, 429 (note 1). (The spelling "idyl" is also found.) A narrative or descriptive poem presenting a "little picture" or life or a scene in nature. Strictly, the term applies to stories or descriptions of pastoral or rural life.

Legend, 419, 430. A fable, or myth, or story of doubtful authenticity; a tale based mainly on tradition.

Literature, defined, 115
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Literature, types of:
ballad, 341, 430.
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fable, 9, 11, 13.
idyll, 419-420, 429.
legend, 419, 430.
monologue, 360, 412.
novel, 9, 10, 14, 150.
play, one-act, 498.
romance, Arthurian, 419.
satire, 521.
short story, 11-14.
sonnet, 3-4.

Local color, 13.

Metaphor, defined, 360 (topic 2), 432.

Meter, explained, 431.

Monologue, dramatic, 360 (note 3), 412 (topic 2).

Mystery, 13. A means of keeping a reader's interest.

Mysticism, 457 (note 2). The belief that man through contemplation and love may attain to an immediate consciousness or sight of God; a belief in occult or hidden truth not attained through the senses or logical proof, but through contemplation or trance.

Narration, 11-13. The act or art of telling the particulars of an occurrence or series of events. It is a very general term, covering newspaper accounts, biographies, and fiction of all kinds.

Narrative verse. See **Stories in verse.**

Novel, 9, 10, 114, 150.

Octave, 4. See also **Sonnet.**

Onamatopœia, 491. The adaptation of the sounds of words to the sense of meaning expressed, as in the italicized words below:

Dry *clashed* his harness in the icy caves
And barren *chasms*, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff *clanged* round him.

Here the effect is heightened by alliteration.

Pageant, defined, 562.

Parable, 9.

Pastoral, 573.

Pentameter. See **Iambic pentameter.**

Personification, defined, 432.

Play, one-act, characteristics of, 498.
sentimental, defined, 521.

Plays, kinds of, 562.

Plot, 11, 12, 13, 14, 150, 570-571. A series of incidents or events leading up to some "point," climax, or conclusion.
main, 150, 571.
sub-, 150, 571.

Poetry, forms of:
ballad, 341, 430.
burlesque, 2.
drama, 561-574.
epic, 9, 360, 388, 419-420.
idyll, 419-420, 429.
narrative, 341-343.
romance, Arthurian, 419.
sonnet, 3-4.

Pyrrhic, 431. A measure or foot in verse composed of two short or unstressed syllables.

Realism, 10, 114, 119, 149. In fiction, faithfulness to real or everyday life in incidents and characters.

Regionalism, defined, 13, 69.

Rhythm, 431, 569. In the wide sense, the effect produced by regularity of accent or stress in prose or poetry. In prose the stresses are separated by a varying number of unstressed syllables, but the total effect is musical and harmonious. For poetry see **Meter, Iambic**, etc.

Rime, defined, 431.

Rime-scheme, 404 (note 3). The scheme, or system of rimes used in a stanza or a poem. The first rime may be called *a*, the second *b*, the third *c*, etc. Thus a familiar ballad stanza of four lines riming alternately may be described as having a rime-scheme *abab*.

Romance, 2, 9, 10, 114-116, 149, 341, 342, 343, 404, 567. A type of fiction which takes the reader away from the commonplace work-a-day world by extraordinary events, adventure, and the like.

prose, 9, 343, 419.

verse (or metrical), 341, 342, 372, 404, 419,

Saga, 342. A romantic tale of ancient times, sometimes based on history but, more usually, mythical in character.

Satire, 521.

Sestet, 4. See **Sonnet**.

Setting, 12, 114, 570. The time and place of the events in a piece of fiction.

Short story, 9, 10, 11-14, 64-65. A brief fiction in which all the details tend to produce in the reader's mind a single dominant impression.

Simile, 388 (topic 8), 432.

Sonnet, 3-4. A lyric poem of fourteen lines, usually iambic pentameter, expressing a single thought or mood. The first six lines compose the *sestet;* the last eight lines compose the *octave*.

Spondee, 431 (IV), 569. A foot or measure consisting of two stressed syllables. It is common in classical poetry, but infrequent in English.

Stanza, Spenserian, defined, 404 (note 3).

Stories in verse, 341-343.

Stress, 404. The accent in verse.

Style, 115, 116. The way a thought is expressed. The same thought can be expressed in different ways, as in a serious or a fanciful manner, in a gay, witty spirit, or in a solemn, judicial tone.

Symbolism, 457 (note 2).

Tale, defined, 13.

Triplet, 431. Three lines of a poem, all of them riming.

Trochaic, 412, 569. Verse made up of trochees (which see).

Trochee, 569. A foot, or measure, consisting of two syllables, the first one stressed.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF AUTHORS

ARNOLD MATTHEW (1822-1888). The son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, Matthew was trained at the famous Rugby School, where his father was headmaster. Later he was made inspector of schools, a position to which he devoted most of his time, leaving little for writing. But when opportunity offered, he expressed himself in excellent prose and poetry. His poetry is expressive of his sense of loneliness and reflects a certain despair—only in love and in beauty can peace be found. His subjects are usually classical, one of his interests being the study of Greek and Latin literature, and the culture of the ancient times in which the great classic writers flourished. In prose Arnold wrote chiefly criticism of literature and of life. He advised that everyone acquaint himself with the "best that has been thought and said in the world" as a basis for judging literature. The ideal of culture, he said, is "setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail."

BARRIE, JAMES M. (1860-), British author and journalist, was educated at Edinburgh University. He is best known for his novels and dramas. Barrie's gifts of humor and pathos are well shown in *A Window in Thrums*, a book that portrays the life of his native village. *Peter Pan* is one of his best-known dramas.

BURNS, ROBERT (1759-1796). The poems of Burns appeared in three editions: 1786, 1787, and 1793. He was inspired by love, by keen insight into Nature, by a sturdy patriotism, and by a sense of the brotherhood of all men. Burns was an intensely "subjective" poet; that is, his poems express his own thought about man and nature, and are, in themselves, the best biography. The facts about his life, therefore, are of use to us only as they illustrate the poems and guide us in interpreting them. Many of the poems are bits of autobiography. His father was a tenant-farmer; the son followed the same hard occupation except for intervals in Edinburgh spent in seeing his books through the press and becoming acquainted with the brilliant and intellectual group of men and women there who recognized his genius. For some years he received a small income from an office connected with the customs. These statements practically sum up the story; some important facts, chiefly names of persons and places, may be set down in a chronological table as a guide to reading his poems:

1759-1784. Boyhood spent on farms rented by his father; small formal schooling; chief influences from the sturdy character of his father and from the careful reading of a very few books.

1784-1786. Life at Mossgiel; plan to emigrate to America; publication of first poems.

1786-1788. Edinburgh; preparation of second edition of his poems; in the summer of 1787, travel in the Highlands, collecting songs and ballads.

1788-1791. Ellisland, a farm which he rented; marriage to Jean Armour; customs office secured 1791.

1791-1796. Dumfries; third edition of his poems; extreme poverty; illness, and failure of poetic power. Death, July 21, 1796.

BYRON, LORD (1788-1824). Born in London, in a family whose ancestry extended to the time of the Norman Conquest. As a child he loved oriental romance, travel, the Old Testament, and the sea. At Harrow, a great English public school, he was a leader in sports and extended his reading over a wide range of literature. In 1805 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and while a student there wrote a series of poems published in 1808 under the title of *Hours in Idleness*. The poems were not very good, and were severely attacked by a famous critic; Byron replied in a verse satire of great power in which he criticized savagely the leading poets and novelists of his day. In 1809-1811 he traveled in Portugal, Spain, Greece, and Turkey; the result of the journey was the appearance of the first two cantos of his famous poem *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Byron himself is the hero of the pilgrimage, and the brilliant descriptions of nature, of ruins in famous cities, and of the stirring events in Europe in his own time completely captivated the reading public, so that seven editions of the poem were sold within a few months after its first appearance in 1812. The next three years were marked by a series of metrical romances that eclipsed in popular favor the narrative poems of Scott. In 1815 he married, but a year later his wife left him and he went abroad once more, this time never to return to his native land. On his way to Italy he spent some time (the summer of 1816) in Switzerland,

where he wrote the third canto of *Childe Harold* and some other poems, notably "The Prisoner of Chillon." These poems all expressed Byron's passionate love of liberty. In Venice he wrote the last canto of *Childe Harold* (1817) and this was followed by other long narrative poems, such as *Don Juan* (1819-1823), and a series of poetic dramas. He had no real dramatic genius, however, excelling in verse narrative, description, and in his marvelous lyric genius. Meantime, he sought to become an actor in such stirring scenes as fill his poems, enlisting at first in an attempt to win independence for Italy and later giving himself heart and soul to the cause of Greek independence. He died of a fever while serving in the Greek army, April, 1824.

Doyle, A. Conan (1859-1930). Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and studied medicine at the university there. He practiced his profession from 1882 to 1890, but gradually turned his attention to writing, giving most of his time to it. His most famous creation is the fascinating detective, Sherlock Holmes, who appears in many of Doyle's short stories and novels, among the best-known of which are *The Sign of the Four* (1889), *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (1891), *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1902), *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* (1904), and *The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes* (1928). He has also written a number of historical novels, as well as a vivid history of the Boer War. In 1902 he was knighted by the British government. In recent years Sir Arthur has devoted much of his time to the study and defense of spiritualism.

Eliot, George (1819-1880). For biographical material see pages 149-150.

Goldsmith, Oliver (1728-1774), essayist, poet, dramatist, and novelist, was born in Ireland, November 10, 1728, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His father was a poor clergyman, described by the son in his "Deserted Village." The village schoolmaster was also portrayed in the same poem, which contains other recollections of the poet's boyhood. An incident that happened in his youth became the source of the plot of *She Stoops to Conquer*. He was not distinguished as a student, and tried various professions: the church, law, and medicine, without much success. His uncle Contarine supplied money for his various attempts to learn a profession, and was kind to him even in the face of the boy's extravagance and inability to concentrate his mind. In response to the plea that he needed to study medicine on the continent, his uncle gave him money, and Oliver went first to Leyden and later to Paris. Most of the money he spent on some rare tulip roots for his uncle, and as a result he had to tramp about, living by his wits. Some incidents in this vagabond life he afterwards used in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a romance which has a high place in the history of English fiction. His poem "The Traveler" was also based on his experience in this foreign journey, but it is philosophical and didactic, not intimate or amusing in character. After his return to England he became a schoolmaster for a time, and was unhappy, and soon turned to writing for various magazines. His poverty was great, but he was more contented thus than when trying to do things for which he was obviously not fitted. In 1764 the great Doctor Johnson, the most influential literary man in London, found him in a garret, the prisoner of his landlady, who was threatening him because of his unpaid rent. Johnson advanced him some money and sold for him the manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. In 1768 his first comedy, *The Good-Natured Man*, brought him a large sum of money. *The Deserted Village* appeared in 1770, and *She Stoops to Conquer* in 1773. Besides his poems and plays and the prose romance, Goldsmith wrote many essays on literature, politics, and history. He was a member of the famous "Literary Club," where he was associated intimately with Johnson, with Boswell, who wrote the famous *Life* of Johnson, with the actor Garrick, the painter Reynolds, and the statesman Edmund Burke. The writings of Goldsmith reflect the personal character of the man: his humor, his keen delight in a practical joke, his simplicity and sincerity, and his lovable personality. Washington Irving wrote a very interesting biography of Goldsmith, which you will enjoy reading.

Hardy, Thomas (1840-1928). Born in Dorsetshire, England. He was a student at King's College, London, and became an architect, which profession he followed until 1867, when he turned his talents to literature. His early novels showed ability, but it was not until 1878, when he published *The Return of the Native*, that he won wide fame. In this novel, as in most of his later works, he created dramatic, stormy characters and situations that fit perfectly against the background of the wild moorland country which he describes so realistically. This moorland, which Hardy calls Wessex, is his own native county, and is so perfectly pictured that it almost seems to become one of his characters. Other famous novels and collections of stories are *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886), *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1891), *Wessex Tales* (1888), and *Life's Little Ironies* (1894). In his last years Hardy devoted much time to the writing of poetry, in which he portrayed

the same relentless fate that controls the destinies of the characters in his novels.

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET (1839-1902), was born at Albany, New York, and his childhood was spent in eastern cities. He went West at the age of fifteen, and after many changes of occupation, from teaching school to venturing into politics, he founded *The Overland Monthly* in San Francisco in 1868. His humorous verses "Plain Language from Truthful James," published in the *Monthly*, made him famous all over the country. His short story *The Luck of Roaring Camp* (1868) carried his name to England. In 1872 he returned to the East, where he was offered a large salary by a magazine, but he became United States Consul at Crefeld, Germany. In 1880 he took the same office at Glasgow, Scotland. In 1885 he went to London to live and remained in England the rest of his life. He is most famous as a short-story writer, some of the best of his stories being "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Tennessee's Partner," and "M'liss." His poetry will be found in *Poems* (1871).

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL (1804-1864). Born in Salem, Massachusetts, where the Hawthorne family had lived since 1637. His father died when Hawthorne was four years old, and his mother ever afterwards lived a retired life, not even joining her children at their meals. An uncle provided for his education, and he entered Bowdoin College in 1821, where Longfellow and Franklin Pierce were among his fellow students. After graduation he returned to Salem, where he spent more than twelve years in seclusion. He wrote constantly, and some of the tales and sketches that afterwards appeared in *Twice-Told Tales* were printed in newspapers. Much of what he wrote he destroyed; his object was to learn to write. He earned a little money by an experiment in editing a magazine and by a book on *Universal History*, but for eleven years he published nothing in his own name. In 1837 he collected the stories that had been published in the periodicals, giving the book the happy title of *Twice-Told Tales*. Soon after this he secured a position in the Boston Custom House, his work being of the most prosaic character. Three volumes of stories for children were published during this time, the best known of these being *Grandfather's Chair*. In 1841 he joined the Brook Farm community, an experiment in co-operative living which he afterwards described in *The Blithedale Romance* (1852). In 1842 he married Sophia Peabody and went to Concord to live. With the publication of *The Scarlet Letter* in 1850 he won fame. This book was followed by another romance of New England life, *The House of the Seven Gables*. *The Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales* are charming versions of classical stories written for children. After the election to the Presidency of Pierce, his old college friend, he became consul at Liverpool, where he remained four years, moving to Italy in 1857. Here he gathered the material that he afterwards used in *The Marble Faun* (1859). Besides his romances, he wrote very complete notebooks in which he set down his observations about life, and character and his plans for his stories. These have since been published, and form a valuable autobiography.

HAY, JOHN (1838-1905), was born in Salem, Indiana. He was graduated from Brown University in 1858 and returned West to practice law in Illinois. In the Civil War he became assistant private secretary to Lincoln. In 1865 he was sent as first secretary of the American legation at Paris, and to a succession of government posts. He was ambassador to Great Britain (1897-1898), and Secretary of State (1898-1905), one of the best we have ever had. His most famous poetry is *Pike County Ballads* (1871), which he wrote to provide in verse an equivalent to Bret Harte's short stories of the far West. He and J. G. Nicolay wrote the standard comprehensive *Life of Lincoln*.

HELBURN, THERESA, is a dramatist. Besides *Enter the Hero* (1918) she has produced *Allison Makes Hay* (1919) and *Other Lives* (1921). She is on the staff of the Theater Guild of New York City.

HENRY, O. (1862-1910). William Sidney Porter, better known by his pen name, O. Henry, was born at Greensboro, North Carolina. He hold's a prominent place among the world's greatest short-story writers. His best known books are *The Four Million*, *Whirligigs*, and *Heart of the West*.

KEATS, JOHN (1795-1821). Born in London, and at fifteen began the study of medicine. His taste for poetry was so strong, however, that he gave his strength mainly to the study of literature. He was especially influenced by Spenser among the English poets, and by Homer, whose epics he read in an English translation dating from the time of Shakespeare. In 1817 he published a small volume of poetry, which was severely attacked by the critics. Other poems appeared in 1818 and 1820, the last representing much more mature work than the poems that had appeared only two years previously. In part this was due to the incessant study he carried on, but his genius matured rapidly, as if he knew that he had but a short time in which to work. On account

of increasing ill health he went to Italy in the hope of regaining his strength, but the effort was unavailing, and he died at the age of twenty-five. His greatest poems are "Endymion," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Lamia," and "Hyperion," all of them narrative, but he also wrote many sonnets and other lyrics of great distinction. These poems are remarkable for their lyrical charm, their imaginative splendor, their descriptions of nature, and their passionate love of beauty.

KIPLING, RUDYARD (1865-1935), was born in Bombay, India, but he was educated in England. In 1880 he returned to India to serve on the staff of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette*. He shortly became famous for his stories of Indian life. *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1887) was followed by *Soldiers Three, Under the Deodars, The Phantom 'Rickshaw,* and *Wee Willie Winkie*. After traveling through China and the United States, he arrived in England at the age of twenty-four to find that his fame was world-wide. In 1892 he married an American girl and for some years one of their homes was in Brattleboro, Vermont. *Life's Handicap* (1891) is his most brilliant volume of short stories. He has written several volumes for young readers, the two *Jungle Books* (1894-1895), *Just So Stories* (1902), *Puck of Pook's Hill* (1906). Three of his novels are memorable: *The Light That Failed* (1891), *Captains Courageous* (1897), and *Kim* (1901). He is also famous as a poet. His verse has been collected in the *Inclusive Edition* (1885-1918). Particularly famous are "Recessional," "The Ballad of East and West," "McAndrew's Hymn," "An Astrologer's Song," "The Return," "Mandalay," "Gunga Din," "Fuzzy Wuzzy," "The Conundrum of the Workshops." Among his most brilliant short stories are: "The Man Who Would Be King," "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," "Beyond the Pale," "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," "The Man Who Was," "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Mark of the Beast," "At the End of the Passage," "The Disturbers of Traffic," and "The Brushwood Boy," but almost any of his stories will interest you.

MACKAY, CONSTANCE D'ARCY, was born in St. Paul, Minnesota. She spent a year (1903-1904) in Boston University. She has been prominent in devising and directing pageants in many parts of the country. She has also written many plays for children.

MORRIS, WILLIAM (1834-1896). Born near London, educated at Oxford University. He tried his hand at art and architecture, but in 1861 gave them up to establish, with two friends, a firm for designing and making artistic furniture and household furnishings. He became interested in the art of book-illumination and in printing, and in 1881 he founded the Kelmscott Press in order to carry out his own ideas. Here he published many beautifully printed and bound volumes, including a number of his own works. His every effort was to create beauty. In his writing he strove to achieve beauty of rhythm and image, succeeding to a marked degree. The subjects for poetry he took from old Roman, Norse, French and other tales. As a story-teller in verse he has few superiors.

NICHOLS, ROBERT (1893-), was born on the Isle of Wight. He joined the Royal Field Artillery while he was an undergraduate at Trinity College, Oxford. He suffered shell-shock after a year of service as second lieutenant. During 1918-1919 he lectured in the United States. He has published three volumes of verse: *Invocations* (1915), *Ardours and Endurances* (1917), from which "Comrades" is taken, and *The Flower of Fame* (1920).

NOYES, ALFRED (1880-), was born in Staffordshire, England, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford. He was only twenty-two years old when he published *The Loom of Years* (1902) and only twenty-four when *Poems* appeared. In 1907 he married an American girl, the daughter of a colonel in the United States Army. In 1914 he acted as Professor of Modern English Literature at Princeton University. Among his volumes a favorite is *Forty Singing Seamen* (1907). *Drake* (1908) is a sustained epic in twelve books in blank verse. *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* (1913) brings to life many Elizabethan worthies. His poems have been gathered into three volumes of *Collected Poems* (1910-1920). His latest collection is *The Torch-bearers* (1922).

POE, EDGAR ALLAN (1809-1849). Born in Boston, of southern parentage. His parents were actors who died when Poe was very young, and he was adopted by Mr. Allan, a merchant of Richmond. From 1815 to 1820 the Allans were abroad, and Poe was placed in school in England. On his return he spent a year at the University of Virginia, but his college course was not completed because of a break with Mr. Allan. The remainder of Poe's life was one of poverty and struggle, despite his possession of literary and editorial gifts that should have insured him success. His first poems appeared in 1827, and other volumes were published in 1829 and 1831. In consequence of the reputation gained by these poems, he was appointed editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published at Richmond; later he edited periodicals in Philadelphia and New York. He desired most of all to found a literary magazine in the South and went back to

Richmond to start the project. For this he had been prepared by his reputation not only as a poet but as the greatest writer of short stories America had produced; he was also a literary critic whose work, though not large in amount, was of high quality. The project, however, was not destined to come to reality, on account of his untimely death. Collections of his prose tales appeared in 1839 and 1845, and his last volume of poems in 1845. Poetry he defined as "the rhythmical creation of beauty"; he preferred the lyric to other forms of poetry, because he held that a true poem represents a moment of intense emotional experience. The same idea runs through much of his comment on the meaning and art of the short story, which he preferred to the novel because of greater compactness and unity.

Scott, Sir Walter (1771-1832). For biographical material see pages 114-116.

Shakespeare, William (1564-1616). For biographical material see *Literature and Life, Book One*, pages 381-383. Shakespeare's dramatic work falls into four periods, as follows: 1. The comedies, 1589-1600. To this period belong such early comedies as *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, all written 1589-1591; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Merchant of Venice*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, written about 1595-1598; and *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, 1599-1600. 2. The historical plays, 1592-1599. The chief plays are *Richard III* (1593), *King John* (1594), *Richard II* (1594), *Henry IV* in two parts, and *Henry V* (1597-1599). 3. The tragedies. Shakespeare wrote two great tragedies in the years when he was doing distinctive work in comedy and history. These are *Romeo and Juliet*, which was written before 1597, and *Julius Caesar*, written about 1599. His greatest tragedies are *Hamlet* (1602), *Othello* (1604), *Lear* (1604-1606), and *Macbeth* (1606). 4. The later plays, written between 1608 and 1611, include tragedies like *Antony and Cleopatra;* several comedies with a strong element of seriousness, verging on tragedy; and some delightful dramatic romances, such as *A Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest.*

Stevenson, Robert Louis (1850-1894). A biography of Stevenson will be found in *Literature and Life, Book One*, pages 79-84. In this book you will find abundant material for further reading in Stevenson on pages 337-338. By following out some of these suggestions you will greatly increase your acquaintance not only with some of the best writing of the last century but also with the character and personality of one of the best loved of authors.

Tennyson, Alfred (1809-1892). Tennyson was one of the greatest of English poets and he wrote a very large body of poetry. For this reason he should be the subject of your study through several years. You are already familiar with a number of his shorter poems; in this book you become acquainted with the *Idylls of the King*. But besides lyrics and short narratives and his great series of stories about King Arthur, he wrote on many other subjects. This biographical sketch will give the main facts concerning his life and will suggest some of his principal works, so that you may continue your reading intelligently. Tennyson was born in Lincolnshire, England. His father was a vicar of the Church of England, and the boy grew up in a talented family, surrounded by books and enjoying the best educational advantages. At Trinity College, Cambridge, he was a member of a group of students many of whom later attained fame. He was a handsome youth, athletic, studious, and of broad interests. As a student he published, with his brother Charles, a small volume of poems, and he won a prize for a poem written in a contest. The full promise of what he was to achieve did not appear, however, until 1832, when he published a volume containing, among others, such poems as "The Lady of Shalott," "The Lotos Eaters," and the "Palace of Art," with a group of idyllic poems about English life.

Tennyson's second period began with a most careful study of the art of poetic composition. For nine years he published nothing. He was ridding his work of some of the early faults of over-ornamentation, thinness of thought, and mere sweetness of style. In 1842 he published two volumes which met with instant and extraordinary success. In 1845 he was pensioned, and in 1850 succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate. *The Princess*, a long poem dealing with the position of woman in modern life and society, appeared in 1847.

One of the brilliant young men with whom Tennyson was associated at Cambridge and in after years was Arthur Hallam, son of a great historian and a youth of much promise. Hallam died in 1833, and Tennyson brooded much on his loss and the problems of faith, death, and immortality. The result was a long poem, *In Memoriam*, published in 1850. In this poem, which is really a collection of more than a hundred lyrics of varying lengths, Tennyson treated some of the profoundest problems of life. The *Idylls of the King* have been discussed in the Introduction on pages 419-420 and need not detain us here. They occupied much of his time and thought for many years, but he wrote constantly on a great variety of other themes during the same period. Among the other

poems may be named "Enoch Arden" (1864) and a volume called *Ballads and Other Poems*. He also wrote a number of poetic dramas, somewhat like the plays of the time of Shakespeare, some of them achieving great success on the stage.

TOMPKINS, FRANK GEROW (1879-), published *Sham* in 1920.

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